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Best Sermons
1926

Edited with Introduction and Biographical Notes by

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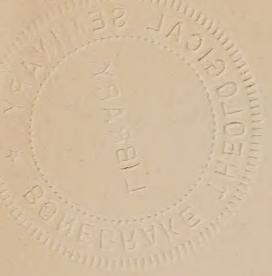

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IN THE VESTRY

O Priest, O Expositor, O Doctor, if the Divine gift hath made thee fit by genius, training and learning, be thou a Bazaleel of the spiritual tabernacle; engrave precious gems of Divine doctrine; faithfully fit them together; adorn them wisely; add splendor, grace, loveliness. Let that which was formerly believed darkly, be understood clearly by thy exposition. Let posterity by thy aid rejoice in truths understood, which antiquity venerated without understanding them. Yet teach still the same things which thou didst learn, so that although thou speakest in a new fashion, thou speakest not new things.

—St. Vincent.

It is gratifying to know that the annual book of Best Sermons is now well established as a kind of index to the reach and range of American preaching, alike in its character and its catholicity. Widely read by laymen, it is also used in many Seminaries as a text-book on sermon structure, as well as a token of the tendency of the mind of the Church. In the first two volumes it was deemed best to select an entirely new list of preachers, in order to make plain that it is not a forum of a few famous men; but hereafter there is no need to draw any line or limit. One misses in our American pulpit a certain deep, brooding, mystical note, but there are signs to show that a

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profounder impulse is moving underneath the clatter and clutter of our time.

Unless all signs fail, we are on the eve of a new era of assured and all-pervading religious faith, and its flowing tide will bring us a new race of great preachers. Not for long will man be content with dim glimpses of a God who sits weaving mystery on the far away hills of silence and wonder. We are witnessing the collapse of agnosticism and the bankruptcy of rationalism, at the bidding of the soul of man in quest of a more satisfying sense of Divine reality. In philosophy, in literature, in the restless life round about us a tendency toward God is everywhere evident. In the Church there is an undertone of unity, of fellowship, of solemn high resolve, which will make the temple vocal with a new and appealing eloquence in times not far away. The high themes are here; the holy day is here; the human heart is here. Today, as in all the yesterdays, sin stains, sorrow wounds, and death smites with tender, terrible stroke, and man seeks an ultimate solace. Never has there been a greater opportunity for an authentic leadership by force of spiritual insight, and it will be met by the preacher whose heart God has touched with prophetic light and priestly love.

Who is the preacher and what manner of man is he? He is a man born to religion, to whom spiritual cares and interests are what secular cares and interests are to other men; one who sees in our brief, broken, mortal life immortal meanings, and proclaims those meanings to his fellows. He is a man who has

taken into his heart the visions of the loftiest souls, who believes those visions to be the truth, and who tries to make them vivid to others. Above all, he is a man who has beheld a vision of "the Human life of God," knows it to be the ultimate version of reality, and seeks to interpret it to men through a refined and devout intellect, illumined by a pure and aspiring soul. Such is the ideal of the preacher, and while our frail reality is dwarfed by it, as King David would be should he stand beside the statue of him by Angelo, we dare not lower it by one jot.

For such a life of ministry no endowment or training is too high. Religion is primarily a spirit and way of living, but it is also an outlook upon life and the world; and its teacher must be able to expound it in the porch of philosophy. He must walk up to the front door of the most searching intellect of his age and interpret the truths that make us men, never content to enter by the back door of a mere emotionalism. It can be done, but to do it the preacher must know his age, love it, live in it, and not give way to denunciatory scolding of it. He must know something of the spirit and facts of science, the propositions of philosophy, the definitions and distinctions of historic theology, the great ethnic religions of the race; the lives of saints and skeptics; the currents of history and the disclosures of sociology; the riches of literature, art, and song. However far he may fall below such an intellectual ideal, he must at least be widely and deeply read in the best that has been thought and achieved by man. Take

intellect out of religion, give it over to the care of half-educated, narrow men, out of sympathy with their times, and it will be reduced to a superstition.

Yet the most perfect intellectual equipment is not sufficient to make a preacher. There is in every true minister a tender, sympathetic faculty, akin to what we feel in the poems of Burns—a faculty which brings out the color in gray human lives, as sunlight evokes beauty from the brown earth. This loving genius has been the central and inviting charm of every historic pulpit. In the voices of the great preachers one hears "the still sad music of humanity," its shout of joy and its sob of grief—blended notes of the passion of the lover, the yearning of the father, and the wooing tones of the mother. It is sympathy that softens the human heart and makes it susceptible to the impress of heavenly truth. The preacher must be a lover of folk, despite their petty ways of thinking and often ugly ways of doing; he must love them for what they are, and for what they are to be, knowing the hidden, unguessed goodness that is in them. No tale of Divine Love was ever yet believed from lips unmoved by human pity.

Above all, the preacher must have, in some degree, the seer-like quality of soul, which is the rarest and most precious gift of God to man. One finds it in minds as far apart as Newman and Emerson—a power of insight which is the endowment of those who are born close to the veil which enfolds our human life, and which can see a little way through it. The sermons of such men are visions into which

are gathered up our ideals and longings, our aspirations with their sweet torment of discontent, our dreams with their certain triumph. They see the invisible; they dream dreams, fight battles, and sometimes perceive afar off the day when society shall camp on the heights and hang out the banner of victory. This faculty is indispensable to the preacher. By it he strips off the hull of dogma and finds the kernel of truth; with it he explains riddles. It helps him to interpret the Divine suggestiveness of the commonplace, and to make the kingdom of heaven something more than a visionary City in the sky. Intellect, sympathy, insight, these three; but the greatest of these is the gift of vision which casts a white light over a dull, gray world.

Inspired preaching is the greatest power known among men—that of a kindled, consecrated personality. It is more compelling than literature, more intimate than architecture, more vivid than music. Nowhere else can speech be so clothed with power to awaken, rebuke, exalt, and heal. The Church must not smother its sweetest voices; she must give them time to brood their dreams—time to think and pray and fashion their winged prophecies. Between a domineering dogmatism and an illusive, erratic liberalism, there is room for a pulpit wise with the wisdom of insight, free as the air, and in many keys and tones eloquent for God and the life of the spirit. Never since the dawn of our era has there been such a need as today for a virile, seer-like pulpit, aglow with that love which in covering a multitude of sins

reveals them more radically and redeemingly than the most searching exposure.

Preachers shape Churches—that is one half of the truth: Churches also mold preachers—that is the other side; and when the Church honors the pulpit the pulpit will honor it. Think of the pulpit in a petty way, take all dignity out of it, betray a low estimate of its service, and you will fill it with weak and ineffective men. Honor bombast, showy claptrap, and the antics of the sensationalist in the spot-light, and verily you will have your reward. By the same token, ask for insight, sympathy, and the speech of the heart, for noble thought and clear vision in the service of the ideal, and the true preacher will appear. Ask for the seer, the thinker, the leader with a sense of the mountain paths of life and faith, and he will come in answer to your need, with a voice to stir the old, forgotten memories of the soul.

Glorious is the history of the pulpit. One who has ears can hear the far off thunder of Savonarola, the deep bass voice of Luther, the fiery speech of Knox —men mighty in the spirit, before whom princes trembled. One who has eyes can see, behind the desk in a country meeting-house, the fine face of Robertson, made luminous by the outshining of a sensitive, sorrowful soul; the refined and scholarly Stanley, the embodiment of a century of English culture; and the lonely, pilgrim soul of Newman. Nearer by one sees Phillips Brooks standing beside the huge pillar in Trinity Church, pouring forth his impetuous eloquence, now in rapid appeal, now in

rapt soliloquy; Beecher, the Shakespeare of the pulpit, facile, fertile, fascinating, his voice like an orchestra; and the gentle, meditative David Swing, the one mighty preacher of Beauty, who came to the new, uprising Chicago prophesying of liberty of faith and of a Christianity which is also a civilization. From Maurice to Martineau, from Maclaren to Gunsaulus, from Spurgeon to Chapin, Broadus, and Quayle—was ever a roll call more thrilling or a cloud of witnesses more inspiring!

No young man need falter at the steps of the pulpit, consecrated as it is by so much of genius, power, and beauty. If he would touch the souls of his fellow men, refine and exalt their faith, enable sorrowful eyes to see majestic meanings in life, and turn the thoughts of youth from the glittering semblance of life to homage for truth, beauty, character, and the service of humanity: if he have such hopes and dreams, let him enter the pulpit humbly and reverently, in love of God and love of man, speak the truth as God gives him to see it in a spirit and form worthy of the truth; and his voice will echo in the hearts of men long after he has fallen asleep.

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Overbrook, Philadelphia.

Publisher's Note

This volume represents the church year 1925-1926: from annual conference to annual conference.

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CHRISTIANITY AND WAR

All will agree that a sermon pleading for a Christian Conscience About War, delivered in the Cathedral at Geneva, at the League of Nations Assembly Service, ought to have first place in any book. The occasion, the preacher and the theme made it memorable, alike for the opportunity and the magnificent manner in which the preacher met it—himself a "heretic," denouncing war as the supreme social heresy of civilization. Never did the challenging words of Jesus have a more picturesque and poignant setting.

A sketch of Dr. Fosdick appeared in *Best Sermons 1924;* since that time he has been offered fellowship in the Presbyterian Church and declined it, accepting, instead, the pastorate of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York City—which will no doubt again change its name when it moves to its new home on Riverside Drive. Besides, he has written two very brilliant books, *Twelve Tests of Character,* in which we see the practical spiritual philosopher dealing with the stuff of life and how it may be shaped for use and beauty; and *The Modern Use of the Bible,* being the Yale Lectures of Preaching for 1925—a book encouraging or disappointing, according to the point of view of the reader. He also conducts a regular department, discussing Religion and Life, in *Harper's Magazine.*

As the clouds of controversy are lifted, men of all faiths will the more rejoice in a ministry so extraordinarily influential in behalf of the best things—popular but never cheap, at once stimulating and challenging; and its further unfoldment will be followed with gratitude and joy.

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, D.D.
PARK AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.
Matthew 26:52.

One ought to read with awe these words spoken nearly two thousand years ago and only now beginning to seem obviously true. Reliance on violence is suicidal, said Jesus. When the Master said that, it could not possibly have seemed to be true. Then it seemed evident that those who took the sword and knew how to use it could rule the world. Reliance on violence did not seem suicidal but necessary, salutary, and rich in its rewards. In these words of Jesus we have one of those surprising insights where, far ahead of the event, a seer perceives an obscure truth which only long afterward will emerge clear, unmistakable, imperative, so that all men must believe it.

Pythagoras in the sixth century B.C. had such a flare of insight when he guessed that the sun did not go about the earth but that the earth circled about a central fire. It was a surprising leap of intuition. No one believed it. Long centuries had to pass before Copernicus and Galileo came and

people in general were convinced of what Pythagoras with his inner eye had seen. So when the Master said that the sword would destroy those who used it, that seemed incredible. War suicidal! The world did not even note this strange thing that He said, and ever since men have tried to explain it away or laugh it off as idealism too lofty for this earth. But today that insight of the Master comes to its own. Once more the seer is justified of his vision. Reliance on violence is self-defeating; war is suicidal; civilization itself cannot survive it. That fact has been written in fire across the world until not seers alone, but multitudes of plain people of every tongue, tribe, and nation under heaven are beginning to see the truth once so incredible—"If mankind does not end war, war will end mankind."

Today my plea is simple and direct. Of all the people on earth who ought to take in earnest this unforeseeable confirmation of the Master's insight, Christians come first. This question of war and its denial of the method and spirit of Jesus is peculiarly their business. Speaking from this historic Christian pulpit to Christians of many races and nations gathered here, one finds himself inevitably concerned with that matter—addressing, as it were, the conscience of Christendom about war. The destinies of humankind depend upon the arousing of that conscience. Here in Geneva you once more are setting your minds to the high task of working out the technique of international coöperation. In this sanctuary we set ourselves this morning to consider

the dynamic without which all technique will fail—the conscience of Christians about war.

Doubtless we represent here many different kinds of Christianity. We belong to different Churches, hold various theories about ecclesiastical polity, subscribe to diverse creeds. But one thing does unite us all. We all start with and include the Master Himself. To all of us He is the Lord and His way is the way of life. At the fountainhead of our Christianity is Jesus Christ. His life with the Father, His faith in the moral possibilities of man, His devotion to the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, His Good Samaritan, His Golden Rule, His Sermon on the Mount, His law of finding life by losing it, His insight into the self-defeating nature of violence, and His substitution of the way of love—all this is included in any special kind of Christianity we severally may profess. How, then, can any of us avoid the conviction that this colossal and ominous question of war, upon the answer to which the future of man depends, is in particular a crucial affair for Christianity? It has been said again and again that if another war befalls us and shakes civilization to its foundations, as it surely would, the Christians of the world will be to blame. Surely that is true. The continuance of war will advertise that the 576,000,000 professed Christians on earth have not had an earnest conscience about their Master's view of life; it will bear evidence that while they have called Him, "Lord, Lord," they have not been willing to do what He said.

Let us dwell, then, on some elements that ought to enter into the operation of the conscience of Christians about war.

For one thing, there is plainly the futility of war to achieve any of the purposes that Christianity is meant to serve. Indeed, there is modern war's futility to achieve any good purposes whatever. Once it was possible really to win a war. Once victors and vanquished stood in such opposite categories at a war's conclusion that there was no possibility of mistaking the prestige, prosperity, increased power and happiness of the one and the dismal annihilation of the other, but one shocking revelation of the last war was the indiscriminate ruin in which war plunged victor, vanquished, and neutrals alike, the ferocious and untamable way in which war, once let loose, tore at the garments of civilization as a whole so that, regardless of who won it, half the world found itself unclad and shivering when the storm was over.

In the history of war we have one more example of a mode of social action possibly possessing at the beginning more of good than evil, which has outgrown its good, accentuated its evil, and become at last an intolerable thing.

That was true of slavery. Men at first reduced to slavery those whom else they would have slaughtered after battle. Slavery was a substitute for massacre, profitable, doubtless, but also merciful. It was a forward step from brutal murder to enforced labor. But slavery did not retain its philanthropic good. In the end it outgrew all its benefit

and became an intolerable curse. In an evolutionary world ethics and modes of social action evolve also.

So there may have been times when war could serve good ends, when armed conflict was a means of social progress. Of this war or that it may be claimed that the sword won benefactions lacking which mankind would be the poorer. At least, there is little use in arguing the contrary. For the conviction now growing strong in this generation's mind is that whatever may have been true about war in times past, modern war is futile to achieve any good or Christian thing.

To fight with the gigantic paraphernalia of modern science; to make war in our intimately interrelated and delicately balanced modern world, where our most indispensable means of existence already have become international; to fight, not with armies against armies as of old, but with entire populations massed against entire populations so that bombs rain indiscriminate destruction on whole cities and blockades mean indiscriminate starvation to millions of families; to make war now, when an average five hours of fighting, as in the last war, burns up the endowment of a great university; to fight, knowing that, agreements or no agreements to limit the weapons of war, demonic forces like gas and bacteria are certain to be used—that is obviously futile to achieve any good thing for which a Christian man might wish or pray.

The old appeals for war in the name of a good

cause fall coldly now on the instructed ear and cease to carry conviction to thoughtful minds. "Would you not go to war to protect the weak?" men ask. The answer seems obvious. A modern war to protect the weak—that is a grim jest. See how modern war protects the weak: 10,000,000 known dead soldiers; 3,000,000 presumed dead soldiers; 13,000,000 dead civilians; 20,000,000 wounded; 3,000,000 prisoners; 9,000,000 war orphans; 5,000,000 war widows; 10,000,000 refugees. What can we mean—modern war protecting the weak? The conviction grows clear in increasing multitudes of minds that modern war is no way to protect the weak.

A World Court would protect the weak. A League of Nations would protect the weak. An international mind, backed by a Christian conscience, that would stop the race for armaments, provide cooperative substitutes for violence, forbid the nations to resort to force, and finally outlaw war altogether —that would protect the weak. But this is clear: war will not do it. It is the weak by millions who perish in every modern war.

As for Christianity, the dilemma which it faces in all this seems unmistakable. The war system as a recognized method of international action is one thing; Christianity with all its purposes and hopes is another; and not all the dialectic of the apologists can make the two lie down in peace together. We may have one or we may have the other, but we cannot permanently have both.

Another stake which Christianity has in this task of overpassing war and providing international substitutes for it lies in the new and ominous developments of nationalism. In our modern world nationalism, with its attendant patriotic emotions and loyalties, has increasingly taken a form which threatens to be the chief rival of Christianity. To be sure, passionate love of country is nothing modern or new. Its roots are deep in man's instincts and man's history. We here today are patriots. We intend to be patriots. We should think less of each other if we were not patriots. Love of fatherland is one of the oldest, deepest, most instinctive and most noble sentiments of man.

But within the last four hundred years nationalism has taken a new and startling form in our Western world. With the England of Elizabeth, the France of Louis XI, the Russia of Peter the Great, the development began which more and more has nationalized both the inner and the outer life of all of us. Our politics have become nationalized until the aggrandizement of one's own country in the competitive struggle with other nationalities has been the supreme aim of statesmanship. Our economic life has become nationalized; the powerful financial interests of each nation have wielded so enormous an influence over its statecraft that government, with its army and navy to back it, has frequently been a docile instrument for the furtherance of the country's economic aims. Our education has become na-

tionalized; our children have been taught from infancy history all out of perspective, with national egoism for its organizing center and with hatred of other nations masquerading as patriotic training of the young. Even our religion has been nationalized; with state churches or without them, the center of loyalty in the religious life of the people has increasingly become the nation. Let Protestantism acknowledge its large responsibility for this in Western Christendom! In our fight for liberty we broke up the inclusive mother church into national churches; we reorganized the worship of the people around nationalistic ideals; we helped to identify religion and patriotism. And so far has that identification gone that now, when war breaks, the one God of all humanity, whom Christ came to reveal, is split up into little tribal deities, and before these pagan idols even Christians pray for the blood of their enemies.

Never before has human life, its statecraft, its economics, its education, its religion, on so large a scale been organized on a nationalistic basis, and the issue is obvious. The supreme object of devotion for multitudes is the nation. In practical action they know no higher God. They really worship Cæsar. That is the limit of their loyalty. What once was said of the king is said now of the nation: it can do no wrong. And such sheer paganism is sometimes openly flaunted, at least in my country, and I presume in yours, as "Our country! . . . may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

Nevertheless, at the same time that this nationalistic process has been going on, another movement has been gathering headway. The enlarging fellowship of human life upon this planet, which began with the clan and tribe and has moved out through ever-widening circles of communication and contact, has now become explicitly and overwhelmingly international, and it never can be crowded back again. Moreover, within this unescapable internationalism of modern life, not yet adequately recognized in government, mankind has been learning one great lesson from his social experiments. In area after area he has succeeded in getting what he wanted, not by violence, but by overpassing violence and substituting coöperation. That is what social progress consists in. All social progress can be defined as carrying over one more realm of human life from the régime of force to the régime of coöperation. Wherever we have civilized any social group, the essential thing which has happened is that in that group, not force, but coöperation has become the arbiter.

That is true of the family. A household where men captured their wives, exposed their children in infancy, relied for obedience on the power of life and death over their offspring, would be recognizably uncivilized. A civilized family, with all its faults, enters into marriage by mutual consent, relies on reasonableness, not on force, for its coherence, and from the beginning welcomes children into the democracy of the household. At least we have learned that

violence is no way to bring up a good family. That same path of progress we have traveled in education. Once violence ruled our schools. It was said of an old pedagogue, the Rev. James Boyer, that "it was lucky the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but wings and faces or he infallibly would have flogged them by the way." But now our schools at their best would be ashamed to rely on violence since reasonableness and coöperation so plainly offer, not only a more ideal, but a more effective substitute. In religion also, being civilized means traveling that road from violence to coöperation. Once force was used to compel faith. If a man wished to be a Christian he could be a Christian, but if he did not wish to be a Christian he had to be a Christian, and the centuries are sad with the horrors of religious persecution. But social progress has largely left all that behind and what compelled its supersession was not sentimentality but the insight that violence is self-defeating, that force is no way to get religion. So, too, has government been carried over from violence to coöperation. The process is lamentably incomplete, but, so far as it has gone, it has furnished the indispensable background for all the civilization we possess. Still upon our Western clothes we wear the buttons, now decorative only, on which once our fathers' swordbelts hung. How impossible it would have seemed to them that the time would ever come when the common carrying of private weapons would be unnecessary because coöpera-

tive and peaceful government had provided a substitute!

In one realm after another the Master's insight has proved true. Violence defeats itself. It is no way to achieve family life or education or religion or stable government. Those who rely on it as their mainstay and effective instrument are sure to miss what they are seeking to achieve. Always progress has consisted in carrying over human life from violence to coöperation.

And now we face the next great step, the most momentous step in human history. Can we achieve a like result with our international relationships? Can we carry them over from brutality and organized slaughter to reasonableness and coöperation? How the best thinking and praying of our time center around that hope of superseding belligerent nationalism with coöperative international substitutes for war!

Here, then, we face one of the most crucial and dramatic conflicts of loyalty that men ever dealt with. On the one side, our life has been organized as never before in history on a nationalistic basis. On the other hand, the one hope of humanity today, if it is to escape devastating ruin, lies in rising above and beyond this nationalism and organizing the world for peace. On the one side is a narrow patriotism saying, "My country against yours," on the other, a wider patriotism saying, "My country with yours for the peace of mankind." Is there any question where real Christianity must stand in that conflict? Is there

any question that if she does not stand there she faces the most tragic and colossal moral failure of her history? One would like to cry so that all Christians should hear: Followers of Christ, so often straining out the gnat and swallowing the camel, tithing mint, anise, and cummin, and neglecting the weightier matters of the law, what do all the minutiæ of creed and institution that distinguish us amount to in the presence of this gigantic problem in which one of the central meanings of Christ for the world is involved? A narrow belligerent nationalism is today the most explicit and thoroughgoing denial of Christianity, its thought of God and its love of man, that there is on earth.

How evident this central problem is when we try to discuss the real issues of the world today! Some still see those issues in terms of one nation against another. That is the level on which their thinking runs. America versus Japan or France versus Germany—so in a long list of nation against nation they see the world's affairs. How desperately real the problems are on that level no one needs to be told, but, after all, those are not the deepest issues. A clear conviction grows in the best thinking of today that mankind's realest conflict of interest is not between this nation and that, but between the forward-looking, progressive, open-minded people of all nations, who have caught a vision of humanity organized for peace, and the backward-looking, reactionary, militaristic people of the same nations. The deepest line of conflict does not run vertically

between the nations; it runs horizontally through all the nations. The salvation of humanity from self-destruction depends on which side of that conflict wins.

What has happened thus to make a local, national patriotism, however sacred and beautiful in many of its forms, inadequate to meet our present need is clear. In unforgettable words the world has been told by a great patriot: "Patriotism is not enough." Why is it not enough? Well, patriotism once took men of little, local loyalties and expanded their outlook and allegiance. They had been citizens of a shire; patriotism made them citizens of a nation. Patriotism once called men to the widest imaginable outreach of their devotion; it broke down local provincialisms; it stretched human horizons; it demanded unaccustomed breadth of vision and unselfishness of life. To be a patriot for the nation meant a large loyalty as against the meanness and parochialism of a local mind. But the world has moved. Life has expanded and become international. Now it is possible for patriotism to fall from its high estate. Instead of calling men to wider horizons, it can keep them within narrow ones. Once the issue was patriotism versus a small parochialism; now the question may become patriotism versus a large care for humanity. Once patriotism was the great enemy of provincialism; now it can be made to mean provincialism and to sanctify the narrow mind.

This conflict of loyalties creates your difficult problems here in Geneva. You know how tenacious

the adhesions of nationalism are, how difficult to entwine the thoughts and affections of men around new ideals and new methods of world peace. But this inner struggle between two loyalties goes deeper than the realm of statesmanship; it runs far down into the souls of men where the destinies of religion lie. How can a man be a follower of Jesus Christ and still be a belligerent nationalist, when once this better hope of a world organized for peace has dawned upon his view? Whatever else Christianity may believe in, it must believe in God, Father of all men; it must believe in men of every tribe, tongue, people, and nation, as God's children; it must believe in the Kingdom of God on earth. The spirit of Christianity is not narrowly nationalistic, but universally inclusive. When the world, therefore, organizes itself on the basis of belligerent nationalism the very genius of the Christian Gospel is at stake. Once more we can have our old war systems with their appalling modern developments, or we can have Christianity, but we cannot permanently have both. They worship irreconcilable gods.

I need not, and I must not, press the analysis further. Two generations ago one of our great statesmen, Charles Sumner, said, "Not that I love country less, but Humanity more, do I now and here plead the cause of a higher and truer patriotism. I cannot forget that we are men by a more sacred bond than we are citizens—that we are children of a common Father more than we are Americans." Shall not each one of us here pray for his own country, as

I pray earnestly for mine, that that spirit may come into the ascendency? Christianity essentially involves it.

The first Christians saw this. "The early Christian Church," says a recent writer, "was the first peace society." Then came Christianity's growing power—the days when Christians, no longer outcast, were stronger than their adversaries, until at last the imperial household of Constantine himself accepted Christianity. Then Christianity, joined with the state, forgot its earlier attitudes, bowed to the necessities of imperial action, became sponsor for war, blesser of war, cause of war, fighter of war. Since then the Church has come down through history too often trying to carry the cross of Jesus in one hand and a dripping sword in the other, until now when Christians look out upon the consequence of it all, this abysmal disgrace of Christendom making mockery of the Gospel, the conviction rises that we would better go back to our first traditions, our early purity, and see whether those first disciples of the Lord were not nearer right than we have been.

We cannot reconcile Jesus Christ and war—that is the essence of the matter. That is the challenge which today should stir the conscience of Christendom. War is the most colossal and ruinous social sin that afflicts mankind; it is utterly and irremediably unchristian; in its total method and effect it means everything that Jesus did not mean and it means nothing that He did mean; it is a more blatant denial of every Christian doctrine about God and

man than all the theoretical atheists on earth ever could devise. It would be worth while, would it not, to see the Christian Church claim as her own this greatest moral issue of our time, to see her lift once more, as in our fathers' days, a clear standard against the paganism of this present world and, refusing to hold her conscience at the beck and call of belligerent states, put the Kingdom of God above nationalism and call the world to peace? That would not be the denial of patriotism but its apotheosis.

Here today, as an American, under this high and hospitable roof, I cannot speak for my government, but both as an American and as a Christian I do speak for millions of my fellow citizens in wishing your great work, in which we believe, for which we pray, our absence from which we painfully regret, the eminent success which it deserves. We work in many ways for the same end—a world organized for peace. Never was an end better worth working for. The alternative is the most appalling catastrophe mankind has ever faced. Like gravitation in the physical realm, the law of the Lord in the moral realm bends for no man and no nation: "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

THE OUTLOOK FOR PEACE

Dr. Dewey was born in Illinois in 1861, educated at Williams College and Andover Theological Seminary, and entered the Congregational ministry in 1887. He has had two notable pastorates, seven years at the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, and nineteen years of distinguished service in Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, where he has built his life into a great, growing city both as preacher and as leader in many benign activities. Outside his great parish, he has been an attractive college and university preacher, and a wise counselor in the assemblies and enterprises of the Church.

The following Outlook for Peace, if it does not justify the hopes of ardent minds, does help us to see clearly the forces and difficulties with which we have to deal in our war against war. Born of long thought and many travels, its felicity of style and richness of illustration do not disguise how far we are from the "desired, delayed, inevitable time" when nation shall lift up sword against nation no more. The hope of the preacher rests in "the Lincoln spirit, the contagion of intelligent goodwill, quickened by genuine Christian faith"; and, truly, there is no other hope.

THE OUTLOOK FOR PEACE

HARRY P. DEWEY, D.D.
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Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Isaiah 2:4.

Eight years from the Armistice, with taxes sliding downward, prosperity general, and no foreign menace darkening our horizon, we Americans are likely to be lulled into an undue feeling of security. A few months ago, as I was coming out of Africa, I saw at a hotel a good-looking, beaming young married woman, who, with a camping party, had just emerged from the jungle. She held in her arms two newly born lion cubs. They were soft, fuzzy, docile, and altogether cunning and fascinating; but goose flesh shivers ran over me when, in chipper confidence, she announced that she was taking the little creatures home to the children. A calm, wide-ranging survey of conditions abroad and at home today stirs one out of complacency because of certain basic human tendencies observable, which, however harmless they may seem and be at times, whenever they are not watched and restrained are sure to develop lionlike ferocities.

1. A phase of the world situation that looks to-

ward a perpetuation of belligerencies is the increase of population. Roundly speaking, it is estimated that one hundred years ago there were between six and seven hundred million people in the world. The reckoning of today's census is seventeen hundred million. There are students of the trend who assert that if the rate of increase in recent years continues, in one hundred and fifty or two hundred years America will have as little elbow space as now has India or China. Others anticipate checking influences, and they may turn out to be the truer prophets; but the tendencies, as they appear, do not lend much encouragement to their hopes. The inference from a century's increase is that the globe is filling up. If this more somber conclusion is in accord with facts, in the not distant future room will indeed be at a premium. There will come that strain upon good nature which goes with personal congestions—the irritating reaction of the crowd upon itself. There will be a stress for food supplies; how to make the earth yield enough to sustain the multitude will be a crucial problem. There will be a sharp scrambling for raw materials, and a desperate racing for markets, and, of necessity, the struggle for existence will become more urgent and intense.

2. Another source of danger lies in racial differences. In one form or another race prejudice exists in almost every country, either as an internal divisive influence, or as an outward moving animosity, or as both, and the more seriously when there are marked unlikenesses of color.

While staying in one of London's better hotels, I frequently noticed in the lobby an attractive black man. He was well dressed, good-looking, of genteel manner, and unobtrusive. One day I saw him talking familiarly with a white man who was neatly attired and appeared alert, intelligent, and business-like. I was told that the latter was the black man's secretary, which was less astonishing because the black man was said to be an African prince. Prince or ordinary citizen, where in America, in a first-class hotel, would a negro be so hospitably received upon equal terms with every other guest; and where in America would a substantial and capable white man so openly acknowledge even a distinguished negro as his chief?

It may be doubted whether racial antipathies are more acute anywhere in the world than they are in the United States. Japan does not resent the Exclusion Act so much as she does the assumption of superiority which she thinks the manner of Congress implies. We must better know how to behave fraternally upon a human level toward peoples of darker skin and unlike blood who are within our borders and beyond, or we shall make no end of trouble for ourselves and for the rest of the world.

3. Another danger lies in the spirit of nationalism which has been gaining force ever since the war closed. The war had the effect of opening the eyes of the nations, even of the little ones, to possibilities of national growth and influence. They were made more conscious of being in a world full of privileges

which they might justly seek, and the result has been that each nation has become unprecedentedly solicitous concerning its assumed rights.

In Jerusalem one may see a vividly suggestive memorial of the temper of pre-war Germany. The Government Building, now occupied by British officials in the exercise of the mandate, was built by the Kaiser as an Oriental palace. Probably he was thinking of a day when he might frequently go to Palestine to make inspection of vast dominions over which he expected to rule. In the palace there are various indications of his forward gazing. On the walls of the royal chapel are painted religious scenes and figures. In the central area of the ceiling is a commanding portrayal of Christ, as is eminently fitting; but in the large adjacent space over the organ, and almost as conspicuously painted, appear the faces of the Emperor and Empress. We smile at what we think a sacrilegious presumption, and say, with some satisfaction, "How are the mighty fallen!" But is that spirit, which it was hoped the war would destroy, so different, after all, from a certain temper of nationalism which we see flaunting itself in many parts of the world today?

One of the leading statesmen of Italy, while in America not long since, gave an ardent eulogy of his country as it stands improved under the rule of Mussolini. He was not modest in exalting Italy's contributions to the world; and he seemed to think that his country is not receiving at the hands of others the treatment to which her service and her importance

entitle her. He took a fling at Great Britain for maintaining a strong bottleneck hold upon Gibraltar at one end of the Mediterranean and upon the Suez Canal at the other. He laid stress upon Italy's need of opportunity for expansion, dwelt upon her overflowing population, and urged that other nations should be willing to open their doors to Italian colonists for temporary residence, allowing them to retain their native citizenship pending their return to the mother country. As, with considerable fervor, he presented his country's claims, one could detect under his words the ominous implication that if Italy did not obtain justice from other nations, she might be expected vigorously to resent the wrong done, with resulting unhappy consequences to the offenders.

Is not something to be said for this statesman's contention? Let us imagine our own nation in Italy's position, or in the position of any nation that feels itself in any way oppressed or handicapped by advantages which other nations enjoy. Should we be less insistent? Is there anything in our sublime sense of importance akin to this brooding upon inequality of privilege? We think we are benignant and friendly as we accept the fact of America's high place of power in the world; but if our power were to be questioned, or, more to the point, were to be curtailed by the prosperities and achievements of other nations, would our patriotism lose any of its altruism? Are we sure that we are wholly guiltless of pernicious self-exaltation, when one of our prominent, widely read daily papers displays as its slogan

the toast given at a banquet by Commodore Decatur: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right. But our country, right or wrong!" Is there not a finer, nobler patriotism, full-toned in its love to native land, in the declaration of William Lloyd Garrison: "Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind"?

4. Another source of danger is fear. Dark forebodings linger in the European mind. It could scarcely be otherwise. Under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris there is a memorial to French soldiers who died in the war. A flame is kept ever burning; and this literally living reminder prevents the heroic dead from being forgotten, and it also admonishes those who pause and reflect for a moment to be alert and watchful against old perils that now are only slumbering. Not yet have the nations that sustained the severest brunt of battle succeeded in trusting one another; and the mood of gloomy apprehension is not a sedative to warlike impulses.

On shipboard I chatted with a member of the English Parliament and a retired American army officer. It was disheartening, as these men discussed the international outlook, to hear both of them express the opinion that another war of vast proportions is inevitable and within the next thirty years. It was still more depressing to hear them predict that, in all likelihood, the initial phase of that struggle will be a conflict between Great Britain and the United States. With much earnestness I opposed my optimism to their pessimism. I cited the wholesome les-

sons learned from the last war, the manifest wider play of common sense in the world, the greater attractiveness of the ideals of brotherhood and their stronger appeal in the imaginations of the more intelligent peoples. They politely, but unhesitatingly, committed my brighter anticipations to the discard. They allowed that lofty conceptions of fraternity and peace are a pleasant and comforting dream, but held that the world is the same old world, and that the cherished ideals of peace are certain to be put to naught in the onset of the elemental human passions, once they are aroused. One can but think that those gentlemen were under the dominion of the matter of fact, which is so likely to becloud fine ethical hopes, and that such cynical suspicions as theirs produce the evil thing which they unwarrantably took to be inevitable. An eminent oculist declares that three-fourths of the afflictions of the eye are due to fear, and that if the patient can be saved from doleful apprehension, the disease, in the majority of instances, will disappear. A clearer, truer, and a dynamic, vision of fraternal possibilities will be had, when we are more ready to take the risk of our hope that human nature can and will behave more nobly.

What are some of the expedients to be relied upon in seeking the realization of optimistic expectations? First, mutual acquaintance. On the Plain of Shinar men in their selfish ambition built a tower toward heaven. Then their language was confounded and they were scattered abroad. What a source of ill-will and alienation the failure to understand the other

man, nation or race is. A traveler in the Holy Land or Egypt has a difference with a cabman about fare. With vigorous gestures and rapid-fire Arabic the driver seeks to enforce his terms, and the traveler protests what seems an exorbitant charge. Neither man understands the other, and a happy settlement seems remote, when a stranger, familiar with both English and Arabic, intervenes; the misunderstanding is explained, and a satisfactory peace results. By interchanges of trade and travel, by all the varied and intimate means of disseminating ideas and information and extending personal contacts, the peoples of the earth are moving beyond their respective provincial boundaries, and their commingling and intercourse are leveling prejudice and other barriers that have sprung up from ignorance. In the Near East there is no more encouraging sight than educational institutions like Robert College, wherein, under American teachers, are gathered youth of many nations, including a large contingent from Turkey, who eat at the same table, sleep in the same dormitories, assemble in the same class-rooms, and contest with one another in friendly battles on gridirons, diamonds, and tennis courts. Who can begin to compute the pacifying effect upon that storm center wrought by the return to the respective countries of such a diverse but fraternized body of educated young men?

Second, reduction of armament. The less we see of uniformed men, fortresses, armored boats, military airplanes, and the like, the more quickly will the suggestions of war pass from the mind. Yet we must not

imprudently do away with defenses. It is not yet wise to leave all doors unlocked. The police are still necessary as guardians of law and order. There cannot be complete disarmament, or any very great limitation of armament, excepting as there is corresponding security afforded; and if security is not to be found in military strength, it must be given some other reliance which is equally strong. That implies a resort to an International Court, to a League of Nations or some association corresponding to it, and to all other facilities for arbitration and coöperation by which the high ends of peace may be promoted. The hall in which the League of Nations assembles is somewhat unique in having nine tall windows interrupting the lengthwise wall space on either side, and nine similar windows at the far end of the room; and one has a sensation, as a meeting is in process, of being out of doors. This feature has given rise to a saying, current among the delegates, that the room is symbolic of the purpose of the League—to let in the light. Whatever the opinion as to the importance and usefulness of the League up to date, all will agree that there can be no adequate guarantee of peace until the light of intelligent, impartial judgment is shed upon vexing international problems.

Third, a growing recognition that the principle of the Golden Rule must supplant selfish competition. One of the most encouraging indications of the cooperation of the right-minded and right-hearted in the interests of peace, is the change that is going over the face of the British realm, as indicated by the sub-

stitution of the name, British Commonwealth of Nations, for the traditional and familiar appellation, British Empire. The substitution indicates that Great Britain is ceasing to be looked upon by her colonies, or dominions, and even by herself, as invested with any constraining authority over her associates, and is being thought of as but one member, albeit the most venerable and powerful member, of a great family, all of the members of which are equal in privilege and free and independent in working out their respective destinies. In this conception, while the bond is looser in one sense, it is stronger in another, because it is one, not of political compulsion, but of sympathy, mutual dependence, partnership in common interests, principles and ideals, and loyalty to the crown. The English king is shorn of political power, but throughout the range of the British dominions he inspires respect and affection because he is the personification of British unity.

If Great Britain should meditate going to war with any other nation or nations outside of the commonwealth family, she would know that she could not compel the colonies to go with her if they did not wish to do so; and it is not likely that she would venture upon any great conflict without assistance from one or more of them. It is hardly conceivable that any of them would wish to join with her in any war unless their own vital interests were manifestly at stake; and it is also inconceivable that all of the members of the family would ever make alliance with her against a common foe, unless the war

commended itself to the judgment and conscience of all, and then, not until the last effort to avert a rupture had been tried.

While it is probable that there will be many occasions in the future when relations between Great Britain and America will be strained, we cannot believe that the disputants will ever reach the breaking point. Aside from other and deeper considerations, the relations between the United States and the various other members of the British Commonwealth would be a deterrent. Thus it is that we are contemplating a mighty alinement of English speaking peoples which have a controlling influence upon a vast number of other folk politically associated with them—a combination numbering, in all, hundreds of millions—and in this imposing host, sufficient to have steadying effect upon the rest of the world, we behold a powerful security for general and continuing peace.

Yet the hope which brightens in dwelling upon this picture will surely be eclipsed, unless we rely upon the only sure antidote to war. At the last session of the Institute of Politics, in Williamstown, all sorts of factors bearing upon international relations were discussed. While it was implied, no doubt, only an occasional reference was made to this most important expedient for the avoidance of war. Therefore, it was the more impressive when, near the close of a month of meetings, Sir Robert Borden, of Canada, arose, and, in words which came with greater force because of his long and useful service in affairs

of state, said that he wished to remind the conference that all of these means and devices for the maintenance of peace which had been reviewed, needful as they might be, would be utterly ineffectual, if, with every move, the spiritual forces were not employed.

Religion often has been, and it still is, a source of strife. In Palestine Jews, Christians and Moslems have more difficulty in being amiable neighbors because, as they jealously guard the sacred places and cherish their attachments to the land itself, they are alienated in religious beliefs. France and Spain have conquered the Riffians. The wily and fierce tribesmen fought the more doggedly because of their Islamic hatred of the infidel. War has sometimes been waged in the name of Christianity. Yet, we know, that, however the truth in Jesus has been perverted and made to do service in aiding brutal human impulses, the gospel of the Nazarene, in its essence, is wholly fraternal.

Manifestly, then, our strategy is to exalt and promote Christ as the only guarantor of peace. A brilliant Chinaman says that half the troubles of this world are due to the stupid incapacity to put one's self in another's place. The Christian religion in its simplicity and purity transforms that stupid incapacity into wise capacity, and melting our prejudices and humbling our prides and warming our affections, it enables us to get on decently and happily with one another.

A few months ago an impressive and affecting event occurred in London. It was the funeral of the Earl

of Ypres, more popularly known as General French. During the war some doubt was cast upon his efficiency as a commander, but now, whatever lack he had evinced was forgotten, and it was remembered only that he had been a great soldier, who, all in all, had done splendid service and deserved ungrudging tribute.

I took a strategic position near the north door of Westminster Abbey, in which the service had been held, that I might view the procession as it moved away from the church. First came the guards of honor, among them Hussars in brilliant uniforms and high fur chapeaux, battalions of infantry, and squads of French and Belgian soldiers. The gun carriage following was drawn by six noble horses, and upon the casket, wrapped in the Union Jack, rested a wreath and the baton and hat of the dead general. Walking behind or beside the carriage were distinguished honorary bearers, among whom were General Haig, Admiral Beatty, Lieutenant General Bernheim of the Belgian Army, and General Joffre. A touching spectacle was General French's beautiful black charger, carrying empty saddle and boots, and bending low his graceful head as though he realized that he never would bear his beloved rider again. With stately, solemn rhythm the procession moved on, while massed bands played the funeral march. The way was lined with reverent, uncovered throngs.

I looked about and dwelt upon the exceeding appropriateness of the environment. Here was the Abbey, the memorial shrine of so many of England's

noble, useful servants. At its side, the lesser church, St. Margaret's, in which, years before, I had heard, on a Fourth of July Sunday, Phillips Brooks plead for goodwill between England and America. Across the square, a little way to the right, was Westminster Hall, in which Charles I was condemned and Cromwell was made Protector. Extending alongside and beyond were the Houses of Parliament, symbol and scene of many struggles for that political freedom which America especially inherits, and which has blessed the whole earth. From the Tower of the House of Commons came the sound of chimes, followed by six rolling, thunderous strokes by Big Ben, as if the mighty clock were not only noting the passing of time and giving its salute to the victorious dead, but also were acclaiming the forward march of civilization. On the left of the street ahead was a statue of George Canning, and just beyond a memorial to those champions of human rights who induced Great Britain to abolish slavery throughout her possessions. But the monument that seemed to embody and express the higher significance of all other inanimate objects greeting the eye, was the statue most conspicuously near to the procession at the junction of the two streets, around which the procession turned. The heroic figure seemed just to have risen from the stone chair behind. It stood tall and angular. An ill-fitting frock coat hung open to the knees, and the tails fell loosely back. The hatless head was turned slightly downward, as if in the attitude of reverent reflection and attention. One could easily fancy that

the inanimate figure underwent a transformation as one looked upon it. A living sympathy quivered in the face, as the heart within brooded over the sacrifice which the procession betokened, and rejoiced in the evidence acclaimed that the price given in earlier years for justice and right had not been paid in vain. The lips moved, and in pathetic, yearning tones spoke words, as apt for this occasion and for this time of ours as for the occasion and time when, six and a half decades before, they were uttered from the steps of the National Capitol at Washington to a throng in which were many faces lowering with passion and hatred: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." Then a pause—and again the lips moved, and there came forth those other words, spoken after four years of war had done their desolating work: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in; . . . do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

How suggestive it all was! For may it not be said that of all the men of modern times Lincoln is most widely accepted as the one whose spirit clearly shows

and surely promotes that democracy which is sane, workable, and satisfying, and is now craved as never before. But we must not forget that the spirit of Lincoln, in all its humaneness, absence of prejudice and narrowness, and abounding pity and goodwill, was not merely the native endowment of the man; it was surcharged throughout with his disciplined faith in God the universal Father and in Christ the Elder Brother of all mankind.

Therefore, of all the expedients for advancing the peace of the world, the one which is of first importance and at immediate command by all of us is that of displaying, in all our differences with others, more of the Lincoln spirit, that the contagion of intelligent goodwill quickened by genuine Christian faith may so extend that men of all nations and races and creeds shall neither make, nor learn, nor desire war any more.

THE GOSPEL IN THE PRESENT AGE

An occasional sermon does not always measure up to its opportunity; but the following sermon, delivered before the National Council of Congregational Churches in Washington, at which President Coolidge was also a speaker, is a notable exception. It struck the key-note for a great assembly, calling upon Christian men not only to keep the eternal values of faith, but to apply its power of light and leading to the issues of a new day.

Born in Michigan in 1866, educated at Oberlin College and Andover Theological Seminary, Dr. Patton entered the Congregational ministry in 1892. After two early pastorates, he went to the First Church of Columbus, in succession to Washington Gladden; and since 1917 has been minister of the First Church of Los Angeles; which he recently resigned to accept the Chair of Preaching in the Chicago Theological Seminary.

In this sermon, as in his books—such as *Truth in Small Packages* and *Sources of the Synoptic Gospels*—we find a clear-sighted, sure-footed Christian leader interpreting the everlasting Gospel in a time of rapid and confused transition, when so many are adrift without rudder or pilot.

THE GOSPEL IN THE PRESENT AGE

CARL S. PATTON, D.D.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LOS ANGELES

Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the Gospel may have free course and be glorified. I Thessalonians 3:1.

In its essence the gospel of Jesus Christ is a simple thing; just the great message of Jesus that God is love, and that He would have his children live a life of love and service in the world. But in its application the gospel is as complex as life itself, always new, and forever changing to meet the new need of a new age. There are, preëminently, three fields in which the gospel, in our day, must adjust itself to new conditions, and speak a clear word of guidance to a world in great perplexity. They are the Intellectual Field, the Social Field, the International Field.

1. The Intellectual Field. In the intellectual field the outstanding task of the gospel is to adjust itself to the scientific knowledge of our time. A few months ago the town of Dayton, Tennessee, sprang suddenly to the front page of the newspapers and to the consciousness of the civilized world; because there a young man had been teaching the doctrine of evolution in one of the schools, and the law of Tennessee said you mustn't teach it. . . . I have never

been able to share the surprise felt by many people that such a thing could happen. It does not seem to me surprising at all. There is no more tremendous difference between any two ideas than there is between the idea of a world made between two Sundays and intended to remain forever as it originally was, and the idea of a world changing, growing, evolving, and in every fiber and through all time and place alive. The gospel lived for almost two thousand years with one of these ideas, and then suddenly it was called upon to give it up and take to the other.

Such things cannot be done in a day. With the mass of any population, in Tennessee or in any other place, that cannot be done in the time that has passed since the modern doctrine of evolution was born. It took the Hebrew people five hundred years to pass from the idea of a God who walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and shut the door of the ark after Noah, and came down to verify the report he had heard about Sodom, to that of a God who inhabited eternity but who dwelt also in the humble and the contrite heart. Now from a God who made the world and all things and creatures in it in a week, and closed his work, and called it good, and rested, to a God who creates now as he has always created, and who lives his life of ceaseless activity in us and around us all the time, is quite as long a step. But this step we have been asked to take, not in five hundred years, but within the lifetime of two generations. It should not surprise any

one that we have suffered some confusion in taking this step, nor that there should be great sections of our population who have not taken it at all.

But it is a step that we have to take. For the doctrine of evolution appears to be true. If it were not for that, we should not need to bother about it,—neither to understand it, not to adjust ourselves to it, nor even to deny it. We could just forget it. But it seems to be true. However it may be modified in one detail or another, it is the best account we can give of what God has done in the earth. There is not the slightest prospect that the thinking world will abandon it for any competing theory.

That being the case, the first thing we have to do is to get our gospel adjusted to it. We cannot continue forever to deny what the whole trend of modern knowledge makes every day more certain. We cannot successfully appeal to our people to forget on Sunday what they know the rest of the week. To shut our eyes to the greatest, most far-reaching, most fruitful scientific idea of modern times, and to keep our mouths shut about it, as if it were a thing with which God had nothing to do, and which somehow throws Jesus Christ into the shadow, is no way to get our gospel home to the heart of this present time. We must, at the least, have a gospel that is not threatened with destruction every time anybody discovers something new about the world in which we live.

That is the least. That is the minimum, without which, in a little while, we cannot get a hearing for

our gospel among educated people. But this minimum is never enough. If all we can do is to keep our gospel in spite of the advances of modern knowledge, we shall be merely holding our own, and that with increasing difficulty. That is never enough. If the gospel of Jesus Christ is true; if the great spiritual principles that underlie it are the same that God has woven back and forth into the structure of the universe at large, then every discovery that man can make about the world, will not merely leave the gospel where it was but will put it that much ahead. So it will be here. Let the church cease to treat modern knowledge as a load she must reluctantly carry, and let her take it as a light, and hold it high in her hand. Let her turn it upon the long hard road the race has travelled up to now, and follow it back to where the heart of the universe glows a spiritual principle. Let her illumine with it the origins of nations, races, customs, religions, sacred scriptures, giving God thanks that that same principle of growth that runs through nature runs still more clearly through the spiritual life of man. Let her understand that no revelation of God was ever meant to close the eyes of explorers or to discredit the report of those who come back from the frontiers of knowledge. Let her understand that the one divine value of the past is to enable men to see in this present time the pointing finger of God; and as we lay down the weapons of our present controversies we shall find in our hands, not merely the old gospel, but a gospel transfigured by the immediate presence of a God who as

upon the first morning of creation still works his daily work in the world.

I have spoken of this matter of evolution and the scientific view of the world because it is in men's minds just now. It does not exhaust the intellectual field in which the gospel works these days. There is a great body of new knowledge concerning the Bible. Information about the Old and New Testaments lies open to the hand of the intelligent layman today that was quite out of reach of the ablest preacher in the days of Jonathan Edwards or even of Horace Bushnell. Philosophy has become a new subject since the time of William James. I am not pleading that the preacher be a specialist in all these matters. Absurd. Our specialty is the gospel. But there is an intellectual quarrel with his time which puts the preacher in the wrong on every question he touches. And there is an intellectual understanding of his time that puts the preacher everywhere on the inside track. Not a mastery of details outside our own field, but an attitude toward the ongoing march of intellectual achievement, is what the gospel needs in this and every age. It is not our business to make evolutionists or higher critics, but to make Christians. But to make Christians, we must have a gospel that shines in the light of the best knowledge God has given us.

2. The Social Field. More significant by far than any intellectual task that invites the gospel in our time, is its well-known passage from the personal to the social. We need not exaggerate here. Neither we nor our fathers were first to discover that no man

liveth to himself. No absolutely individualistic gospel has ever been possible. I know also all that can be said here by way of caution and demurrer. The gospel is still a personal thing, and always will be. Like the voice of your oldest friend, like the face of your mother or your child, like the blood in your veins, like your own soul to yourself, so intimate and personal is the gospel of Jesus Christ. I know that. I know also that the preacher is not a political economist. The New Testament is not a treatise upon sociology. Jesus was not a social reformer. If all the preachers in the world should declare every Sunday that we must have the spirit of Christ in our industries and our commerce, not all our shouting, however sincere, would point any short-cut to the Kingdom of God on the earth. Good-will is not enough. All this is obvious. Let it be admitted.

But all this does not touch the point. Nor is it a matter, entirely, of special instances and particular questions—child labor, wages, trades-unionism, the right or wrong of this or that particular strike. These things are never settled except to come up again. No last word is ever said about them. And we have no social gospel if we have nothing to say about them when they do come up. But there are things that lie back of these. There are convictions that ought to pervade the Christian mind, and against the background of which every social question should present itself. That economic laws are also human; that they do not move on mercilessly and quite out of our control, like the stars in their courses, but that they

can be turned to human welfare and the spiritual good of the race. That the organization of the world is not now and never has been ideal or in any deep sense Christian. That there is nothing sacred about the present order, and no evidence that it was created by divine fiat to remain forever as it now is. That a better, fairer, juster, more Christian arrangement of society is always possible, and that it is the business of the Christian man to push hard for it. That a gospel that makes no appeal to the weak and the dispossessed of the earth is a stranger to the gospel that Jesus preached. That there is no spiritual life, unaffected by the house a man lives in, the job he works at, the wages he draws, and no gospel worth the name that does not push its saving way into all these common matters. That all industrial and economic questions are at the same time moral and spiritual questions. That no stable civilization can be built upon anything but justice, that no nation has anything to fear from within itself except injustice, and that even justice itself is a flying goal, not to be found forever in any one arrangement but to be pursued with a divine persistence—all these convictions, I take it, are part of the enlightened Christian consciousness of the present time.

And no calamity could be greater than that, because we have so much else to say, or because we have said it so often and nobody has heeded, or because Dr. Gladden or Prof. Rauschenbusch before us, or Dr. Ward and Bishop McConnell can say it so much better than we can, or for any other reason,

we should lapse from the high level of this social gospel to any smaller and less significant message. It is better for the gospel, and for its reputation among serious men, that one preacher in every ten should go wrong on some pet scheme for the redemption of human society, than that we should all keep our mouths shut about it. If congregations have to be held together by turning their backs and shutting their eyes to what is wrong with human society, what are they good for after they are held together?

It is not to the point that we should be told, or that we should plead in our own defense, that we do not know the way out of the industrial labyrinth. In detail, and to the end, nobody does, or ever will. But some things we know. And these things that we know are the clews to any and all ways out. We know it is absurd for a nation not to have the power to protect its own children. We know that it is not ideal that industry should be organized for the production of goods, with only an incidental squint at the production or maintenance of the humanity for whom the goods are made. We know that the one scarlet sin, beside which all the cambric sins we have often denounced are too trivial to be interesting, is the sin of human exploitation. We know that the next great step ahead is the abatement of autocracy and the advancement of democracy in industry. We know that when we bid men be content with the injustices of this world and hope for their reward in heaven, we have given them stones instead of bread. We know there is no "simple gospel" for a complex

world like this one. All these things we do most surely know. They concern our gospel if anything in the world ever did. They are spiritual matters. Mother Jones betrays the right perspective when she says, however crudely, "When I get over to the other side, I shall tell God what happened in West Virginia." It would be better, for the salvation of preachers and people and the whole round world, that no fine churches be built, no big endowments be raised, no fine choirs lift their praises to God, no preachers ride in automobiles, but that the church be poor and despised again as she was in the time of Paul, than for the world to know, or even to suspect, that Christian men have no mind about these matters, or are afraid to speak it out. We have a gospel for this time because we have passed from the merely personal to the social. The word of this social gospel we must speak in patience, with no assumption of divine authority for our individual views, in a good nature that no difference of opinion can ever disturb, in a love like that of Jesus Christ himself. But we must speak it. Haltingly if we have to, clearly as we can, boldly as God will give us courage, we must speak it. The Kingdom of God waits for it. It is the gospel of this present time and of the years to come.

3. The International Field. But the one great question of this present time, absorbing, bewildering, insistent, from which we cannot turn our eyes away, is the question of race and international relations. And no other question—not any question raised by

the advance of knowledge, nor about the human relationships that lie close at our door, not any question in all the world—has a more immediate and pressing interest for the Christian church than this question of international relations. The progress of the gospel, now and in the years to come, is bound hand and foot with it.

Many wonderful things Christendom has done in the world—not merely our preachers and our missionaries, but the governments and the nations of Christendom. Schools and hospitals we have established. Languages we have reduced to writing. Immemorial wrongs we have redressed. Heathen customs we have abolished. A high road for progress we have opened, the world around. We have had our part in all this, thank God. And the world has blessed us for it.

But the gospel of Jesus Christ hears a new question in our day. A question that is upon the lips of every non-Christian nation in the world. A question not in scorn, nor in self-righteousness, but with a hidden fear as to what the true answer may be. This is the question: *Has Christendom any higher ethical standard than the rest of the world?* And can you prove it by the way the Christian people behave toward all the rest? It is no use to go back to the New Testament and to the Analects of Confucius, to prove the superiority of Christianity. Now that the nations are everywhere face to face, one acid test will determine their judgment of any religion; are the people who profess it honorable, just, brotherly? How

long can we go with our gospel to a proud people like the Japanese, if we cannot convince them that we do not consider them as our inferiors? And how much good does it do for our Christian missionaries and Y. M. C. A. men to say "We don't consider you inferior," if the Christian statesmen and legislators of the world say, "We do"? What headway can the gospel make in China, against the impression recently expressed by the Students' Anti-Religious League of Peking, that "Christianity is the forerunner of imperialism and exploitation"? Is it a good omen for the gospel, that the Chinese Federation of Educational Associations recently declared, "The educational work of foreigners in China may look like charity, but its purpose is either religious propaganda or political aggression"? The question of extraterritoriality may be a complicated one. But the statement of the Chinese University professors is a perfectly simple one, and nobody can doubt its truth: "The tragedy that happened in the international settlement of Shanghai has filled the Chinese nation with horror and indignation."

Christendom suffered grievously in the eyes of the non-Christian nations from the Great War. She has suffered almost as much from a long series of smaller and less spectacular happenings. Her reputation for fair dealing and even for efficiency is hardly going up just now in Morocco. Can any one maintain that Christendom has been uniformly kind, courteous, considerate, or even just, beyond other nations, in her treatment of the rest of the world? Or that it was

somebody else than Christendom that divided up Africa, that parceled out its spheres of influence in China, and put its stamp of inferiority upon the Hindus and the Japanese? Or is it any secret that India and China and Japan and Africa are right now in a deep and growing revolt at the way Christendom has handled herself toward them? Or does it surprise anybody that it is so? How will it fare with the gospel if the impression goes round the world, that the Christian nations, when they face other nations, are no better than the others—not really Christian, or if Christian still no better, no fairer, no juster, no more intent upon peace and friendship, than the rest?

It is not to the point that we should be told that we do not know the way out of the international tangles of the world. In detail and to the end of the road, nobody does. But some things here also we know; and these things that we know, are the open doors to any and all ways out. We know that war is the most expensive, the most devastating, the most absurd way of settling disputes between nations, and that it can be excused only on the ground that nations have not yet grown sensible and self-controlled enough to avoid it. We know that no nation can really profit at the expense of any other nation; that no race and no people liveth to itself; that isolation is only a word left over from the vocabulary of an earlier age, with no reality any longer corresponding to it; that "Prosperity" is well enough, but it is no star by which to steer the destinies of a nation; that

no high moral leadership was ever yet acquired and no consuming spiritual enthusiasm ever yet aroused by the sight of a nation standing on the bank and keeping its feet dry; that the ultimate security and peace of the world do not rest upon guns, or ships, or airplanes, or upon any accumulation of the engines of destruction, but upon good-will—all these things we do most surely know.

And these things we must say. We have other business to do. And these things are far away. And the others are close by. But we are servants not of the parish alone, but of the Kingdom of God in the earth. And what shall it profit us if, while we are busy training our children, the nations are busy getting ready, when the children are grown, to burn them up in another world-conflagration? Shall we tithe the mint of the women's sewing circles, and the anise of the Wednesday evening meeting and the cummin of pastoral calls, and never raise our voices for the brotherhood of man? Is there any use of our talking, if we leave this out?

Now all these things, in all these fields, intellectual, social, international, are part of our gospel in this present time. Our interest in them is a spiritual interest. We have no ambition to tell scholars how to conduct their investigations, nor business men how to run their business, nor to get our bungling fingers on to international problems before which the wisest statesmen hesitate. But we are the bearers of a gospel that antedates all modern knowledge, modern industrialism, and modern nationalities; that will out-

live them all, and that means more for the salvation of men and of nations than all of them. And what we want is that no man or group of men, and no nation or group of nations, shall in any of these fields give the lie to that gospel, or slam the door in its face, but that everywhere in this present age, at home and abroad, it should have a free course and be glorified.

For what our leaders have done for us, for Christian scholars and Christian business-men and Christian statesmen, we give God thanks. Our intellectual reconstruction is well under way. The world of industry was never before so full of men who want peace and good-will, and who are doing their best to find it. And they are finding it. "The last few years of my life," says Mother Jones, "have seen fewer and fewer strikes. I have passed my ninety-third milestone, but over the rim of the years my old eyes see the coming of a better day." Beneath the pessimism that covers the surface of the international field are the seeds of altruism and idealism, sown broadcast during the world's greatest conflict, and striking deep root in the heart of a generation that sinned, and has suffered, greatly.

For all these things we thank our leaders. But we, the common Christian people, cannot bring home too solemnly to ourselves our own responsibility in these great matters. Far away as some of them seem, we are not without power in them. No, we are the power in them—and we are the power to hold back even when we are not the power to go ahead. In

all these fields there is no salvation apart from the thought, the prayer, the consecrated struggle of the people. Scholars, captains of industry, statesmen, rise out of the community. They reflect what the people want and what the people believe to be possible. In a democracy, of church, or state or school, the leaders can lead only where the people will follow. The learning of the scholar leaves the commonwealth poor, if a great gulf yawns between him and the people. Pioneers of good-will in the industry rest back upon the understanding and the appreciation of the people. Christian statesmen cannot force a laggard public opinion. There is a spiritual preparedness that underlies all other, for obscurantism or for progress, for war or for peace, for the order that relies upon force or for the order that rests upon justice and good-will. And the soil of that spiritual preparedness is the hearts of the people. Back of all treaties, all naval and military programs, all associations of men and of nations, is the steady set of the popular will. People who trust each other, who believe in each other, who wish each other well, will find a way to keep the peace and to build the structure of a world-civilization. But all the work of scholars, philanthropists, statesmen, falls to the ground in the first storm that blows, unless the foundations are laid deep in the minds of the people. There let us help to lay them, till the gospel of this present time shall merge itself in the larger, fuller gospel of the better time to come.

THE PROPHET JONAH

Rabbi Harrison was born in Liverpool, England, in 1866, and studied in the public schools of New York, graduating into City College as first honor man, ranking the entire city. He was also in the Honor Class of Columbia University, after which he studied in Emanuel Theological Seminary, and was ordained to the service of the Synagogue in 1886. At the age of twenty-one he delivered an oration at the funeral services of Henry Ward Beecher, in behalf of the Jewish community.

For thirty-five years, since 1891, Dr. Harrison has been Rabbi of Temple Israel in St. Louis, which has grown under his inspiration to be one of the great Synagogues of the nation, with many benign activities in the service of the sick, the needy, and the young. Refusing many offers to leave St. Louis, he has given his life to his city, where he has a position of unique influence and honor, admired alike by Jew and Gentile as its most brilliant orator, if not its foremost citizen.

As an orator Rabbi Harrison has every gift, including a most perfect mastery of the rich tone-qualities of English words—which makes one wish that his voice might be heard in every Seminary in the land. For twenty years his sermons have been issued in pamphlet form, and it is a pity that no collection of them has been made. In the sermon on the book of Jonah he shows how prosaic literalists, by boggling about a big fish, have obscured a slender, shining spire of spiritual prophecy, uplifted long ago, revealing at once the superstition of escape and the incredible pity of God.

THE PROPHET JONAH

LEON HARRISON, D.D.
TEMPLE ISRAEL, ST. LOUIS

But Jonah rose up to flee into Tarshish from the presence of the Lord. Jonah 1:3.

My purpose is to discuss the book of the Prophet Jonah. I will show you it is neither a stumbling block to the believer nor a triumph to the incredulous. It is frivolous only to the frivolous. It is wise to the wise. It is a great book, wonderful in its generation, and for all ages an expression of religion's loftiest thought and deepest faith.

It is a noble parable to those who consider it a parable. Many still behold in the narrative the climax of the supernatural, a severe but salutary test of holy credulity. Others treasure the spirit, but ruthlessly disregard the painful literalness of outgrown orthodoxy. They suffer sometimes for this a mild survival of persecution. And though in the synagogue no such letter worship has ever been exacted, still to remove confusion of ideas, it seems well to apply to this venerable record the accepted principles of criticism, to measure its value, and extract its essential truths.

Now, this little book is to be viewed precisely from

the same standpoint as other biblical books. The Bible is history, teaching by example. Or it is poetry, inspiring to ideals through the emotions. Or, at times, it contains a parable, charged with the deepest meanings, fraught with the weightiest spiritual messages. The actors there are human, their methods are natural; their aspirations are not dead today. The Prophets, above all, were mighty reformers, aglow with a passion for right and justice. And Jonah, the faint-hearted, did not, like Cassandra, speak ever to deaf ears, but turned a heathen multitude back to penitence and safety.

The historical prophet Jonah, mentioned in the Book of Kings, flourished about 850 B.C., in the Northern Kingdom, in the reign of Jeroboam II. We are told that Homer was then a child, and the Spartan Lycurgus a man. He was a century older than Romulus, four centuries older than Herodotus. But the Book of Jonah was probably written in the fifth century B.C., as a protest against the vigorous national measures of Ezra and Nehemiah, as a parable against national exclusiveness. The story of Ruth, the Moabitess, marrying an Israelite, so faithful, so loving, the worthy ancestress of King David, is also attributed to this period, with the same purpose of protest against the policy of Ezra in separating inexorably his little band of returned exiles from surrounding heathen. The Book of Jonah thus teaches the gospel of unrestricted humanity, proclaims, as we shall see, a God, not for a chosen people, but for all people, and offers to all, native and for-

eign, faithful or heathen, the open door of pardon, through change of life and sincere repentance.

This is the lesson. But how is it taught? Is the book history? Is the narrative a true biography? Must we accept as cold, authentic prose a story harder to swallow than was the Prophet by the notorious fish? Must we cease to be thrilled by the tragic passion of Hamlet, though the Danish prince live only in the poet's brain? Must Homer be unsung though Helen had never sinned nor Troy fallen? The Book of Jonah was not dictated by God to an earthly amanuensis. It is not the record of an eyewitness. It is an ancient story refashioned to teach a great truth. It is a "romance with a moral." The Phœnician coast line near the Prophet's port of departure, Joppa, was haunted by many similar legends. Thence came the story of Andromeda, devoted to the serpent, and her rescue by Perseus. There Hesione, doomed to the sea-monster, was saved by Hercules leaping down his throat, and there, in three days' struggle, triumphing. There Aia was saved from the dragon by the gallant St. George, patron saint of England, and according to Babylonian tradition, a fish-god or a fish-man, Oannes (probably from Jonah), was divinely sent to teach morals and science to the region of the Tigris and Euphrates. He came from the sea, taught in the day, and returned at night to the sea. The sculptures of him always represent a man in a fish. In the Mohammedan Koran, Jonah is called Dhulnun, or the dweller in the fish. We see thus how widespread was

the fame of the Prophet. He is cited three times in Matthew and Luke. Jesus clearly asserted the truth of the story of Jonah.

You know the subject in dispute. Jonah, the Prophet of a northern kingdom, was ordered to warn Nineveh, the Assyrian capital, the bitter foe of Israel. He shrank from trying to save a hostile city. He was certain, too, that Jehovah was too merciful to punish them. He, the Prophet, was ordered east. He fled west towards Tartessus, in Spain. During a fearful storm, Jonah slept while the crew prayed. They followed the ancient custom of casting the lot for a human scapegoat to the god of the storm. Jonah was the victim. They prayed to Jehovah to acquit them of guilt, and cast him into the sea. God appointed a great fish to swallow him, and incarcerated in the fish three days, he sang a noble hymn of deliverance. He was cast on the shore, and obeyed the second call to go to Nineveh. "In forty days Nineveh shall be destroyed." And the great city repented. Even the king on his throne came down to mourning and ashes; and God pitied and spared the city. Now the Prophet was angry. He didn't hesitate to tell Jehovah so. God was too merciful. He knew it all the time. He had lost his credit as a prophet. Everything went against him. His reputation was gone. The narrative is very artless. The Prophet wanted to die. "Art thou so very angry?" asks Jehovah. There is a certain grim humor in the question. He sat waiting outside the city. A plant grew over his head with welcome shade from the

burning sun. But as soon as it withered, Jonah again longs to die. God asks "Art thou so very angry? Thou wast sorry for the perishable plant, and shall I not be sorry for this great city, with its hundred and twenty thousand men, knowing not the right hand from the left, and also much cattle?"

The breadth of view, and the deep insight of the narrative are unique and extraordinary. The marine legend whose variations we have mentioned, is here informed with the peculiar genius of Israel, with a solemn ethical sense, with a great spiritual lesson. It has rightly been adopted from of old to be read in the synagogue of the great Jewish Fast, the Day of Atonement. More so than perhaps any of the Prophets, save in scattered verses, this little book conveys an eternal message from a universal God to an individual humanity.

1. It teaches primarily that no man can successfully flee from his true mission. Whosoever runs from his duty will get into deep water. Storms will strike him. His career will be shipwrecked. It needs no miracle to prove that simple truth. Many a man, called to Nineveh, has shipped for Tarshish. How many have arrived? How many have escaped disaster? A man following the call of his true vocation cannot be thwarted. Is there anything more mighty and majestic than an engine on the track? Is there anything more miserably helpless and ineffectual than an engine off the track?

2. And there was the prophet—off the track. At last he followed his call, and how sublime was the

mission! Among a people intensely national, whose religion then was national, whose sympathies were tribal, narrow and self-centered, like all the nations then, each one with his own national religion, then and there our hero was called to go outside his race, to go to the enemies' country, to preach repentance, to offer to foreign men of a hated tribe the mercy of God. What a noble prophecy of a future order, the first clear gleam of a happier day. Have we reached that higher level?

When England and Germany clashed arms, the national Church of England prayed to the English God for victory, and the Church of Germany to the German God. Each prayed to the national God to favor them in the great arbitrament of battle. Our creeds are universal, but our worship is local. We have not yet reached the plane of Jonah.

Nations have not. Have the churches? Do they preach salvation beyond their own narrow limits? Are not unbelievers doomed? Do they accept the larger mission to Nineveh? Do they teach the gospel of a universal church, a universal love, a universal hope? With few scattered exceptions, the only spokesmen of such a faith are the survivors of the race whence Jonah sprang. For them the gates of eternal hope are open, as the Talmud taught, to the righteous of all nations. For them the test is deed, not creed. For them there is no outsider, no heretics. Would to God that this noble teaching might spread to every race and faith, that all might learn this highest lesson taught by man.

3. We are to adopt not alone the goal, but the method. The prophet did not demand offerings, ceremonies, creeds. He did not exact conversion, or formal change of religion. He laid no stress on these mechanical details, on the external things. He asked and effected simply repentance. But God had no regard in his dealings with them to aught but one thing. Twenty-five centuries ago, how immense the significance of such words in an age of tribalism, ceremonialism, of sacrificial atonement. "Then God saw their doings, how they had turned from their evil ways, so God had pity on the evil which he had spoken to do unto them, and did it not."

These sublime teachings herald the coming of a Golden Age not yet manifest. They were born of the spirit of protest, the demand for a larger outlook, for a closer bond between the people, who, however blindly and gropingly, sought for the higher life, and turned toward the one great God.

We may interpret as we will the tale that is the vehicle of the truth; the truth abides. The Churches, nay, their Prophet, may accept the type of the three-day interment and the resurrection. But the Jew, with historic truth, remembering the return from Babylonian captivity, will behold in Jonah the type of Israel, who, faithless to his high calling, was swallowed up as a nation in exile, and restored again to preach repentance and salvation to all people that they might not meet their doom. And the ancient story was filled with the glory and beauty of the divine compassion that asks but for a change of

heart and righteousness, and has no respect for persons, but is merciful to all.

The word Jonah means a dove. It is the token and message of peace, the peace that would brood over us all in gentle benediction, if our bitter discords might pass and fade into charity and unison and brotherly love. Then would the Temple of Humanity at last arise, whose foundations are laid in everlasting Law, whose walls are rectitude, and over which no roof shall spread save that which spans the universe, the firmament, in which shall gleam a single radiant light, a morning star, to usher in a brighter day for a holier, happier, nobler world.

CAN WE BE SURE OF GOD?

Dr. Kirk is a Southerner, born in Tennessee fifty-four years ago. Educated in the Southwestern Presbyterian University, he entered the ministry in 1897. After two brief pastorates, he came to the Franklin Street Church, Baltimore, in 1901, where for twenty-five years he has exercised an influential and fruitful ministry. Last year he declined the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City, on the ground that his work is not done where he is. Indeed, it is open to question whether a man has a right to leave such a place of power as Dr. Kirk has in Baltimore.

As lecturer at Princeton, Union, Hartford, New Brunswick, and McCormick Theological Seminaries, Dr. Kirk has a wide ministry to young men studying for the ministry. He is as well known in England as in America, as summer preacher at Westminster Chapel in London. Besides numerous articles in reviews, he has written *The Religion of Power* and *The Consuming Fire;* but the book that I love best is *One Generation to Another,* in which expository preaching is made more fascinating than fiction.

The sermon here deals with the nature of religious knowledge, one of the most vital issues before the mind of our day, showing, as St. Francis said long ago, that "we know as much as we do"; and that to know God we must be like Him—since in these high matters character is revelation.

CAN WE BE SURE OF GOD?

HARRIS E. KIRK, D.D.

FRANKLIN STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BALTIMORE

If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God. John 7:17.

In these words Jesus speaks clearly about a question to which most of us would like a plain answer, although our ability to understand the answer will depend upon willingness to put our minds to it. These words were called out by an inquiry made of Jesus by the Pharisees, who were unable to resist the power of His teaching. They said, "Where did this man get his knowledge of God, since it is clear he was not educated in our schools?" Jesus replied in substance, "I obtained it from my disposition to do My Father's will, and the way is open to all earnest minds. If any willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God." That is to say, if our disposition be right, we shall be able to obtain valid knowledge of God and the way of life.

Every man at some stage of his life wants this very thing. How can we be sure of God? Is our knowledge, admittedly at all times imperfect, still a valid knowledge? How may we reach those durable persuasions which in the hour of life or death shall

give us a confident assurance that we are the children of God, that what we have committed unto Him against that day is safe? Let me attempt to answer this question, and set before you what seems to be the nature of religious knowledge.

The general drift of this saying is that a man's disposition, his moral attitude toward life generally, will determine his apprehension of the mind of God. If his disposition is wrong, he can never reach assurance about any spiritual reality; if his disposition is right, it will lead him into ever-increasing light and confidence. If the eye be single the whole body shall be full of light, but if the eye be evil, that is, cursed with moral duplicity, then the whole body shall be full of darkness. Only the pure in heart see God. If we are willing to become disciples of Jesus we shall know the truth, and the truth shall make us free. These are the biblical conditions on which God offers valid religious knowledge.

The need for a reasonable conception of religious beliefs arises when we are confronted with a certain choice. We begin to be Christians under the influence of home and Church. We profess beliefs about Christ before we are able clearly to think about them. But eventually the question is bound to arise. Shall we continue to believe what we profess because we have been told to believe it, or shall we believe it because we are convinced that it is true? This is a perfectly normal experience, for our permanent hold on any belief will depend upon our choice of it because it is true. If we should entertain a reasonable

doubt about it, no matter how earnestly it be urged upon us, we shall fail to realize its power, and go halting and stumbling all our lives.

The real danger, let me insist upon it, to our religious peace does not come from raising the question, but in refusing the serious and patient demands required to give it a fitting answer. That is why there is so much talk about doubt that is not doubt at all. It is a very grave moment when this question arises. It calls for thorough treatment, for by this method alone can a man confirm his religious possessions. Yet many who are too indolent mentally or too shallow morally draw back from it, turn from Christ and the Church, and spend the rest of their lives trying to give to a very unoriginal phase of human weakness the aspect of rationality. No man who has known the agony of doubt has ever professed to be proud of the experience, for doubt is both moral and spiritual weakness, and has been acknowledged to be such by every noble mind.

Yet doubt need not be the outcome of such a necessary mental process, but, on the contrary, it should lead to a stronger faith. The right way to meet such mental experiences is boldly to accept the challenge of life. We must believe that our Lord wants us to raise this question; to take our life seriously enough to insist that our beliefs shall rest upon truth, and that those who earnestly seek for the truth shall find it. Hence Jesus says, First of all consider your disposition. What is your attitude toward life as a whole? Are you willing to do God's will as you

at present understand it? If so, you will come to know more of Him, and as your knowledge is felt to be valid it will bring you into permanent relations with the eternal interests of life. Our inquiry then is this: What is the nature of the knowledge that Jesus promises we shall gain from a right disposition towards God's will?

What is knowledge of any sort? It is not and never can be completely to know everything that can be known about anything, but sufficient information about a thing to justify us in acting as if it were true. All knowledge is relative. It is relative to your personal point of view, it is also relative to your opportunities and degree of comprehension. Complete knowledge of anything is impossible. Neither is it necessary; for the end of knowledge is action. Its reason for being is to serve life, to keep life in motion, and to direct it towards right ends. And knowledge of any kind, although it is admittedly partial knowledge, is valid if it gives direction and movement to the stream of life, simply because it is based upon the belief that one has enough information about a thing to justify one in acting as if it were true. From a religious point of view there is just as much danger in trying to believe or know too much as there is in trying to know and believe too little. All knowledge exists to keep us in motion; religious knowledge exists to keep us in motion toward the will and purposes of God, and whatever does this is valid, is real knowledge.

Can We Be Sure of God?

I

Belief in Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour has been historically and experimentally demonstrated to be the most powerful force to keep the stream of human life moving towards the will and purposes of God. In the face of life's gravest necessities it has always justified men in acting as if it were true, and willingness to act upon it has afforded the strongest possible confirmation of its truth; therefore I affirm with the utmost confidence that faith in Jesus Christ is a valid form of knowledge. In the wider sphere of its influence it is as valid for life as are the demonstrations of science or of philosophy in their more restricted domains of influence. Of course, this affirmation has often been questioned. It is denied, for example, by what is loosely called modern rationalism, and on the most absurd grounds. Modern rationalism as a rule is not rationalism at all, but impressionism. Rarely if ever does it face alternatives in a thoroughly radical spirit, that is, fearlessly thinking things down to the roots. It usually starts with assumptions, involves itself in phrases and slogans, and then proceeds quite illogically to set up a series of affirmations and denials which only require the criticism of sound reason to effectually set them aside.

For instance, modern rationalism acts on the supposition that the only information that justifies action must be susceptible of certain fixed measurements. It further assumes that man always acts as a reasonable being. As a matter of fact, our actions are

usually initiated by many elements in which reason plays a very small part, such as impulses, instincts, and desires of various kinds. As Woodrow Wilson once put it, "It is a mistake to say that the mind governs. The mind reigns, but does not govern. We are governed by a tumultuous House of Commons made up of the passions, and the ruling passion is Prime Minister, and coerces the Sovereign." It is not reason as it is usually understood, but the ruling passion, the main intent of the heart, that determines the significance of human action. And when a man asserts in a dogmatic way that faith is not valid knowledge for action, he is not saying something that can be demonstrated by reason, but simply disclosing a fixed limitation he has already decided to put upon his attitude towards life. Of course it is always legitimate that a man shall be permitted to choose the grounds upon which he will act, but this does not authorize him to set aside as irrational, grounds that commend themselves to people of different disposition.

Sometimes, however, the affirmation that faith is valid knowledge has been questioned by those who profoundly wished to believe it, and who were prevented from doing so by some serious mental confusion. It is easy to lose one's way in the grave complexities which arise when our life is invaded by eternal issues. There is always fog where warm currents of water come in contact with cold currents of air; so are there fogs where the eternal touches too closely our mortal existence. When some tremendous

sorrow overtakes the heart, slowing up the currents of life and exhausting its vital forces, it is apt to put a serious strain upon faith. And so a devout man may break out in lamentation as does Tennyson in *In Memoriam.* In his beautiful prayer to Christ, "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love," the poet says:

> Thou seemest human and divine,
> The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
> Our wills are ours, we know not how;
> Our wills are ours to make them Thine!
>
> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be:
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, are more than they!
>
> We have but faith; we cannot know;
> For knowledge is of things we see;
> And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
> A beam in darkness: let it grow!

There is confusion here between a strong desire to believe and a feeling that belief is not knowledge, because knowledge is of things we see. This latter position would not be seriously maintained today by any genuine scientist or philosopher. Yet the notion that faith is something less than knowledge is a very stubborn one, and hard to get over. The poet, however, appears to be aware of a way out in asserting that faith comes from God, and that amid life's confusions it will grow from more to more provided

man's heart grows in reverence too. THIS IS THE WAY OUT: not by seeking first to settle such questions by cold processes of reason, but by directing life towards the will of God. This is the teaching of our Lord. Do the will of God and you will know; your faith shall rest upon valid knowledge; it will grow from more to more until you possess a durable persuasion of the truth of what you believe and desire.

And now if you will put your minds to it we may be able to clear this confusion from our path. What makes any belief valid for action is some sort of assurance that it is true. There is a desire for certainty of some kind. The modern man has stumbled a good deal over this word "certainty." How can we be certain that Jesus is the Son of God? that the soul is immortal? that the way of salvation is trustworthy? We believe these things, but can we ever be assured that they are true? Years ago I came upon a saying of Cardinal Newman that helped me clear up this confusion. He said: "Certainty is a quality of propositions, while certitude is a habit of mind." This means, of course, that knowledge is of more than one kind; that its validity will depend now on certainty, and now on certitude; that one will rise from the character of the intelligence, the other will take its color from the disposition of the man.

For instance, the very statement of mathematical propositions carries certainty of their truth. There is no need to ask whether two and two make four, for that is a direct deliverance of the mind itself. Mathematical knowledge is the only form of knowl-

edge, strictly speaking, where certainty is a quality of propositions. But although the propositions of science do not carry this sense of inevitability, still they are capable of verification by experiment, and as such may be accepted as certain. Mark this point: to speak of a certain notion as scientific does not justify us in thinking that it is true, but only that it is to be accepted with the authority of science, which has been verified by actual experiment. And of course it is clear that there are regions of life which are quite beyond the scope of scientific investigation. Thoughts, desires, affections, all the motions of the impalpable element of the human personality, cannot be weighed or measured like the quantitive elements of science. Yet we have certain ways of testing the deliverances of this immeasurable region. The propositions of philosophy, which seek to set forth the unity of the world, are never capable of certainty; but they may gain a high degree of probability from the severely logical character of reasoning, and so attain unto the character of certitude. But there is a domain of life far wider than that under the control of science or of philosophy: I mean the domain of human relations. You can never have, in the nature of the case, scientific assurance, in this region, but you may attain the most valid convictions about truth and reality. Not certainty but certitude, which depends on the habit of the mind, is what is gained here. And if you will reflect upon it you will see that this is really the sort of knowledge that moves the world. It lies at the basis of government, social

relations, business and private contracts. It is the foundation of friendship, the heart of the relation between man and wife. You can never say of these human relationships that they are either scientific or philosophic, but that the confidence upon which rests human happiness grows out of moral certitudes entirely, upon the disposition to believe in other men; and this confidence grows, as it must grow, out of the purity of the disposition, and is determined by the final set of the heart.

This is being recognized by modern psychology in very interesting ways. We are vitally influenced both in thinking and in acting by our impulses, desires, and urges, which, when united together by a common bond, tend to shape life in accordance with their aims. Certitudes of the mind, slowly formed through human intercourse, hold the world together. They keep the stream of life moving towards desirable objectives. Whatever contributes to the motion of life, whatever moves life to higher and ever higher forms of self-expression, is not only valid knowledge, but the highest form of knowledge. Whatever, on the contrary, slows the stream of life is not knowledge, but error.

The most interesting phase of intellectual progress at the present time is the growing disposition on the part of scientists to recognize the necessity of philosophy for a complete coördination of scientific truth. Science today is beginning to appreciate two things: one is its need for philosophy, the other its need for a spiritual conception of the universe. Any

first-class mind today will reject as unscientific the old saying that "knowledge is of things we see." The world of sensible impressions is beginning to disclose itself as a symbol of invisible reality, for behind the temporal rises the eternal. The imponderable elements of thought are the most important data of scientific investigation. The most useful ideas of science, like the atom, the electron, to say nothing of the vast suggestiveness of the recently announced theory of relativity, are concepts of the mind. They are ideal existences only. To use them at all one must believe in them. They rest upon faith of some kind. It is equally true of mathematical concepts. In fact, the groundwork of science and philosophy is found in a world that is real only to belief, and the trustworthiness of such belief turns at last upon the disposition of the mind. It is because faith is so essential to genuine scientific progress that men of science have always been humble.

So striking has been this advance, that in my judgment we shall see within fifty years a very close union between these hitherto supposedly antagonistic regions of experience, science and religion. That union will be founded upon the recognition of faith as a valid form of knowledge, not only for scientific investigation but also for religious experience. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Many believe this now. Many more will believe it when the joint progress of scientific and religious knowledge has purged the mind of the cloudy confusions of economic rationalism and the impressionistic futili-

ties of clever phrasemakers, and once again permitted man to think of himself as an immortal spirit capable of infinite growth towards God.

Let me then insist that these deep persuasions of truth which grow out of the moral habit and disposition of the mind keep the stream of life moving towards the highest objectives. Destroy faith in them and you have anarchy in government, panic in business, and paralysis in social relations. The clean heart makes the clear mind. It is in the region of the affections, the affinities of the spirit alone, that reside the powers of knowing and understanding ourselves, other selves, and God. This justifies the profound remark of Dr. Martineau that "faith is belief in another's goodness on the inspiration of your own." "All things," as Montaigne long ago said, "take their colour from the mind."

> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity.

This applies directly to our relation to God. In the long last, as the Psalmist says, God takes his moral complexion from the constitution of the mind: "With the merciful wilt thou shew thyself merciful, with an upright man wilt thou shew thyself upright, with the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure, and with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward."

II

By this means alone the first Christians gained their faith in Jesus as Lord and Saviour. It is an astonishing fact that physical contact with Jesus did not make men believers. Not even can this be affirmed wholly of the Apostles, for it is written that although they saw and heard and handled the Word of life, yet on the dark night of His betrayal they all forsook Him and fled. It was spiritual desire, and not the sight of the eyes, that opened the way to comprehension. Not upon physical contacts, but upon spiritual affinities, the final faith must rest. That is why Peter could write to his sterling converts, who had endured all manner of persecution for Christ's sake: "Whom having not seen, ye love." They heard the gospel, and believed it because their hearts were clean. This rightness of disposition opened the way for spiritual apprehension, and they came at last to know the certainty of those things wherein they had been instructed.

Such is and must be the spiritual and moral process by which we grow into the knowledge and into the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Read the testimony of the early Christians. The confidence which enabled them to adopt and gloriously maintain an unpopular faith was founded upon the moral direction of their desires. By actual experiment on the field of life and in face of opposition they came to know of the certainty of that which they had believed. Paul affirms it in the well-known words: "We know that

all things work together for good to them that love God." "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." This is the word of God on which we must build our faith. There must be no hesitation, no drawing back from fully committing oneself to the will of God. There must be no flinging of oneself, like Tennyson, upon the world's great altar stairs and vaguely trusting to a larger hope, but a determination to keep one's feet on the narrow path which leads upward and onward to the full communion with the eternal God.

To ourselves of the modern world who must needs find our way to the throne of heavenly grace comes the old great word of God: Do My will, and you shall know; commit your way unto Me, and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free; love Me with your heart, and I will teach your mind to know Me. For the common problem, yours, mine, every one's, is not to prove ourselves first of all clever thinkers, or even capable of developing a complete philosophy of life, but rather to acknowledge ourselves as those who need salvation, upon whom in these disturbed times the ends of the world have come, to bring home to our spirits an urgent question on which the whole future depends:

What think ye of Christ, friend! When all's done and said,
Like you this Christianity, or not?
It may be false, but will you wish it true?
Has it your vote to be so, if it can?

Born in Kentucky fifty-eight years ago, Bishop Moore was educated at Lebanon College, Ohio, and at Yale Divinity School, with later studies at Leipzig and Heidelberg. Ordained to the ministry of the Southern Methodist Church, his first charge was in Marvin Church, St. Louis. After distinguished labor as pastor, as editor of *The Christian Advocate,* as secretary of Home Missions, he was elected Bishop in 1918, and given charge of the work in Brazil—hence a most charming book entitled *Brazil, An Introductory Study.*

Bishop Moore presides over a vast area, including Oklahoma and the east half of Texas; and to recount his labors as executive and as advisor on important commissions would be to tell a long story. Yet he has found time to write three other delightful books, *Etchings of the East, The South Today,* and, best of all, *Making the World Christian*—a series of lectures at the Southern Methodist University in which we see a large-minded spiritual statesman interpreting the missionary enterprise.

It is astonishing to be told by Bishop Moore that this is the first sermon he has ever written; which makes one realize how much the Church at large has missed of his clear-sighted leadership. He sees plainly that a domineering dogmatism and an illusive liberalism are alike impotent to deal with the present religious situation. There must be another dimension of Christianity, a commanding certitude of experience to unify, coördinate and consecrate the Church for its stupendous task.

THE COMMANDING CERTITUDE

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I know whom I have believed. II Timothy 1:12.

This is a great confession, worthy of him who made it and just as worthy of the great body of Christian believers that has treasured it. It is no sudden outburst of an impulsive enthusiast; it is the matured judgment of a master in religious thinking, bent on finding an adequate faith. Because of that fact its content deserves serious thought and its implications warrant most careful consideration. The Great Apostle was not ashamed of the gospel that brought life and immortality to light to him. He had established a foundation which he could trust. In so doing he had fixed a starting point for his surveys in the domain of Christian belief: "I know whom I have believed." Should uncertainty as to his course ever come upon him he has a fixed star from which he can take his bearings anew. So long as this star shines in his heavens the way of the earth can always be found.

St. Paul took seriously his responsibility, as a man called of God, to proclaim, establish, and promote the gospel of Jesus Christ. Honest, conscientious,

deep-souled, master-minded, he put the measure of this responsibility at the limits of his capability. Every such man will do as much. He who is called of God to be a good minister of Jesus Christ has serious business on his hands. To preach a correct and complete gospel and to leave as successors men who will loyally set forth, defend and carry forward a vital, essential, and interpretative faith is the solemn obligation of those who are the ministers of Christ by the will of God. This obligation St. Paul undertook to meet in himself and as well through his beloved son Timothy.

Timothy to whom St. Paul looked with such fatherly interest, hope and concern had a gigantic task awaiting him. He had a fine lineage as a true son in the gospel. He was the heir of superior religious ancestry. He had been the fortunate recipient of sound instruction in the "faith and love of Christ Jesus." But that was not enough. There were burdens to be borne and he needed strength; there were obligations to be faced and he needed courage and force and determination. The day of testing was not far ahead. False and inadequate doctrines would inevitably arise. The onslaughts of ill-tempered and darkened forces would surely fall. Was he fortified against these things? The gospel must be kept pure and carried to its ultimate goal. Was Timothy equipped for such a task? Did he know Christ? Did he comprehend the teachings, the acts, the ends of this Jesus of Nazareth? Was his spirit world-winning and world-conquering in its tone

and power? Was his will set to attain the supreme purpose of his Lord? Was he equal to the responsibility which the immediate future would lay upon him? These are the questions that deeply concern the Great Apostle as he scanned the horizon of the coming day; and these are the questions that concern the true leadership of Christianity in every era.

"I know whom I have believed." "Keep the great securities of your faith intact." That was what the Great Apostle said to Timothy; that is what he says to us. We do well to weigh his words. We are also in a time of testing. The personal and social religious beliefs of men, all men—and they must have both—are being put to the test. The temper of the times will not allow it otherwise. Not only the grounds of these beliefs but the expression of them must meet the test; not to do so is for them to be depreciated if not disowned. The way of the ostrich is the way of death. Woe unto religion if it take it. Religion must be able to face its enemies. It must vindicate itself before its friends. If it cannot bear the light, and there is much light, it must fall back to hidden corners. The Christian faith can ask for its defense nothing more than full exposition and fitting interpretation.

The last half century has wrought havoc with the religious beliefs of many peoples in the world. They have been discounted, discredited and disowned even in the lands where once they reigned supreme. The ethnic faiths of the world have suffered with the coming world relationship, scientific investigation and

universal civilization. Never has there been such a multitude in the earth without a satisfactory religion. The greater part of the world has lost its religious sense. Men are groping everywhere, feeling after God. Mary cried in her distress, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." That is the cry of the unnumbered hosts among the peoples of the earth. What a bitter wail it is: Without God! Without hope! If they could but hear St. Paul and understand him—"I know whom I have believed."

Nothing has become more pronounced in recent years than the fact that Christianity has not been convincing to non-Christian people whose beliefs it has shattered or overshadowed. They have freely acknowledged the deficiencies of their own faiths but they have withheld acceptance from the Christianity which they have seen. If the Christian religion is to become the universal faith of mankind it must have a finer and fuller presentation and interpretation by those who seek to establish and promote it. Even in lands where Christianity has been dominant through the centuries and where it has had its broadest and most varied expression, its tenets have not received the endorsement of all the people. With great difficulty are converts to Christianity made from those who were reared in other beliefs. That this can be charged to the deficiencies of Christianity cannot be admitted. The misplaced emphasis of its exponents and promoters must bear the blame.

That Christianity today meets a confused mind

in the world, and even in the realms where it has had the largest recognition and the broadest expression, can scarcely be questioned. The proceedings of the recent general conferences, convocations, conventions and assemblies impress the average individual, whether skeptical or devout, that more questions were raised than were settled. The prevailing divisions create the feeling that something is wrong somewhere. The untutored have had their suspicions aroused. They fear that the Bible is being destroyed, that their faith is being undermined, and that they are in danger of having these precious treasures taken from them. The scholar is often looked upon as an enemy to religion rather than as a friend, and he is all but an unwelcome guest in the house of faith. On the other hand men of scientific mind, method and attainment are set against Christianity by the crudities, dogmatism and intolerance of ecclesiastics and the exponents of its doctrines. They have espoused materialism in contempt of the only Christianity that they have seen or known. The genuine Christian faith has the grave responsibility of delivering to these extreme groups a course of belief and action that will be satisfying to both.

Can it be that these two groups will ever think alike? That could not be expected. Men do not think alike in anything else and why expect it in religion. The trouble is, that it is expected in religion and widely insisted upon. Confusion can never be removed from Christianity so long as it is expected that men shall think alike. Variety rather than

monotony is the law of creation and with man it is no exception. Difference in intellectual capacity, difference in the character and temper of the mind, difference in points of view in the human race are well recognized facts which cannot be set aside or ignored in the consideration of religion any more than in the consideration of any other truth or relationship of life. The correct view is seldom the view of any one person or group but the synthetic view of the best seeing and most broadly knowing individuals or groups. Great truth, such as Christianity, to be fully comprehended, must be viewed from many angles; and the reason Christianity has been so poorly understood has been that most people decline to acknowledge the possibility of any correct view than their own. One may say, "My view of religion is good enough for me." Yes; Herschell's telescope was satisfactory to him but think what he might have seen had he had the Lick telescope, the product of many astronomical minds since his day. The heavens have not changed since Herschell's time but the view and knowledge of them have been immeasurably enlarged. This has been true not because the astronomers gave their chief thought to instruments for seeing, but because they gave it to the heavens to be seen. Theologians have not always been so wise. They have busied themselves with the instruments and lost sight of the Sun.

In St. Paul's day there were three major distinctive types of mind; the Jewish, the Greek, and the Roman. The Jews loved signs and wonders, cere-

monies and ordinances, sacrifices and altars. That was their way of finding and expressing religion. The Greeks were enamored of rhetoric and reason, art and argument, mind and metaphysics. Religion was tested by these standards and was molded to these forms. The Romans were obsessed with law and authority, government and power, imperialism and dominion. Roman religion through the centuries has borne these characteristics.

The influence of these great types of mind upon the molds of Christian thought and action abides to this day. The Jew, the Greek and the Roman mind as expressed in that far off time may be found in every Christian organization in this land. They are distinctions which the years and changing conditions do not fully eliminate. That is a fact to be recognized when the divergence of views is being considered. Here is the man with his emphasis upon the ceremonial, the wonder-working, the miraculous, a true descendant of the Jew of St. Paul's day. The literal appeals to him. The ritual, the litany, the sacraments, in mode and content are essentials in his system of thinking, and to his worship, and he cannot see why they are not just as much so to every other true Christian. Daniel and Ezekiel and Revelation are often habitations of his spirit and food to the imaginings of his heart. Religion to him is altogether in this sphere. Here is the man also whose emphasis is upon the authority of the church, ecclesiastical domination, control by councils. He gives great weight to the findings of the conferences, conventions,

and assemblies. He lifts his voice for the subjection of the individual to the mind and will of the group and for expulsion upon disagreement. Then here is the man of philosophical temperament and attitude, a veritable Greek in his approach to truth. He exhalts reason, and holds that the rational is the real. He insists that man be not required to believe the unreasonable. The philosophy of religion is the realm of his thinking and the support of his faith. Finally, here is the man of scientific mind and method. Investigation has been the habit of his life. He is a seeker of facts, and upon the facts he builds his interpretation of truth. His one question always is, What are the facts and what do they show?

When will the Church recognize the fact that it is made up of people of these types? They do not think alike and they cannot think alike, and the Church would be the poorer if they did think alike. Shall one group, or any member thereof, say, "We only have the correct view; you are in error; leave the matter to us." Such arrogance! Such folly! St. Paul says, "We are members one of another." The Jew, the Greek and the Roman may have his church, but it will not be the full well-rounded Christian Church. The literalist, the ceremonialist, the sacerdotalist, the legalist, the rationalist (in the best sense), the scientist may have his church, but it will not be the Christian Church. The Church of Christ must be comprehensive enough for the human race, without sect, or nationality, wherein all men may

seek and find a Lord of Life, a hope divine. Anything less will not satisfy the world's need.

How shall such a Church be attained? Is it possible? It is becoming more and more evident that the unity of believers can never be attained through uniformity of beliefs. Such a uniformity is not a possibility and it would be of doubtful value if it were. The most hopeful thing about the divisions among Christians is that they are not due so much to questions of faith itself as to the formulations or expression of faith. Even denominational quarrels are largely over matters that may be considered petty when placed in their proper relations in the things of the Kingdom of God. The chief difficulty of most men is their confusion as to the vital realities in the Christian system. The accessories have been crowded in where only the essentials should be. The fundamentals have given place to the superficials so long that the superficials have become the fundamentals to great groups. Faith in theological dogmas has in many instances supplanted faith in the personal Christ. The voices of the Church have drowned out the voice of the Lord. Wherever there is confusion the Master is not being heard.

With the religious sense lost from a large part of the world, with the old ethnic faiths discounted, discredited and disowned by many of their former supporters, with Christianity failing to gain acceptance by the great leaders and thinkers in lands where it has shattered and overshadowed other religions, with divisions in the house of Christianity over many of

its fundamental doctrines and with chaos and confusion and sometimes contentions among even Christians where there should be order and certainty, the religious leadership of this generation may well be appalled at the tremendous responsibility that presses upon them. This state of things cannot be academically accepted and calmly allowed to continue. Christianity can win. It has won wherever, and to the extent, that it has represented its Founder and Lord. The Christianity of the Church, with its inevitable human elements of imperfections, may fail as it has in many ways failed, but the Christianity of the Christ will triumph and has always triumphed. This is the eternal hope of the Church itself. The paramount question is how can the Church with its majestic forces and sublime teachings put and keep ever in the foreground the winning Christ.

This is what St. Paul did. His method of bringing order out of religious chaos and certainty out of confusion was by making a confident, stalwart, yet reasonable proclamation of his faith in Jesus Christ. He narrated his experience on the Damascus road and elsewhere with assurance and exultation. "I know whom I have trusted," was his triumphant note, and it has been the triumphant note wherever and whenever genuinely sounded. The apostolic Church called upon men to believe in Jesus Christ. That was the full extent of its demand. The day came however when they were asked to believe theological statements about Him as essential to salvation, and that day has not yet come to its setting. But the

element in the Christian religion that that makes its undisputed appeal to all men is the Christ. Gandhi of India has his criticism of Christianity as manifested now in the world, but he has only words of admiration and adoration for the Christ. Christianity may be identified with a certain type of civilization, but Christ is identified with the heart interests, longings and hopes of humanity. Christianity may become the religion of a race or a nation, but Christ is the contemporary of all peoples and a national in all lands. Christianity may have its divisions, but loyalty to a common Lord will give unity to his followers and bond to his believers. With Jesus Christ, like a sun, at the center, planets and constellations of religious thought and experience will take their proper place in the celestial system and the whole will reveal the Glory of God.

When men have beclouded Christianity with their disputations, as they often do, great souls have always cried, "Back to Christ." He is the controlling fact for faith. He is the explanation of all that he did, and the interpretation of all that he said. His personality is the essence of his Saviourhood. "Christ in you is the hope of glory." Doctrines about him get their preëminent support from the life that was in Him. What men find of divine personality in Christ determines their attitude toward the teachings of the representatives of Christianity. Jesus Christ is the fixed star of human faith, and when low visibility leaves it in uncertainty safety is gone from the sea of life. The moral and religious dis-

asters now common in society and in the world are largely due to the intellectual fog that hangs over religion and bewilders the people. Religious chaos has always and will inevitably work moral havoc in humanity. A true and adequate faith firmly established and valiantly promoted is essential to human stability and progress.

The outstanding need today of society, civilization, human thought and religious activity is a new certainty in religious faith. Stabilization is now a religious necessity. The men in the past who have torn out the channels of religious life have been men of religious certitude. Men who are wandering about intellectually, philosophically, theologically, religiously, spiritually may be quite entertaining, but leadership cannot be intrusted to them nor the determination of vital issues. They lack sense of direction in a world of divine realities. The new apologetics must come from those who have new and commanding assurance of the adequateness of Jesus Christ for human Lordship and world leadership. Neither domineering dogmatism nor illusive liberalism can furnish the remedy. One is as incompetent as the other. They both lack the necessary life emphasis. There must be a new positiveness of faith, but it can be based only upon personality with all the life elements which it involves. Personality is Christianity's solution to the world's problems, personality at its highest and best, and the religion of Christianity has its true meaning and redemptive power in the person of Jesus Christ. So long as Christianity

has the Christ in Jesus, so long has humanity an immortal hope.

Whatever St. Paul may have learned in the Schools of the Greek philosophers of Tarsus, or at the feet of Gamaliel, the wise man of the Sanhedrin, or in all the dialectics of his day, he came to mastery only as he learned Christ. He learned Him, His mind, His attitude, His will, His sensibilities, His method, His program, His power. He kept company with Him and brought his mind to run along with his Master's. No man said nay when he boldly declared, "I know Him; and I trust Him with the supreme interests of my soul to the end of the ages, because I know Him." Here is the rugged assurance and commanding certitude which creates confidence, stabilization, leadership and power. Through the centuries many have undertaken to speak for Christ; this is a day when Christ should be allowed to speak for Himself.

Bishop Brent is a son of the Rectory, born in Canada in 1862; graduated from Trinity College, Toronto, with classical honors in 1884; and was consecrated to the Episcopate in 1901. As President of the World Conference of Faith and Order, as Chairman of the American delegation to the International Opium Conference at the Hague in 1911, as representative of the United States to the Advisory Board of the League of Nations in the matter of Narcotic Drug Control, as Chief of the Chaplain Service, G.H.Q. of the A.E.F., in France, in 1918-19, he revealed in the world of affairs the qualities which made him a great leader.

When we turn to his books, we discover a man equally absorbed in the problems and mysteries of the inner life. Such books as *The Consolations of the Cross, The Adventure for God, With God in Prayer, The Mind of Christ, The Sixth Sense, The Mount of Vision,* to name no others, tell of a spiritual faith and experience whence is derived the inward sustaining for his varied endeavors in Christian enterprise. Can a Prophet be a Bishop? Can a Bishop be a Prophet? Yes, though it is not often so, because Bishops are many and Prophets are few. When, by the will of God and the wisdom of the Church, the two offices are united in one man, there is no limit to his opportunity and influence.

The scene of the following sermon was the consecration of Dr. E. M. Stires as Bishop of Long Island, and the service was held in St. Thomas's Church, New York City. In that setting of beauty—a bit of the eternal mysticism made visible—in the midst of a ceremony at once imposing and impressive, the sermon was preached; and the long friendship between the two men explains the personal note which recurs in it.

THE AUTHORITY OF CHRIST

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Jesus came to them and spake unto them, saying, All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Matthew 28:18-20.

I wish I could hear these words for the first time. Familiar as they are, they thrill me with their exultant strength whenever I read them anew. They open up new vistas of hope and happiness, of greatness and immortality, of a world exalted, completed, unified, made Christian wholly and irrevocably. They set their own seal upon their authenticity. Under their spell we move out into life with the joyous sting of certainty goading us on to renewed effort to do the great bidding of winning the nations of the earth to Him.

How hedged in with finality that bidding is! Before the commission comes the charter under which it is issued. He who bids us to the new creative act of making disciples has been given authority over and possession of all things in heaven and on earth.

We are familiar with authority in piecemeal fashion—authority over a nation, an institution, a department. But this is authority over all things seen or unseen. It is the unifying authority for which human life had been waiting. It is final and exercised by Man over man. There is no separation of the religious from the secular in His jurisdiction. It includes in one vast sweep the whole universe—nations and all their contents, the realm of thought ramifying into ten thousand specialisms, the domain of activity running into a myriad vocations, fast slipping time past, present and future, the tiny sphere of the known and the endless stretches of the unknown from Alpha to Omega, from the beginning to the end.

Jesus Christ here claims an authority which is possession. See Him stand, running through His fingers the countless threads of the ages, disentangling their confusion, overruling their waywardness, weaving them into that web of life which is imaged in "the correlation of organisms, the linkages binding one living creature to another in a vital economy." [1]

On a previous occasion does the Master of life quietly claim authority over mankind. It was just before He went to His death. "Jesus said, Father, the hour is come, glorify thy son, that the son may glorify thee: even as thou gavest him authority over all flesh, that whatsoever thou hast given him to them he should give eternal life." (John 27:1, 2.) Regard the man who as a figure of history has come and

[1] Thomson's *Concerning Evolution,* page 101.

gone—a speck of humanity floating for a moment in the sea of the ages, an unlettered artisan, in outward appearance a Jew such as you can see in any Ghetto today—calmly claiming authority for time and eternity over all mankind! All flesh is His, mankind in "its weakness and transitoriness," the generations that have been and the generations that are to be—the Roman and the Greek, the Chinese and the American are His not only by "authority and right" but also by "appropriation and possession," for that is what the term He uses implies.[2] He declares universal ownership received at the hands of His Father, as the proprietor of an estate or the owner of a business proclaims, as I have often heard them do, his pride of possession.

He is not alone. His intimate friends to whom He has been talking in terms of understanding, solicitude and love are watching Him as He stops talking to them and with uplifted eyes talks to God. I wonder what they thought of His audacious claim. What would you have thought had you been standing by? What do you think of it now as you hear it repeated nineteen hundred years after? Certainly if it held good then, it holds good now. What do you think of it, I say, and what meaning do you attach to it as touching your own case?

Jesus chose, so it would appear, an inappropriate, even a foolish, moment in which to make His claim on human life. He was on the edge of His lowest moment of popularity and at the apex of dislike and

[2] Bernard's *Central Teaching of Jesus Christ*, page 343.

hatred. He was esteemed in about the degree that a criminal caught red-handed is esteemed by the crowd that have caught him. Further than that, He knew it. He was aware that at that very moment the last little remnant of a following was held by a frayed cord about to snap, that one of His close comrades had already bargained for His life, and that the rest would be like a frightened flock of sheep in a moment, scattered hither and yon, and He would be left alone. This is the hour in which He announces His universal jurisdiction over mankind, the hour for which He has patiently waited—"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself." The road of loneliness and nakedness was the only road to universal sovereignty.

Having spoken, His voice is stilled in death. He reappears, freshened and strengthened to reiterate His claim and to enlarge it so that it comprehends not only mankind but everything visible and invisible from the cluster of Hercules to the whirling universe of the atom, from the ordered phalanxes of angels and archangels to those splendors which are whispered in the sunset and hidden behind the blue eyes of babyhood.

It is in this claim to universal sovereignty that the great leaders of life find rest and peace, inspiration and confidence. We too in our day, look to Christ "who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen." (Rom. 9: 5.) "For of him, and through him, and unto him are all things. To him be glory forever. Amen." (Rom. 11: 36.) St. Paul uses these words

not in unintellectual ecstasy but with the sober realization of a finely trained philosophic mind. Human life needs certainty for its final guide and here, and only here, we have it—certainty which is love. Jesus Christ is what He claims to be, the final authority in life and in death; and His authority is universal, over things seen and unseen, in science and religion, in business and politics. His claim is royal in that it is real.

But His jurisdiction is disputed and divided in our day. It is relegated to a little sphere called "spiritual."

1. It is the first duty of modern Christian leadership to renew Christ's claim of authority over all things. It is a difficult task. "If seeking the Truth seems easy, we may be sure we have lost our way." [3] But it is also a joyous task.

In pre-Christian times there existed the unity of simplicity. Religious men thought and lived in terms of the whole.

> The heavens declare the glory of God;
> And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
> Day unto day uttereth speech
> And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
> There is no speech nor language;
> Their voice cannot be heard.
> Their line is gone out through all the earth,
> And their words to the end of the world.
>
> (Ps. 19: 1-4)

[3] Thomson's *Concerning Evolution*, page 196.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
Or one of earth's race that thou shouldest befriend him?
For thou hast made him but little lower than God,
And crownest him with glory and honor.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet.
(Ps. 8: 3-6)

I quote two conspicuous passages to illustrate the attitude of the ancient religious mind to the seen world. The psalter is crammed full of the universe, the totality of things, on the broad canvas of which the Psalmists paint in their own relationship to God. In those agricultural, pastoral days when men lived in the open they lived in a whole world.

"In seeking to recapture something of the old religious wonder, we should not attach too much importance to the size of the canvas. But it is very impressive. Before Galileo the stellar universe consisted of less than five thousand visible stars; the telescope raised the number to hundreds of thousands; the photographic plate to hundreds of millions. And besides these there are the thousands of dark stars!" [4] The trouble is in the specialisms of science. Our day is analytic. Science remains as Gilbert White defined it "the extension of common knowledge," [5] but its

[4] Thomson's *Concerning Evolution*, page 13.
[5] "Common knowledge, which becomes in its developed form scientific knowledge." Hobson's *Domain of Natural Science*, page 461.

various departments which have been pursued independently are only now being drawn together again into a unity of variety. The work of the next half century will be a work of integration. Institutes are being established for welding together the findings of the various branches of science. The human mind is capable of receiving the whole truth but it is small in its greatness. Its common fault is generalization from insufficient data—from a single branch of study with inadequate reference to other branches and so we get "biologisms" and other "materialisms." [6] A man may be tripped to a fall and be cooped up in materialistic darkness by resting in the findings of a single science. This can easily become the fate of a modern student unless he is taught from early childhood to live and think in terms of the whole world with the recognition that Jesus Christ is in supreme authority over all.

I recognize that I am reasoning from the opposite pole to my friend Harry Emerson Fosdick. He speaks for those who "strain after a cosmic theory, a belief in God as an hypothesis to explain the universe, and often they have a desperate time getting it." Then he recommends a creed beginning with "I believe in Man," on the score that "Christ could have gone on through a long and peaceful lifetime saying what he pleased about God, but he was hated and crucified because of his attitude toward man." Precisely so. But was not His mind toward man the logical conclusion of His mind toward God whom He

[6] Thomson's *Concerning Evolution,* pages 224 ff.

invariably calls "Father"? He is making theology practical. If God is Father then men are brethren. He clung tenaciously to God as His Father and the Father of the human family and thus was able to deal with man as brother—and only so. There is more peril than help in any other approach. The main effort of Jesus Christ was to secure from men belief in Him, the Son of Man, as the Son of God that all men might accept God as Father and man as brother. It is this which lifts up the whole human race to an unwonted height.

2. Again it is the part of a Christian leader today to accept his position and to teach and preach as one commissioned by and for the whole Church—"a Priest in the Church of God," "a Bishop in the Church of God." He cannot be anything less or look upon himself as anything else. The seat of sectarianism and of catholicity is within the soul. It is neither boastful nor presumptuous for one to insist on the broadest possible relationship with the whole Church of God. No thoughtful man today can consciously submit to ordination or consecration of life and service that is not as wide as human contacts permit. Who would be satisfied with being a Bishop in a church which contains a couple of million members or less than two per cent of the total population of the United States —this and nothing more? A true man wishes to lend himself to the largest possible ends, at least to reach his own nation, which is but a fragment of his whole duty, by his service. I admire the quiet assumption by which the Pope proclaims himself to be the

"servant of the servants of God," and considers the moral and spiritual well-being of the race as being in his keeping. I would emulate it and spur others on to emulate it in the spirit of love. "Whosoever would become great among you, shall be your servant: and whosoever would be first among you, shall be bond-servant of all." (Mk. 10: 43, 44.) What difference does it make if there are those who do not wish your service? They cannot help it if contrary to their wishes you watch for and seize opportunities to serve. Let your heart beat with theirs. They cannot prevent that. We must act as if there was unity and unity will come in the doing. We must relate our Christianity to that of others by whatever means will best bring about an understanding and a fellowship, without ignoring or injuring the special gift we enjoy and which it is our business to make available for the whole fellowship. Our light is a light to be set on a candlestick that it may light the whole house. It is not to be kept safe under a cover where it will be protected from the wind. It must be put within the gaze of all men. The more catholic a church claims to be, the more should it be found in the thick of things, playing its catholicity on those who do not have it. Aloofness and service are not friends. Catholicity is fearless, never afraid of being snuffed out by contacts with that which is less catholic. Indeed, catholicity, like freedom, lives and retains its power by living perilously. Never is any person so safe as when trying to seize an opportunity which leads into danger. The man and the church who

practice catholicity will do more to bring about understanding and coöperation between the churches than any one else, as well as learn the meaning of the glorious liberty of the children of God.

3. While the aim and function of the Church is to win the individual to discipleship, it cannot stop at that. The Christian leader must somehow find his way to the rim of the world and take his stand upon it, looking out over the whole of mankind and translating all his loyalties into terms of loyalty to mankind for whom Christ died. It is his part to bring the corporate conscience of the Church to play on the corporate manifestations of the life of the day. There are those who would question the authority of Christ over politics, national and international, industry and economics. As statesmen, captains of industry, and economists they challenge the competence of the Church to enter their sphere. The blame rests with the churchmen chiefly. They have weakly surrendered or weakened the jurisdiction over life which our Lord has committed to His Church. "The moralists and the theologians have conceived the ideal Christian life as lived not exactly *in vacuo* but certainly not amid the concrete relationships of social life; whilst the economists and politicians have long been schooled to think that their problems were exclusively technical." [7] We seek for reconciliation and coöperation here as in the case of religion and science. The duty of the Church is not to interfere with the proper function of the state, of industry, of

[7] Rev. Malcolm Spencer in the *Review of the Churches.*

economics, but to claim final jurisdiction over the moral and spiritual implications in their operation. It is the common business of the Church to enlist in the service of the Kingdom of God on earth technical and expert knowledge of every sort. If it does not there will be—indeed there already is—the devil to pay. Science without a soul is a menace. So is the state. So is industry. So is society. St. John says that any organization or phase of life apart from God "lieth in the evil one." We should aim "at the focusing of all that is best in Christian thinking about the present social life of the world—its merits and defects, its tendencies upward or downward, the opportunities it affords Christian witness and service, and the possibilities of shaping it along better lines." [8]

If this is true, then it can never be sufficient for the Bishop of a Diocese to be content with having jurisdiction over a group of parishes considered as religious clubs without reference to the community of which they are a part. The Diocese of Long Island is a redeemed waste cast up by the sea, made beautiful as a resting place and a playground for rich and for poor. It is the part of religious leadership to weld it into unity. The City of Brooklyn is a marsh land framed into a populous borough of the largest city in the world. It is waiting to be given a soul—its races reconciled, its divisions healed, its materialism cured, its economics Christianized, its politics purified, its mission discovered. What an undertaking for a spiritual leader! To study and to know

[8] *Ibid.*

his territory, his city, and then to lay his plans, as Theodore of Tarsus laid his plans when he went to England, with such success as to leave his unifying impress there for all time. This should not be considered chimerical or unduly ambitious, for is not the disciple sent out to re-create nations and teach them to observe all things commanded by Christ? The religious leader who swings free in the uplands of daring will find joy and inspiration in the contemplation of such a vocation. Of course, a united Church alone can adequately handle these great matters effectively, but he who fathers into his soul the principles of unity can go a long way.

The unity of Christendom is no longer a beautiful dream. It is a pressing necessity for the arousing of that passion for Christ which will be the most flaming thing in the world, that certainty of voice and touch which will quell honest doubt and perplexity, that fund of wisdom which will open up spiritual vistas such as now we only yearn for. Nationalism began to eat into the body of Christendom four hundred years ago and has continued to work until Christianity has been nationalized instead of the nations being Christianized. The law of the state has become to the average citizen the embodiment of God's moral requirements. In some countries the Church is little better than a vassal of the state instead of its converting power. Until the churches unite we shall have to move as men grievously wounded—haltingly, lamely, without a supernational and final guide in the moral and spiritual movements

of the time. We shall be unable to invite the nations to walk in the light of the Kingdom of God and in this way bring their glory and honor, together with that of their rulers, into it.

All these things, my brother, are your heritage as you move up into the Episcopate and are made a Bishop in the Church of God. You might well be afraid to face them were it not for the double hedge, before and behind, with which Christ protects you—with the assurance of His final authority on which the Christian commission is based, and then with the added assurance that you will not have to do your task alone but that His presence and constant aid are yours always—"lo! I am with you alway even unto the end of the world."

You are entering your new office at the dawn of a new day. How tremendous are the changes since your great predecessor Bishop Littlejohn was consecrated fifty-six years ago! Population, conditions of life, outlook into the future have all changed. You are taking over your work from a hand but lately stilled in death. I shared in the consecration of Bishop Burgess less than a month after I was made Bishop of the Philippines. It was a joy to him that the choice should have fallen upon you to be his successor, and we mourn that he should not have lived to welcome you into office.

You have had the happy experience of twenty-five years in the parish of which my first Rector, Dr. John Wesley Brown, was your immediate predecessor. It was you who welcomed me in the pulpit of St.

Thomas two days after my consecration in 1901. I have followed your course with interest and affection. Today I wear on my breast the crucifix which you brought me in France during the terrible days of the war. And now, at your request, I preach the sermon at this your consecration. Our lives have touched and crossed and become entangled in affection and common interests.

Your preparation for episcopal ministrations in Long Island has been rich and full. You cannot help being popular. You have a loving heart and as long as it beats it will draw men to you. Launch out the great love of which you are capable in the direction of the unloved and alienated. Accept your full commission as a Bishop in the Church of God and live up to all its implications.

The way of the fearless leader is lonely. Do not be afraid of being misunderstood. There is an austere joy in being alone with the truth. Those who look far enough ahead with prophetic soul must live in advance of their day. Under the surface of the discipline of loneliness there is a freedom and a vibrant joy beside which all minor rewards are as nothing. There is a life which seems to be sufficient and satisfactory. The temptation is to rest in it. Do not. Reach up to the higher which reveals itself only as we enter it. I have refrained from dwelling upon the obvious duties of a Bishop in that the ordinal stresses them. You are Chief Pastor and must shepherd your clergy; you are chief host and must welcome the least and the lowest to your table;

you must "hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcasts, seek the lost." I have tried to exalt the office which makes you the chief disciple among many fellow disciples—the nations are your care and all the groupings into which human life shapes itself. It is on the background of the larger you can best do the personal service to which God has called you in the Church.

You and I, brother, are but as little specks, tinier than the motes that dance in the sunbeam, tossed about for a moment on the sea of time. Were this all, however, life would be a tragedy unbearable. But it is not so. Greatness consists neither in length of days nor in bulk or mass. In the compass of an abbreviated life-time Jesus Christ, with naked hand, lifted each successive generation from the dust by making His personality an ever-living tongue of flame, leaping behind and before to distinguish and immortalize His every follower. A follower or disciple is one who, linking fortunes with Him, leans not on the risky scaffolding of official position or the flimsy tinsel of wealth or the tricky voice of fame or anything transitory, but who stands unembarrassed, free, erect, radiant, self-forgetful, invincible in the greatness of a servant of the servants of God.

Dr. Machen was born in Baltimore in 1881. After graduating from Johns Hopkins and Princeton Universities, and the Princeton Theological Seminary, he studied in Marburg and Gottingen Universities, and was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1914. Since 1914 he has been professor of New Testament literature in Princeton Seminary, doing work betimes with the French Army and the A.E.F., in France and Belgium during the World War.

Besides text-books in Greek and many articles in reviews, Dr. Machen has written two books which attracted wide attention; *Christianity and Liberalism,* in which he held that Liberalism is not Christianity at all, but a confection of modern theories exactly opposed to the Christian faith, with which there can be no compromise, much less unity; and *What is Faith?*—by far his best work—which inspired an interesting symposium of discussion in the *British Weekly.*

In the recent debates which found focus in "the Fosdick Case"—revealing a clear line of cleavage between two schools of faith and thought—Dr. Machen was the outstanding exponent of the militant conservative attitude; and he is an opponent to be reckoned with, adding to a vital mind a firm faith, a lucid logic, and a concise, cogent style which leaves no shadow upon his meaning. In the following sermon, preached in the Chapel of Princeton Seminary, he is urging his students to be true prophets of the faith in a troubled time.

PROPHETS FALSE AND TRUE

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And Micaiah said, As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak. I Kings 22:14.

The text is a great text and it is taken from a great chapter. Some chapters of the Bible are certainly greater than others, and it is by no means derogatory to the authority of Scripture to recognize their special greatness. The doctrine of plenary inspiration does not mean, as its opponents often represent it as meaning, that all parts of the Bible are equally valuable—it only means that all parts of the Bible are equally true. Even the least valuable parts of the Bible have, indeed, their place. Lovers of poetry love the level lines of Shakespeare; so we Christians cherish the great level, prose chapters of the Word of God. Even in the level pathways of Scripture we can walk with God and learn of Him. But then when we have passed through such a stretch in our reading of the Bible, where distant scenes are concealed, suddenly we emerge sometimes as we read, as upon the brow of some hill, and discern before us with wondering eyes a wide, free prospect of the world and destiny and human duty. And there, through the great expanse stretched out before, may

be seen a narrow path that leads over hill and dale until in the dim distance it loses itself in the mysterious brightness of the city of God.

Such a great chapter of the Bible, such a Pisgah height of vision, is found in the twenty-second chapter of the First Book of Kings. The two kings sat on their thrones at the gate of Samaria; the armies were marshalled before them for the battle. But before they went forth Jehoshaphat said unto the king of Israel: "Enquire, I pray thee, at the word of the Lord today." And the king of Israel gathered the prophets together, about four hundred men, and said unto them: "Shall I go against Ramoth-Gilead to battle, or shall I forbear?" And they said: "Go up; for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king."

But Jehoshaphat was not satisfied. Why he was not satisfied I do not know. Perhaps it was because of conscience. He was doing that which he knew in his heart of hearts to be wrong—what part had he with the wicked Ahab? Perhaps, as men will do when conscience speaks, he sought ever further confirmation of that thing, really wrong, that he desired to do. Four hundred prophets had spoken, but their hubbub had not quite succeeded in drowning the inner voice. So Jehoshaphat said: "Is there not here a prophet of the Lord besides, that we might enquire of him?" And Ahab said: "There is yet one man, Micaiah the son of Imlah, by whom we may enquire of the Lord; but I hate him; for he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil." And Jehoshaphat said, "Let not the king say so."

So Micaiah was brought and stood before the king. The messenger who brought him was his friend, and coached him as to what he should say. "Behold now, the words of the prophets declare good unto the king with one mouth; let thy word, I pray thee, be like the word of one of them, and speak that which is good." But Micaiah said: "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak." So he came and stood before the king. And the king said unto him: "Micaiah, shall we go against Ramoth-Gilead to battle, or shall we forbear?" And he answered him: "Go and prosper: for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king."

Do you think that Micaiah was untrue to the word of the Lord that was in him; do you think that he belied the brave words that he has just spoken to the officer who had brought him to the king? Oh no, my friends; the words of Micaiah were no denial of his sacred trust, but they were the words of a devastating scorn. "I will give you," he said in effect, "the only prophecy that you deserve, the prophecy of a parrot that speaks only what others speak, the prophecy of a courtier who speaks only what will win the favor of men. Go and prosper: for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king." Ahab agreed with our exegesis; Ahab knew well enough that he was being mocked. "How many times shall I adjure thee," he said, "that thou tell me nothing but that which is true in the name of the Lord?"

And then came a surprising thing; then came, when it was least to be expected, in that unfavorable atmos-

phere, a true word of the Lord. Even in form it was quite different from the words that had gone before. There was no more parrot-like repetition of optimistic words; there was no more vulgar shoving of imaginary Syrians with horns of iron. Instead, in the answer of Micaiah, we suddenly find ourselves in the region of high poetry where the great prophets move. "I saw all Israel," said Micaiah, "scattered upon the hills, as sheep that have not a shepherd, and the Lord said, These have no master, let them return every man to his house in peace."

The rest of the story is quickly told. The word of the Lord was unheeded; Micaiah went back to partake of the bread of affliction and the water of affliction; the kings went up into the battle; and the dogs soon licked the blood of Ahab by the pool of Samaria. Which kind of prophets will you be as you go out from this place? Will you be like Zedekiah the son of Chenaanah, pushing imaginary Syrians with horns of iron, speaking the word that others are speaking, speaking the word that men want you to speak? Or will you be prophets after the order of Micaiah?

In one sense, I admit, you cannot be prophets at all. A prophet was a man to whom God had directly spoken, who appealed to no external authority, but said simply, "Thus saith the Lord." There are those who claim to be such prophets today. But few of us, I think, will be inclined to accept their claims. True prophecy, in the supernatural, biblical sense does not exist today; like other miracles it has ceased. Why it has ceased we may not perhaps be able to say;

the ways of God with men in the Christian religion constitute not a scheme that we can work out according to principles of our own, but, as Chesterton says, for us at least, a story, a romance, full of strange, unexpected things. Perhaps, indeed, we may see a little way at this point into the purposes of God; we may perhaps understand a little of the reason why prophecy has ceased. There is a wonderful completeness in the revelation that the Bible contains. We have in the Bible an account of the great presuppositions that should underlie all our thinking—the righteousness and holiness of God and the sinfulness of man. And then we have an account of the way in which God saved man once for all by the redeeming work of Christ. That redeeming work was not partial but complete. It needs to be applied, indeed, by the Holy Spirit; but the redemption that is to be applied was accomplished once for all by Christ. It is hard to see, therefore, what need there is of supernatural revelation until that great day when the Lord shall come again to usher in His kingdom in final power.

But although no fresh supernatural revelation is given in the present age, it would be a great mistake to disparage the dispensation under which we are living. That dispensation is the dispensation of the Holy Spirit: even the absence of new revelations is itself in one sense a mark of glory; it is an indication of the wondrous completeness of God's initial gift to His Church. In Old Testament times there was prophecy, because then God's redemptive plan was still in the process of unfolding; but we are the heirs

of the ages and have the Saviour Himself. Only one great act remains in the drama of redemption—the mighty catastrophic coming of our Lord in glory.

Meanwhile we have the Holy Spirit, and we have the Scripture of the Old and New Testaments that the Holy Spirit uses. Much mischief has been wrought in the Church by false notions of "the witness of the Spirit"; it has sometimes been supposed that the Holy Spirit makes us independent of the Bible. Just the opposite is the case. The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of truth. He does not contradict in one generation what He has said in another. He does not contradict the Scriptures that He Himself has given. On the contrary, what He really does is to make the words of Scripture glow with a heavenly light and burn in the hearts of men. Those Scriptures are placed in your hands. You may not say with the prophets of old: "God has spoken directly and independently to me; I appeal to no external authority; when I speak it is 'Thus saith the Lord.' " But you can do something else. You can mount your pulpit stairs; open reverently the Bible on the desk; pray to the gracious Spirit to make plain the words that He has spoken; and so unfold to needy people the Word of God.

Do you think that that is a low function? Do you think that it involves a slavish kind of dependence on a book? Do you think that it means that advance and freedom are to be checked? The history of the Church should be the answer. Again and again history has shown that the Bible, when accepted in the

very highest sense as the Word of God, does not stifle life but gives life birth; does not enslave men, but sets them free. Those who talk about emancipating themselves from the slavish doctrine of what they call "verbal" inspiration are not really emancipating themselves from a tyranny, but they are tearing up the charter upon which all human liberty depends.

And so, after all, you can say in a high, true sense, as you draw upon the rich store of revelation in the Bible: "Thus saith the Lord." If you accept the Bible as the Word of God you will have one qualification of a preacher. Whatever be the limitations of your gifts, you will at least have a message. You will be, in one respect at least, unlike most persons who love to talk in public at the present time; you will have one qualification of a speaker—you will at least have something to say. But what is it that you will have to say? What will be the kind of message that God has given you to proclaim?

In the first place, it will unquestionably be a message of warning; you will be called upon to tell men of evil that is to come. That will no doubt make you unpopular. Men like encouragement; they like to be told, with regard to the Ramoth-Gilead of their pet projects, to go up and prosper, for the Lord will deliver it into the hand of the king; they do not like to see gloomy visions of all Israel scattered upon the hills as sheep that have not a shepherd. It is not Micaiah the son of Imlah but Zedekiah the son of Chenaanah that often has the favor of the crowd.

I am going to venture, however, to say a brief word in defense of pessimism. There are times when pessimism is a very encouraging thing. Last summer I took a voyage down the New England coast one foggy afternoon and night; it was one of the thickest nights that I have ever seen even on those fog-bound waters. Now I am glad to say that the captain of each of the two boats on which I traveled was a thorough pessimist. For a time the boat would plow along at full speed; but then, for no apparent reason, she would stop and rock quietly upon the gentle swells, and then proceed at a snail's pace. Presently the mournful sound of a buoy would be heard and then the buoy would come into sight. The buoys were usually exactly where the captain expected them to be; but unless he saw them he took a thoroughly pessimistic view as to their whereabouts. The result of such pessimism was good. The sound of the fog-horn was, indeed, lugubrious and hardly conducive to repose; but at least we got safely into Boston in the morning.

There are ship-captains who are less pessimistic than the captain of that boat. Such an one, for example, was the captain of the ill-fated *Titanic*. He hoped that all was well, and kept the engines going at full speed. I am certainly not presuming to blame him. Perhaps every other captain not gifted with superhuman vision would have been as optimistic as he. But, whether excusably or not, optimistic he certainly was; and his optimism was fatal to many hundreds of human lives. The great ship plowed onward

through the night; and now she lies at the bottom of the sea. Oh, that no mere weak mortal but some true prophet of God had been upon the bridge that night!

That disaster is a figure of what will come of optimism in the churches of today. Superficially our ecclesiastical life seems to be progressing as it always did: the cabins are full of comfortable passengers; the orchestra is playing a lively air; the rows of lighted windows shine cheerfully out into the night. But all the time death is lurking beneath. In this time of deadly peril there are leaders who say that all is well; there are leaders who decry controversy and urge peace, declaring that the Church is all perfectly loyal and true. God forgive them, brethren! I say it with all my heart: may God forgive them for their terrible guilt; may God forgive them for the evil that they are doing to Christ's little ones; may the Holy Spirit open their eyes while yet there is time! Meanwhile, in the case of many of the churches, the great ship rushes onward to the risk, at least, of doom.

Yes, my friends, if you be true prophets like Micaiah, you will be called upon to warn the Church. But you will also be called upon to warn individual men and women. And the thing about which you will be called upon to warn them is sin. In warning men of sin you will of course often have to cast popularity aside. Like some good physicians, you will be laughed at as alarmists and hated as those who take the pleasure out of life. Men love to be encouraged

by false hopes; the world is full of quack remedies for sin. In this spiritual sphere, moreover, there is no protection against quacks; there is no paternalistic state legislature to regulate medical practice and protect the unwary from their fate. In such a world of quackery and of false optimism you will have to come forward with your terrible diagnosis of sin.

You will come, indeed, not merely with a diagnosis but also with a cure. Only, the cure is no light, merely palliative, thing, but one that enters into the very depths:

> There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains.

I am perfectly well aware that many men do not like that hymn; it offends their sensibilities; they are omitting it, I believe, from their hymn-books. Now I am perfectly ready to confess that I myself do not like it so much as I do some other hymns. Possibly its imagery is too bold and too fully carried out; possibly it spreads a little too unreservedly in the light of day what would better remain hidden in the depths of the Christian heart. I do not know. I prefer to it, I think, that hymn of Isaac Watts:

> When I survey the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride.

And if I want bold imagery I turn to the original fourth verse of that hymn:

> His dying crimson like a robe
> Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
> Then am I dead to all the globe,
> And all the globe is dead to me.

I quite agree with Matthew Arnold in holding that that hymn is the greatest of all. But I love Cowper's hymn too; I love all those hymns that go to the depths in presenting the remedy for sin.

There are those, I know, who tell us that we ought not to place such emphasis upon the cross. They talk to us—these men who belittle the cross of Christ, these men who trouble its divine simplicity with the wisdom, or rather the folly, of this world—they talk to us about having a living Christ and not a dead Christ. Well, my friends, I think we certainly ought to have a living Christ. Without a sweet, intimate communion with Him there is no Christian experience; without service of Him as a present Companion and Helper and Judge, as we go about our labors from day to day, there is no Christian life. Yes, we certainly ought to have a living Christ. But let us never forget one thing—that living Christ with whom we have communion bore in His hands the print of the nails. Oh, no, my friends; only at the foot of the cross is there a remedy for sin; there only is peace; there only do we find our first communion with the Christ with whom then we shall live forevermore.

Certainly if you preach this gospel of the cross, you will have to bear reproach. If you preach this gospel faithfully, you will see men whom you have called your friends, men whom you have served in the hour of need, turn against you and join the general hue and cry; you will be subjected to misrepresentation and slander of all kinds; you will bear both ridicule and abuse; you will be attacked behind and before. But there are some compensations in the prophet's life. Many will speak ill of you; but there is One who will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Men sometimes think that the day of Christian heroism is over. I do not believe it. There may come, sooner than we think, even physical persecutions. Around us there is slowly closing in the tyranny of a democratic collectivism which is far more inimical to liberty of conscience than the comparatively ineffective despotisms of the past. But however that may be, even now you will be called upon to endure hardness for the cross of Christ. You will face in subtle forms the age-long temptation to mitigate the exclusiveness of the gospel—to preach it as one way of salvation without denying that other ways may lead to the same end, to make your preaching, as Satan persuasively puts it, "positive and not negative," to be "tolerant of opposing views," to work contentedly in the Church with those who reject the cross of Christ, to preach Christ boldly in your pulpit (where preaching Him may cost you nothing) and then deny Him by your vote in Church councils and

courts. But God grant that you may resist the Tempter's voice; God save you from the sin of paring down the gospel to suit the pride of men; God grant that you may deliver your message straight and full and plain. Only so, whatever else you may sacrifice, will you have one thing—the favor of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And only so will you be the instrument in saving souls. Do you think men's souls are satisfied by the current preaching of the day, with its encouragement of human pride? It might seem so. The churches are crowded where Zedekiah the son of Chenaanah and his associates hold forth; one can sometimes in those churches scarcely obtain a seat; hundreds are turned away at the doors. But let us not be deceived by appearances. Among those crowds —contented though they may seem to a superficial observer to be—there are many hungry hearts. Despite all the apparent satisfaction of the world with this "other gospel" of a non-doctrinal Christianity, this "other gospel" that is dictated by human pride, there is deep down in the human heart a hunger for the Word of God. Despite all the efforts of modern prophets to promote confidence in human resources, despite all that Zedekiah and his far more than four hundred associates can do, despite the hubbub of modern optimism, you will find, here and there at least, in this modern world, listening to these modern preachers, those who say, after listening to it all: "Is there not here a prophet of the Lord besides, that we might enquire of him?"

And then, when you find such persons, you will have your chance; then, while angels look on, you will have your moment of glorious opportunity—the moment when you can speak the word that God has given you to speak. It will be a word of warning; false hopes must be ruthlessly destroyed. But it will also be a word of wondrous joy. What can be compared, brethren, to the privilege of proclaiming to needy souls the exuberant joy of the gospel of Christ? Can all the plaudits of the world, the false reputation of breadth and tolerance, the praise of those who know not Christ? I think not, my brethren. I think that those things, when we come to face the great issues of life and death, will seem more worthless than the dust of the streets. There is one thing and one thing only that is worth while; it is to be faithful to Him who loved us and gave Himself for us; it is to be faithful to Him who is Judge and Ruler of all, and to speak His word for the salvation of dying men.

Pray God that you, whom we have come during your stay here to know and love, may be thus faithful; pray God that you may be true prophets after the order of Micaiah; pray God that you may say to those who would persuasively turn you aside from your true calling, who would urge you to trust in human influences for the success of your labors, who would urge you to speak the words that others speak, who would say: "Behold now, the words of the prophets declare good unto the king with one mouth;

let thy word, I pray thee, be like the word of one of them, and speak that which is good"—pray God that you may say to them, with Micaiah, after you have been at the foot of the cross: "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak."

THE INDIFFERENTISTS

Father Conway is one of the great preachers of the Church of the Paulist Fathers in New York City. He is also one of the directors of the Catholic Unity League, and since 1898 he has been a Catholic Defense Lecturer for the United States and Canada. Tireless in his labors, he is as persuasive in his eloquence as he is captivating in his personal charm.

A New Yorker, born in 1872, Father Conway was educated in the public schools of the city, and after a year in City College finished his college studies in St. Charles College, Maryland, in charge of the French Sulpicians. He took his theological training at St. Thomas Seminary, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1896, after which he devoted two years to post-graduate work at the Catholic University of Washington City.

A busy writer of books, pamphlets, articles, editorials and reviews for both the American and foreign Catholic press, Father Conway has won a wide fame. Perhaps his best known book is *The Question Box,* which grew out of his responses to questions in his missions, over two million copies of which have been sold. Other books, such as *Studies in Church History* and *The Virgin Birth,* have passed through many editions.

In the sermon here to be read a man of profound faith deals with the lazy, hazy indifferentism, which lets error be as good as truth, because it cares for neither—describing it as intellectual disintegration and a moral menace.

THE INDIFFERENTISTS

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And Gallio cared for none of these things. Acts 17:18.

One of the most common dogmas outside the Catholic Church in our day and country is the dogma of indifferentism. Nine non-Catholics out of ten will ask you, when the problem of religion is being discussed, "Is not one religion as good as another? What difference does it make what religion you profess provided you live up to it? Are not creeds in themselves unimportant, and conduct the one thing essential? Do we not frequently meet men who believe in Christ and all his teachings, and yet day by day do things that would bring a blush to a pagan's face or make a Mohammedan ashamed?"

The indifferentist will speak patronizingly of religion as a police force to keep the discontented in check, or as an outlet for the emotions of pious sentimentalists. He will praise all religions for the virtuous men they have produced; he will maintain that intelligence and good breeding alike call for a kindly toleration towards all creeds and churches; he will vehemently denounce the Catholic Church as bigoted, intolerant and autocratic, because she claims obedience under sin as the infallible mouthpiece of a divine

revelation. There are many roads, he informs you, leading to the kingdom of heaven, and an honest man may travel any one of them with the conviction that he is pleasing God.

You meet the indifferentist everywhere. In educational matters he is a secularist, who marvels greatly at the determined effort made by Catholics to educate their children in separate Christian schools; in politics he wants the State to ignore religion entirely and becomes indignant when Church and State work together for the common good; in social questions he advocates many principles subversive of Christian morality, and tells the Church to keep her hands off such questions as divorce, birth control, labor problems, and such like issues. In religion he believes that all creeds are equally true and equally helpful—perhaps, down in his heart, equally false—and that their acceptance or rejection is as unimportant as the cut of a man's clothes or the custom of his peculiar nationality. Such Modernism is indistinguishable from Agnosticism, and ends in indifference and futility.

The Catholic Church condemns in most unequivocal terms this modern dogma of indifferentism. She asserts that it is the most subtle enemy of religion, harder to combat successfully than the most bitter prejudice and bigotry. A man who hates Christianity and the Church because he thinks they stand for everything unintelligent, ignoble and autocratic, may be led to love the Church once he learns that he has been misled by the parents whom he loves or the

teachers whom he respects. A good hater like St. Paul, who, as he says himself, acted "ignorantly and in unbelief," became, after his conversion, one of the best lovers that Jesus Christ ever had. But an indifferentist, who declares God indifferent to truth simply because he himself is indifferent, and who glories in a self-made religion free of all obligation and restraint, is hardly apt to consider the claims of a definite teaching Church, which requires absolute faith in all the revelation of God, and enforces her divine doctrine and law under penalty of sin.

Is it not strange, however, that the very man who worries night and day over his business difficulties, and who sacrifices health and comfort in his pursuit of money, political preferment, or the interests of science, should at the same time be utterly indifferent to the truth of God? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," said Jesus Christ. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?" It is easy to trace the origin of the modern spirit of religious indifferentism. In the first place, it is the inevitable reaction from the false teaching regarding justifying faith. The extreme formula, "Faith alone without works will save," has in the minds of our generation led to the opposite formula: "Works alone without faith will save." Or, put it another way: "Believe right," said a certain teacher, "and I care not what you do." His twentieth century follower says: "Do right, and I care not what you believe."

Private judgment, which made man's reason the one supreme arbiter of the revelation of God, was the father of modern indifferentism. In other words, the sixteenth century revolt substituted an infallible book, or collection of books, for the infallible teaching Church, but as a matter of fact the meaning of the Bible was left to the private opinion of the individual reader. Within a few years such teaching had given birth to a number of contradictory versions of the Christian message. How was the individual man to know the true version from the false? Was it not inevitable that the man in the street, without the time or the inclination or the ability to study, would declare, sooner or later, that it made no difference what a man believed? Inevitably so.

I have met many men who were indifferentists because they utterly denied that God had ever made any revelation to men, or that Christ had ever established any definite teaching Church. Religion did not mean to them the acknowledgement of man's utter dependence upon a Supreme Being, or the acceptance of certain divine laws and doctrines—nay, it was merely "a sum of scruples impeding the free exercise of our faculties." In the name of the study of comparative religion, they asserted that Christianity was in no sense a unique, divine teaching to be held by all mankind—it was merely one of the many religions evolved by thinking men to solve the insoluble problem of the unseen world of spirit.

Frequently when we declare that the Catholic Church condemns indifferentism, we are asked, "Do

you really believe then that all good men, because they follow religions differing from your own, are damned to an eternal hell? Do you not dogmatically assert that outside your Church there is no salvation?" By no means. The Church teaches that no man goes to hell, unless he has freely and deliberately turned his back upon God, and died unrepentant of grievous sin. We have always believed that men outside the Catholic Church might live in error and still be saved; that millions of men in every age might through invincible ignorance be free of all sin in rejecting the Church's claims. Pope Pius IX well said, "We must recognize with certainty that those who are in invincible ignorance of the true religion are not guilty in the eye of the Lord. And who will presume to make out the limits of this ignorance according to the character and diversity of peoples, countries, minds and the rest?"

The Church condemns indifferentism in the name of reason, in the name of the sacred scriptures, and in the name of Christian tradition. The God of indifferentism is not a God to be adored by rational men. God is essential, absolute and eternal Truth; He is likewise essential, absolute and eternal Holiness. A God of truth and holiness, He cannot be equally pleased with truth and error, with good and evil. To assert, therefore, that God does not care what men believe is nothing short of blasphemy. A man indifferent to truth—a liar, in other words—cannot have the respect of his fellows. A God indifferent to truth would have no right to the homage of thinking

men. No wonder, then, that those who form so low a concept of the Deity should end by denying Him altogether. Indifferentism is merely atheism in disguise.

The assertion that one religion is as good as another is irrational. It is a first principle of reason that two contradictory statements cannot both be true. If one is true, the other is undoubtedly false. Either there are many Gods or one God; either Jesus Christ is God or He is not; Mohammed is either a prophet or an impostor; divorce is either allowed or prohibited by Christ; the Eucharist is the living Jesus Christ or it is mere bread. To declare all religions equally true, or that their differences are immaterial, is to deny *objective* truth altogether with the pragmatist—and, as a fact, this denial is the blight of our age. On this theory a man ought to change his religion as he changes the cut of his clothes, according to his environment. He ought to be a Catholic in Italy, a Lutheran in Sweden, a Mohammedan in Turkey, a Buddhist in China.

Since the division of Christendom in the sixteenth century many have advocated Christian unity in the name of doctrines fundamental and essential; but a Catholic cannot accept such a theory. Faith with us means acceptance of divine truth on the authority of God, who has revealed it to us. We are bound to accept all that God has taught once we grasp the fact that He has revealed it. If I make a dozen statements, and you accept ten of them, rejecting two as unimportant, you plainly consider me a liar. How

can a man reject even one divine truth, if he knows it is of God? Such selection of truth, believing what suits our wish or whim, is Heresy, as the word means.

Yet, strangely enough, many believers in the Bible are indifferentists, in spite of the plainest words of warning. Christ commanded His apostles to teach a definite Gospel, and declared that those who knowingly rejected it would be condemned, "He that believeth not shall be comdemned." He prophesied that many would gainsay His teaching, but he denounced them in unmeasured terms, "Beware of false prophets who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." But, of course, just as the indifferentist selects what truth he will accept, so he sifts the words of our Lord and condemns as unauthentic the words that condemn him.

Revelation, if it has any meaning, is a message from God to man. Man has no freedom to reject it at will; his absolute duty is to receive it "not as the word of men, but as it is indeed the Word of God." God, as a God of Truth, could not possibly have revealed a plurality of religions, or a multitude of varying Christianities. He founded one Church, one Kingdom of God, one sheepfold, under the perpetual guidance of Himself and the Holy Spirit.

The history of Christianity in every age shows how alien to Christ is the dogma of indifferentism, which was first popularized by the English Deists and French Rationalists of the seventeenth century. In the first three centuries the Christian martyrs died

by the thousands, because they were not indifferentists. Frequently they were asked by friends and kinsfolk either to sacrifice to the gods of pagan Rome, or at least to allow their names to be written down as having sacrificed. "What difference does it make?" said their pagan friends. But they answered in the words of Christ, "Every one, therefore, that shall confess Me before men, I will confess him before My Father who is in heaven. But he that shall deny Me before men, I will also deny Him before My Father who is in heaven." They were not indifferent. They suffered the most bitter tortures and death, because they were loyal to the truth. In the England of the sixteenth century, many a Catholic was offered money and preferment if he would only acknowledge the Royal Supremacy of the Tudors in spirituals. But men like Sir Thomas More, Edmund Campion, Bishop Fisher and others gladly died for their faith, knowing to a certainty that it was the teaching of Jesus Christ. They were not indifferent.

In twentieth-century China, during the Boxer troubles of the nineties, there was evidence of the same loyalty of Christians to the truth. The Boxers, feeling keenly the shame of having their country parceled out among a number of robber nations calling themselves Christians, set out to murder every European in their land. Identifying Christianity with the nations that had robbed them, they determined to punish especially the Chinese who had become converts. "What difference does it make," they said, "whether you worship as our fathers worshiped or

as the Europeans worship? Return to the doctrines of old China." A crucifix was placed upon the ground. If the convert trampled upon it, he was at once free; if he refused, he was put to death with horrible tortures. Many gladly died for Christ, because they saw the evil of disloyalty and indifference to truth.

As a matter of fact, we find that the man who says, first, "It does not make any difference what a man *believes*," is tempted to adopt the logical conclusion and say, "It does not make any difference what a man *does*." His morality is built upon the shifting sands of opinion, fancy, human respect, and so will not stand the stress of sorrow, disgrace, difficulty, or temptation. If religion be a mere matter of opinion, all certainty in morals becomes impossible, and men lapse into the old-time vices of paganism. The New Paganism, as reflected in our life and literature, is even less attractive than the paganism of olden time—lacking both its courage and its culture.

Sometimes the good lives of unbelievers are mentioned as proof positive that belief is an unimportant factor in the regulation of conduct. A man will argue, "A. never puts his foot inside a church, nor does he accept any creed whatever; yet is he a man kindly, charitable, pure, and honest. On the other hand, B. is a Catholic, accepting without question every dogma and law of his Church, but I know him to be a drunkard, an adulterer, a hypocrite, the most uncharitable and contemptible of men." But the ar-

gument proves nothing at all, because the comparison is made between the open, well-known vices of a sinful, hypocritical believer who gives the lie to every Christian virtue, and the obvious good deeds of an amiable unbeliever. The whole character of the two men is often not adequately known, and consequently is not weighed in a true balance.

But even if we grant that a particular unbeliever is a fairly good man, his goodness is certainly not due to his unbelief. He lives in a Christian environment; he comes of Christian stock; he may perhaps have received a Christian education as a child. His life is parasitic. As Balfour writes in his *Foundations of Belief*, "Biologists tell us of parasites which live, and can only live, in the bodies of animals more highly organized than they. . . . So it is with those persons who claim to show by their example that naturalism is practically consistent with the maintenance of ethical ideals with which naturalism has no natural affinity. Their spiritual life is parasitic; it is sheltered by convictions which belong not to them, but to the society of which they form a part; it is nourished by processes in which they take no share. And when these convictions decay, and these processes come to an end, the alien life which they have maintained can scarce be expected to outlast them."

If a man be utterly indifferent to the truth of God, if he look upon the ten commandments as temporary laws evolved out of the consciousness of a certain Semitic race, if he questions the fact of God's existence, makes little of the fact of immortality,

denies the fact of sin, and the freedom of the human will, what basis can he have for the moral law? A lawyer, he will not hesitate to bribe both jury and judge if he can do so without detection; a doctor, he will not shrink from child murder or a criminal operation; a politician, he will steal what he can from a State's treasury, and be loyal to his friends, no matter what their competence or their morals; a preacher of the Gospel of Christ, he will deny its every doctrine, and be at the beck and call of the rich and powerful among his hearers—a mere "seller of rhetoric," as St. Augustine said long ago.

The true Christian may under stress of temptation fall into the worst vices of the pagan, and give the lie to his high profession. But no matter how low he may fall, he falls *from a standard,* and you may appeal to him. He has once climbed up the mount of God, and he knows that with God's help he can again reach the summit. But if a man feels confident that every lapse is due merely to the evil of environment, a taint in the blood, or the impelling force of a stronger will, he will not answer your appeal to higher things. He calls evil good, and good evil.

Will you still say that conduct is the one thing essential? You are right. But faith is the inspiration and support of right conduct, if it is good morals and not merely good manners. It is the very foundation stone of the supernatural life. A good man will accept God's word and command in its entirety, once he knows it. A good man is bound to search for the revelation of God, once he begins to doubt about the

validity of his own ethical or religious convictions. It is just as much a sin to deny the known truth or to be indifferent in its search, as to commit murder or adultery. This is a principle which the modern world has forgotten, but it will have to come back to it. It is a truth that the Church is ever trying to drive home to every heart and mind. True to Christ's teaching, she appeals to all men, however deluded by error or debased by sin, in a spirit of kindliness, tact, sympathy and patience. But she dare not sacrifice one jot or tittle of the divine message, which the Saviour delivered to her for the healing of the nations.

FAITH AND SCIENCE

A Mississippian, born the first year of the Civil War, Dr. Mullins was educated in Johns Hopkins University and in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, and was ordained to the ministry in 1885. A seven-year pastorate in Lee Street Church, Baltimore—serving the while as editor of *The Evangel,* and as secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention—was followed by a brief ministry in the First Church of Newton, Mass. In 1899 he was called to the Presidency of the Seminary where he had been a student—the largest theological school in the world—where he now presides. He is also President of the Baptist World-Alliance, a post of honor which he has held since 1923.

In an early volume Dr. Mullins answered the question, *Why is Christianity True?* In another he dealt with *The Axioms of Religion;* and in still another he discussed the vexed issues of *Freedom and Authority.* A commentary on two of the Epistles of St. Paul was followed by a stately volume expounding *The Christian Religion in its Doctrinal Expression*—a monument of conservative thought and scholarship; and his latest volume portrays *Christianity at the Cross-roads* from the same point of view. In the following sermon a great teacher of religion talks to us in a style all can understand, and one feels in his words the glow of a serene confidence which deepens with the years.

FAITH AND SCIENCE

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Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. I Corinthians 2:9.

All things are possible to him that believeth. Mark 9:23.

Both these texts show the contrast between the testimony of the senses and the discoveries of faith. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard—but faith penetrates beyond sense and discovers new worlds.

I had the pleasure recently of hearing an address by a scientific man on the subject "Scientific Prophecy." It was an exceedingly interesting forecast of the possible course of scientific achievement. Many things were foretold bearing upon human welfare. Among them were the chemical production of food in various forms, the cheapening of light and power for mechanical and other purposes, the conquest of cancer and other diseases, the increase of speed limits on land and sea and in the air, the possibility of intercommunication between the planets of our solar system. These and other possible advances in knowledge and power were confidently affirmed.

These prophecies were based upon past achieve-

ments. The speaker reminded us of the slowness of man to believe in the possibilities of the past which later became established facts. Wise men said yellow fever and diphtheria would never be mastered. In earlier days the electric telegraph seemed an absurd idea. The idea of the navigation of the air was ridiculed as among the wildest dreams of the crack-brained. The telephone and wireless were inconceivable. One prophet said some years ago that science was already full grown. No genuinely new force would be discovered. And yet men went on discovering new laws and new forces. Soon the X-ray and the radio came to light. Today science is more eager and alert and purposeful than ever. She is on tiptoe, as it were, for new revelations in the great reservoir of nature.

All along the way it has been a conflict between sense and faith. Eye saw not, ear heard not, and men doubted. But men of faith went on searching. Pasteur made his great discoveries and the germ theory revolutionized medicine. The diphtheria antitoxin was produced and millions of children were saved from death. The mosquito was detected in his deadly work of transferring the yellow fever germ, and that dread scourge was tamed.

The truth has gradually emerged that the universe about us is an inexhaustible storehouse of forces, of laws, of gifts from God to man, awaiting his discovery. It abounds in hidden fountains of power, cataracts of energy, lakes and oceans of divine blessing, which challenge us to our highest insight and

skill. But these things do not at first appear to the senses. Eye hath not seen them, ear hath not heard them—until scientific research uncovers them. And then suddenly they burst upon the eyes in dazzling splendor, or reverberate upon the ears like a great cataract plunging over a precipice.

In this way men gradually come to see that science and religion are in full agreement in their basic attitudes and instincts. Both work by faith. Both have large capacity for belief. Both learn by experience that doubt paralyzes while faith stimulates. Doubt of course has its place as a means towards the discovery of truth. It protects against illusion and credulity and self-deception. But doubt by itself tends to paralyze, while faith is a very sharp spur to effort. The true wisdom dictates not that we should believe as little but as much as possible. What the eye does not see and the ear does not hear may, nevertheless, be awaiting us on the other side of the veil of sense, clad in radiant garments and literally burdened with gifts and blessings for us. There are some very important truths which grow out of the contrast between faith and sight. I name a few of them.

The first is that the human mind and the universe around us are made for each other. They match each other as the glove matches the hand for which it is made. The unseen, unheard, unsuspected facts and forces are all about us. The mind of man is like a photographic plate. When exposed to these facts and forces and the right focus is attained it registers

them. Another intelligence, like our own, seems clearly to have made the world about us. It communicates to us its own truths. Every new fact and law we discover is a fresh proof of the presence of a greater mind than ours speaking to us through the things that are made. The music of the orchestra is not music to any except those who have a musical faculty. It is mere noise to some animals, which are offended by it. The leader may be hidden from the audience behind the screen. But the players on the instruments see his actions and through them he impresses his mind upon the hearers. God is the hidden leader of the great orchestra of nature. The outreaching of our finite minds for all knowledge is but the reflection in us of the mind of the infinite.

Surely that which made us meant us to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless heavens within the human eye,
Sent the shadow of himself the boundless through the human soul,
Boundless inward in the atom, boundless outward in the whole.

Take one recent example of nature's response to man's waiting mind in its striving to see the invisible and to hear the inaudible. As men studied the lines of the solar spectrum they saw a new strange color. This led to the discovery of a new gas, called helium, which is merely the Greek word for the sun transferred to English. The next step was to discover this gas among the other gases of the earth. Then it was

discovered that helium will not burn. And so it became a substitute for the highly inflammable hydrogen in the great dirigibles for navigating the air. Twenty thousand dollars' worth of hydrogen was wasted in order to introduce helium into the Z R-3 when it arrived from Germany, in order to make it safe from explosion and to protect the lives of the airmen. Surely this was an instance of hitching not our wagon but our balloon to a star. Thus man's faith is rewarded. The great deep of God's mind answers the great deep of the human mind. Man's faith never loses its reward when wisely directed, because the same Being made the universe and the mind which grasps it.

A second truth growing out of the contrast between faith and sight is that the world about us is far richer in meaning than we have imagined. Just as men have been incredulous as to steam and electricity and other forms of power in the past, so also, although in a less degree, they are incredulous today. That which keeps the world back is not faith but doubt. It is the pioneering mind which makes the great discovery. The friends of Columbus warned him that his ships would come to the jumping-off place and plunge to destruction in a bottomless abyss. Doubt would have paralyzed the effort, but faith led Columbus to the discovery of a new world. Faith refuses to measure the future by the past, although a wise faith always respects the past. Doubt can achieve what others have achieved in a measurable degree. Faith can achieve the impossible.

Now, just as faith knows no limit to what it may discover in the physical universe, just as the mind of man is made for nature, so also the soul of man is made for God. When men call, God answers in Christ. "In him," says Paul, "are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." The spiritual faculty which we call faith joins us to God. Out of faith springs love, and love is the great revealer of spiritual riches. Paul prays for the Ephesians: "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passes knowledge that ye might be filled, even to all the fulness of God." As Professor Moffatt's translation of this passage suggests, the meaning is that if men wished to get a conception of "length," if they desired some adequate idea of "breadth," of "height" and "depth" they were to let Christ dwell in their hearts by faith, and thus become rooted and grounded in love.

In the third place, I remark that the more refined the forms of matter the more significant they are. Science is trying to find the ultimate constitution of things, the bricks as it were, out of which the universe is built. Once we heard much of atoms. Now we hear much of electrons or some other minute forms of existence. These are like little solar systems each with a central nucleus and infinitesimally small particles revolving about it. And we are actually told that in comparison with their magnitudes the relative

distance between an electron and its central nucleus is greater than that between the earth and the sun. Thus scientific faith penetrates ever more deeply into the unseen and unheard universe. We are impressed with the fact that these refined forms of matter seem to lead us up ever closer and closer to God, the source and origin of all things.

Where the origin of life is present the mystery and beauty as well as the reality of the invisible are even more impressive. Some one watched through a powerful microscope the slow incubation of the egg of a fish under the heat of the sun, and described what he saw. He said it was as if the invisible fingers of a painter were at work with a brush. He sketched in first of all in very dim outline the shape that was to appear. Then came heavier strokes. Bit by bit the details were perfected and at length the organism was complete.

And so we come in our careful study of physical nature to the spiritual vision. Science leads us up almost to the gates of paradise. If we listen we can hear the song of the angels on the other side of the walls of sense. Delving down into matter, tunneling out into the secret places of the physical, science comes right up to the gates of the new Jerusalem, with its streets of gold and pearly gates. But it takes eyes adjusted to the spiritual vision to see the heavenly city, and ears attuned to heavenly music to hear the halleluiahs within.

In the fourth place, I think the contrast between faith and sight supplies a clew for the understand-

ing of God's method with man. Here we are imprisoned upon a little planet, and surrounded by a universe so vast that it staggers the imagination even to attempt to grasp it. And yet this vastness awakens a true echo in man. The measureless distances and magnitudes stir something in man akin to themselves. He finds himself reaching out in desire and thought that he may fully know the meaning of it all, that he may master these forces which play around him. Manifold and complex as these natural laws and forces are, they lure man's spirit on and on to the very frontiers of being. In all his struggles he is rewarded with new discoveries which in turn whet his insatiable appetite, and thus his nature comes to its own true destiny under a law of endless growth.

Not only are we imprisoned upon a little planet, we are also imprisoned in bodies which are limited in many ways. We are forever tossed about between our sense life and our deep instincts for the eternal. Our dim vision, our dull hearing and our gross sense of feeling confine us in a little circle of experience which keeps us baffled and laboring under a sense of the futility of it all. And yet we never can rid ourselves of these deeper spiritual yearnings which tell us of that which is infinite and eternal in ourselves and which point to the infinite and eternal One whom we Christians have learned to call Father.

The meaning should be obvious to any thoughtful person. The vastness within man was meant to match the vastness around him. The fact that his mind and heart register the unseen and unheard

realities about him as he gradually adjusts his nature to them is eloquent of God's purpose in placing us in our earthly prison house. By his grace we are to grow in knowledge and power until we attain the stature of full grown men. It is a curious fact that while materialism has ever tried to terrorize man's imagination by pointing to his littleness over against the greatness of the universe, man refuses to be cowed or terrified. He holds up his head amid the mighty frame-work of nature. He is conscious all the time that there is something in him greater than all things material. He groans and struggles amid his sufferings, but it is a groaning not as a victim of greater powers so much as the instinct of one destined for a larger life. His nature is too big for the world, not too little. It is not that he is crushed like a worm beneath the wagon wheel, but rather that he is wounded like an eagle trying to escape from confinement.

The mission of Jesus was to interpret God to man, and to enable us to understand our true relation to the infinite. His coming was the invisible God appearing under conditions of time and space in order to remove all doubt from our minds as to the reality of God and of his boundless love. His atoning death was the recognition of our need for redemption from sin and its power. His resurrection was the loosing of the flood tides of the infinite life upon humanity.

It is in order now to point out a few practical conclusions from what has been said.

One conclusion is, it would seem, that scientific

men ought to be the greatest of Christian believers. In their research work faith always runs ahead of knowledge. They make a guess, or have an intuition or surmise. Then they proceed to hunt for facts to verify and, by and by, they discover some new truth.

Another practical conclusion is that nothing is really explained until we find God behind the things we see. The world and life have no meaning unless God is guiding things. Science describes the world. Religion interprets it. Both are necessary. There is no conflict between them. A fact has little value until you interpret it. And only religious faith can interpret the world. I have read somewhere a parable of the mice inside a piano listening to the sounds as the piano was played. They put down their scientific explanation: First the impact of keys upon cords. Second, the vibrations which followed. Third, the sounds and the music which followed the vibrations. Impact, vibration, sound; many impacts, many vibrations, many sounds, this was the formula of the mice. There was nothing else. This is the way in which a piano behaves of itself. The mice saw no one. They were confined within. They needed no other explanation.

But do you not see that the mice have not explained at all? They have only described what they heard. They had the bare facts. But the facts needed interpreting. What did they mean? The interpreter would point to the player at the keyboard of the piano, the musical composition, the skill, the music. So the universe must be described as

science describes it. But it must be interpreted as religion interprets it. The two methods are different. But both science and religion seek reality. Both work by faith and both attain real knowledge.

Finally, I remark that all things are possible to him that believeth. Scientific faith proves this and religious faith proves it. Modern science has been called a great adventure. It is the greatest of human adventures save one. And in the adventure is mingled romance and magic. It is the storehouse of wonders. Nothing has brought more distinct thrills to men than the discoveries of science. But if science is a great and thrilling adventure, religion is a greater. Faith in God brings even greater discoveries. Jesus said: "Become as a little child before God. Let your mind and conscience and will open to Him. Let Him speak to your soul and you will enter a new spiritual universe." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." In this there are four great truths. 1. Christ himself is the object of faith: "Come unto me." 2. We are to accept his authority in religion: "Take my yoke upon you." 3. He perfectly fulfills for us the religious ideal: "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." 4. Through him we come to a true knowledge of God: "And ye shall find rest unto your souls."

All that the spiritual life craves He brings: forgiveness of sin and reconciliation with God, moral

reënforcement for our feeble wills, a new sense of power to overcome temptation, gradual growth in the life of obedience and sanctification, a new joy in social service, in sacrificial living and giving, a new vision of life and death and the future, a loss of the fear of death and assurance of immortality, the privilege of having a share in building God's great moral Kingdom which shall cover the universe; and thus the Kingdom of science and the Kingdom of religion shall blend into one great Kingdom.

The things which eye saw not and ear heard not in nature, but which scientific faith discovered shall be joined to the things which eye saw not and ear heard not in the realm of religion, but which religious faith discovered—and the two shall be God's one great universal Kingdom, eternal and unchangeable, save that it will forever expand to larger proportions and greater spiritual wealth and power.

Scholar, teacher, preacher, executive, Dr. Coffin is a many-sided man and holds a commanding position in the religious life of America. The Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City, of which until recently he has been pastor for many years, is one of the finest examples of "organized preaching" in the country, uniting the ends of society as few churches have been able to do.

A New Yorker, born in 1877, Dr. Coffin is a son of two of the old and great families of the city. After graduating from Yale, he studied in New College, Edinburgh, at Marburg in Germany, and at Union Seminary, where for many years he has been professor of practical theology. He is a member of the Corporation of Yale University, and of the National Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church. He was lecturer on the Beecher Foundation at Yale in 1918, and on the Warrack Foundation in Edinburgh in 1926.

Among his many books are *The Ten Commandments*, sermons on *The Creed of Jesus*, studies in *Christian Convictions*, and *What is There in Religion?*—one of the most helpful and inspiring books of recent years, especially for those who are perplexed in matters of faith. Dr. Coffin was recently elected President of Union Seminary, a post for which he is superbly fitted by genius, training and achievement.

EVERYBODY'S CHRIST

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The Jews answered and said unto Him, Say we not well that Thou art a Samaritan? John 8:48.

This is an odd epithet to hurl at Jesus. The Samaritans were a sect of semi-pagan Israelites, mixed in race and with a composite religious faith. They held fact to the Law of Moses in the Pentateuch, but their beliefs and usages had been watered down by infiltrations from the thought and ways of the peoples round about. They were just enough like and unlike genuine Hebrews to be peculiarly distasteful to them, for we always hate more cordially those fairly close to ourselves with whom we disagree, than those so unlike and far from us that we never come in contact with them. One evangelist tells us that Jews had no dealings with Samaritans; and in the Talmud we hear Rabbis saying: "May I never set eyes on a Samaritan," or "May I never be thrown in his company." One strict Jew goes so far as to write that eating Samaritan bread is like eating swine's flesh—the extreme limit for an orthodox Jew of disloyalty to his God. Religious controversies to this day lead otherwise good and kindly men into exaggerated lan-

guage about their opponents. A Christian minister in this city has indulged in as abusive names for a brother minister as these ancient Jewish theologians used of Samaritans. But why Jesus should be called a Samaritan is obscure. There seems to be nothing about Him or His teaching which suggests the views and customs of these half-heathen Jews.

Quite likely Samaritan had come to be a convenient adjective for any one whose attitude one particularly disliked. The word Bolshevik in recent years has done duty as an uncomplimentary label to fasten on any one who is in opposition to conventional opinions in industry or politics or art or religion, and is freely attached to persons who have no sympathy whatsoever with the economic program of communists in Russia. It merely means that the man who uses it thinks another more radical than himself in some particular. Any malodorous word is good enough to characterize those from whom we heartily dissent, and few people indeed employ language carefully. So conservative Jews in Jesus' day and later found Samaritan a useful designation of contempt with which to brand the Man of Nazareth.

But there is more in it than that. We do not hear any one calling Paul a Samaritan. Even as a Christian apostle there remained enough of the Pharisee of Pharisees about him to stamp him as totally unlike these half Jews. But Jesus had so much in common with people of every sort and description that one might call Him anything. While on some of the earlier sarcophagi He is portrayed with distinctly

Jewish features, is it surprising how shortly artists left these out, and represented Him as one of their own race? Today in Mexican churches one sees swarthy, high-cheek-boned, Indian Christs, and in Chinese Christian books He appears as a Mongolian, and in stained-glass windows in this country He is an Anglo-Saxon. It was not by accident that He was called a Samaritan.

For this text suggests three facts concerning Jesus' connection with people:

First, those in His own group find Him a stranger. It was so, in the first instance, with every circle in which we see Him. He puzzled His own family: "Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us?" One can hear Mary saying of one of her other sons, James or Joses or Judas or Simon: "I feel that he really belongs to me and is my own son, but Jesus seems not mine at all." He was disowned by Nazareth. That small town knew its own; but this Carpenter did not speak its language or think its thoughts. The Jewish Church had no more loyal and devoted member; but its leaders were convinced that He did not belong in her fellowship. The Jewish race never had a greater son—One who summed up completely its noblest heritage; but He seemed to them an outsider: "Say we not well that Thou art a Samaritan?"

And it has been so ever since. His own group—the Christian Church—never can feel Him fully our own. He troubles us by seeming to be linked with those who are outside our fellowship. His interests and sympathies are forever overleaping our most

broadly flung frontiers, and go so far beyond our thoughts and consciences that we cannot be quite sure where to find Him.

A century or more ago, His Spirit made the churches uncomfortable and sent them to the ends of the earth on the missionary enterprise. Jesus belonged not to Europeans and Americans, who composed the Church, but to Asiatics and Africans. More recently He has been making us uncomfortable in our attitude towards these other races. The feeling of the white man's superiority, the contemptuous reference of Christians to other faiths as heathen, the undiscriminating identification of Anglo-Saxon habits of life with the principles of Jesus, and the fashion of talking proudly of spreading Western civilization or of inculcating American ideals, come home to us as foreign to Jesus. He seems sympathetic with so much in these races which our race lacks, so much in the other religions which our occidental interpretation of His faith has overlooked, so much in their thought and life which we need to acquire, that once more He appears an outsider to the Church which bears his name.

Nor is this true only of the missionary enterprise. Again and again Christians are startled by discovering in some unfamiliar realm of life, a realm which we have viewed with suspicion as a Samaria, that Jesus seems at home. Time was when Church folk looked askance at fiction, and older people have told me of having to read Scott's novels on the sly because a strict parent considered anything imaginary immoral.

But Jesus captured the imagination of novelists and many of their most moving pages are infused with His Spirit. Then the Church looked with aversion at the stage—not without considerable provocation; but its interpretation of human life was not alien to the interest of Christ. Many a play has been more inspiring than many a sermon. Again scientific investigation, conflicting in its results with cherished views of devout folk, was denounced. There are still preachers and so-called religious papers which inveigh against "godless science." But instinctively men feel that Jesus is thoroughly sympathetic with the work of all those who try to understand the facts of this universe and report honestly what they discover, no matter how upsetting to venerated opinions. Or again, there are movements of social change, some of them radical in their programs, which the settled and contented folk who make up the mass of the membership of all churches dislike. But there is a widespread feeling that the heart of Jesus is far more responsive to the bitter cry of the unprivileged and the restless than are the hearts of His followers. And among ourselves many are haunted with the sense that we cannot be sure that our Lord is with us in our methods of business or in our national attitude. To His own group He seems an outsider. "Say we not well that Thou art a Samaritan?"

And in that lies the hope of His lifting us out of our confining prejudices and stretching our sympathies and kindling our appreciations of the worth of men and women who have meant nothing to us.

When John Muir, as a young man, was puzzling his friends by spending lonely winters in the Yosemite Valley amid the deep snows of the high Sierras, an older woman wrote him a letter in which she spoke disparagingly of living with the ice. Muir replied with charming humor:

> But, glaciers, dear friend—ice is only another form of terrestrial love. I have been up Nevada to the top of Lyell and found a living Glacier, but you don't want that; and I have been to Hetch Hetchy and the cañon above, and I was going to tell you the beauty there; but it is all ice-born beauty, and too cold for you; and I was going to tell about the making of the South Dome, but the ice did that too; and about the hundred lakes that I found, but the ice made them, every one; and I had some groves to speak about—groves of surpassing loveliness in new pathless Yosemites, but they all grew upon glacial drift—and I have nothing to send but what is frozen or freezable.

And John Muir passed winter after winter in the Yosemite, gathering confirmatory evidence to uphold his theory that its marvelous beauties had been made by the ice, and not, as distinguished scientists of the day asserted, by volcanic action. And Muir made his own that particular spot of ice-born grandeur on God's earth. His friends thought him crack-brained, but gradually he led thousands into his own intelligent appreciations. It is significant that Muir's name will go down to posterity connected with an Alaskan glacier.

Is it not so with Christ? There are out-lying

regions of humanity, despised or overlooked by His Church, but mysteriously He makes them seem His own, by His interest and His appreciation, and takes us out to them, despite our traditional aversions and antipathies. Take the movement in thought with which you most thoroughly disagree, or the sphere of life to which you are least drawn or the man or woman for whom you feel the heartiest dislike, and connect them in thought with Him, and somewhere He makes a point of contact and shows Himself more in sympathy than are you. And to follow Him takes you and me to Samaria.

Second, those in other groups recognize Him as kin of theirs. The woman of Sychar began by asking: "How is it that Thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a Samaritan woman?" But as the conversation proceeded, she forgot all about the differences of Jew and Samaritan. Here was One who knew her with an understanding that was uncanny: "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did." And He found no difficulty in talking frankly to her. He seldom said as much to any one. And when the men of Sychar came out to see Him for themselves, they never mention His Jewish connection. He impresses them as "the Saviour of the world."

It annoys us sometimes to hear all sorts of groups claiming Jesus as one of themselves. Here is a vast ecclesiastical establishment, Roman or Greek or Protestant, asserting Christ as theirs. Here is a company of Socialists insisting that He is theirs. Here is a group with some particular theory of spiritual

healing, or with some other philosophy of existence, declaring that Christ is the chief exponent of their views or manner of life. We do well to point out plainly where the Jesus of history differs from various systems—ecclesiastical, theological, economic, medical—that have been identified with Him. But let us be thankful that so many instinctively feel Him theirs. It is Christ's marvelous capacity for entering into the outlooks and feelings of others. John Morley had in carved letters upon his chimney-piece Bacon's word: "The nobler a soul the more objects of compassion it hath." And compassion is not pity. It is the exact Latin equivalent of the two Greek words which form sympathy. *Cum,* like *sun,* means "with"; "The nobler a soul, the more objects it feels with." You may recall a saying of Frederick Denison Maurice: "I feel that I ought to be High Churchman, Evangelical and Rationalist, that, being all, I might escape the curse of each." It is part of Christ's inexplicable universality that He seems to belong to all, and they recognize the kinship. In William Morris' *Sir Galahad* there are two lines which describe

> One sitting on the altar as a throne,
> Whose face no man could say he did not know.

Strange as He always is to us, outside and beyond any group to which we are accustomed, Jesus is never to any man a foreigner. Go the world over, and in every land there are souls who have instinctively recognized Him as their hoped-for Friend. Walt Whitman once wrote:

Surely, whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow
As the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe.

"My sheep hear My voice," and He invariably has "other sheep" "not of this" or of any classified fold.

Very likely in a company as large as this congregation, there is at least one who for some reason feels himself an outsider. He does not share the faith or the interests or the point of view or the principles of the majority of people about him. And that sense of "not belonging" often piles up needless barriers and walls of division. Never mind now whether to good folks you seem a Samaritan or even more remote than Samaria; think of Jesus Christ. Is there not something about him which makes you feel that He would understand you, and that you might enter into some understanding with Him? That He belongs in some sense to you, and you belong to Him? Recognize that tie. All others do not count. Interpret Him as you like. That is your privilege. But agree with Him, and form a personal attachment to Him. That alone matters.

Third, he felt Himself a member of every group He touched. In the first public scene of His career, among that motley throng who were listening to John at the Jordan—soldiers, tax-collectors, harlots, church-leaders—He insisted that their guilt for Israel was His, and that He, too, must receive with them the symbol of repentance and a new life. "It be-

cometh *us*"—putting them all and John and Himself into one penitent fellowship—"It becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

When He was among sick folk, their illnesses became His. Matthew quotes from a prophet, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our diseases." And there is a saying of Jesus which escaped our evangelists, but which was remembered in the early Church and is quoted by Origen: "For them that were sick, I was sick." It is told of a very earnest and effective although unconventional city missionary in the Boston of two generations ago that, on entering a home where the father had died leaving his wife with several mere babies, the tender-hearted man began his prayer: "O, God, *we* are a widow."

Not long ago some of us were reading a fascinating book by one who had spent many years in central Africa, and suggestively entitled his volume *Thinking Black.* He had lived in the dark continent and shared the life of its people, until he had acquired the native point of view, their ways of reasoning, their mental habit—"Thinking Black." May we not say that He who has impressed subsequent generations as belonging to another sphere—a visitor from heaven in our dark earth—so entered into the heart and mind of our race that His parables may be entitled "Thinking Human"? How feelingly he interprets the wistful father and the heart-sick prodigal and the complacent and indignant elder brother! How movingly He voices the despair of the unemployed who have stood all the day idle because no man hired them!

How unerringly He sketches character after character in a few telling strokes—usually in a dozen words at the most—so that they live forever in the thoughts of men!

And among them there is no finer parable than one which we may label "Thinking Samaritan." It is certainly not spoken from the standpoint of strict Jews. In scathing exposure of the self-righteous superiority of His own people He pictures representatives of its exalted religion—priest and Levite—passing by a wretched man, wounded and robbed, while a big-hearted and self-spending Samaritan makes this abused stranger his responsibility. Perhaps it was this parable, so offensive to a patriotic Jew, which made them think that Jesus must have a connection with this despised race, one of whose members He had so lauded: "Say we not well that Thou art a Samaritan?" Jesus had reason to know of what some of this race of "untouchables" were capable. The believing inhabitants of Sychar, and later that leper who alone of ten came back to express gratitude for his cure, had given Him evidence of the capacities of Samaritans. He had been so drawn to them that He could put Himself into one of their race and sketch His own portrait in a native of Samaria. To this day there is no more typical Christian figure, no more distinctive embodiment of the heart and conscience of Christ, than this character of His own creating whom we call the Good Samaritan.

Perhaps they were not wholly wrong when they

flung this despised name at Him. Do you remember how Thackeray in one of his asides to the reader, remarks: "The Samaritan, who rescued you, most likely, has been robbed and has bled in his day, and it is a wounded arm that bandages yours when bleeding." Jesus could pick up this race of ill repute and appreciate its hidden worth and immortalize it in His parable because *He* knew what it was to be an outcast, scorned, deemed disloyal to God and false to the traditions of His people. He was responsive to all disesteemed folk, the discarded, the lost, because no one was willing to use them. What Jew would have employed a Samaritan as the hero of an instructive and inspiring tale?

And this helps us to explain the supreme, and to us always baffling, climax of Jesus' career, when He identified Himself with sinful men and voluntarily offered His life a vicarious sacrifice upon the cross, the Just for the unjust. To His sensitive spirit the sundering difference between God and His children, even the best of them, was frightfully apparent. Our Father and we were so glaringly unlike—He in His largeness, we in our pettiness; He in His love, we in our self-interest. For Himself Jesus knew that He belonged with God. He had heard in His conscience the assuring "Thou art My beloved Son, in Thee I am well pleased." He felt Himself God's unique Representative, the only One who understood His mind, and could bring His children to know Him. At the same time He felt that He belonged with His sinning brethren, and He would not disown them.

On their behalf—a ransom for many—He would let His life be taken. It was the inevitable consequence of His conscience and sympathy that He should feel Himself one with sinful men. They had called Him Samaritan, and they were not wholly mistaken. Now they nailed Him up on a cross between two robbers, and He felt that He belonged there—"made sin for us, He who knew no sin, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him."

And through the ages since every sinning man who has been brought under the spell of the Crucified has felt an outreach of His sympathy, and an assurance that Christ was with him in his struggle to down evil. You remember the ancient tale of Theseus, about to enter the black labyrinth, sword in hand, to battle with the monster whose lair was this gloomy and bewildering fastness; and how his sister, Ariadne, tied around his ankle a silken thread, and told him that whenever he felt a pull on that thread he would know that she was thinking of him, and was with him in his hazardous search and combat, and how thus fortified with her sympathy, Theseus slew the destroying Minotaur. There is a like pull on the heart-strings of men from the cross of Christ, in our conflicts with the woes and wrongs and evils of life, which makes us aware of His spiritual fellowship, and renders us more than conquerors through this Kinsman of ours who loves us.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING

Thirty-four years of age, having received his early training at Elmhurst College and Eden Theological Seminary, since his graduation from Yale University and Yale Divinity School in 1915, Mr. Niebuhr has been pastor of the Bethel Evangelical Church in Detroit. An editorial writer on *The Christian Century,* much of his time is spent in student work in colleges and universities, where his "deadly Christianity," as his friends describe it, awakens youth to the fact that religious faith is something more than a casual acceptance of a conventional creed.

A philosopher-preacher, Mr. Niebuhr sees that the tragedy of our age is a deadlock between a cynical realism and a sentimental idealism, equally barren and futile. By the same token, his analyses of the stupidity of modern civilization, in the light of Christian truth, are as merciless as they are hopeful; as witness his recent article on "Puritanism and Prosperity" in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and his review of *The Decline of the West,* by Spengler.

In the sermon on the Foolishness of Preaching he shows us, against a wide background of philosophy, a glow-point of Christian faith, as relentless as it is revealing—"as foolish as love, as foolish as the Cross," whereof he is destined to be a prophet: a Divine foolishness, wiser than the wit of man, whereby we may be led out of our dim idealisms and blurred cynicisms into a day of "open vision" and heroic fellowship.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING

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It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. I Corinthians 1:21.

Two very penetrating analyses of the ills of our western world have appeared in Europe in recent years which arrive at strikingly similar conclusions in regard to the cause of the alleged decadence of western civilization. One, *The Decay and Restoration of Civilization,* is by the noted African missionary, physician, theologian, and Bach virtuoso, Dr. Albert Schweitzer. The other, *The Decline of the West,* is by the German historian, Oswald Spengler. The two authors agree that our western civilization is morally and spiritually impotent because of the spirit of sophistication which, according to their diagnoses, acts as a blight upon the vital spiritual energies from which all art, culture, and religion are derived.

Schweitzer thinks this spirit of sophistication was introduced into western life by Greek philosophy, which insisted on rational consistency and thereby destroyed the naïve dualism of the Jewish prophets in which primitive Christianity is rooted. An absolutely consistent world-view, according to Schweitzer, is bound to betray us into the absurdity of either un-

qualified optimism or unqualified pessimism. The eastern world permitted philosophical monism to steep it into religions of pessimism and despair. The western world chose the other horn of the dilemma and developed a philosophy and a religion of such uncompromising optimism that the facts of life, particularly as modern science revealed the ruthlessness and blindness of the natural world, were not able to maintain it. Whereupon the western world has been prompted to lose confidence in all of life's ethical factors and to sink into an irreligious pessimism as morally enervating as the religious pessimism of the Orient. Spengler arrives at a similar conclusion by an altogether different route. Large cities, he declares, with their impersonal relationships and their artificial modes of life, with their fluid masses of nomads divorced from the soil and their cold and calculating commercial and industrial processes, produce a spirit of sophistication which is not only killing western civilization but which has been the cause of the decay of all civilizations which preceded ours.

It would not be relevant to our purpose to pass judgment here upon the relative merits of these so widely divergent diagnoses which arrive at the same conclusion. The significant fact is that two of the profoundest and most authoritative treatises on western civilization both issue in a protest against intellectualism, as the real root of our moral difficulty. It is a far cry from the day of Spencer to the day of Spengler, from the nineteenth century with its easy confidence in the emancipating power of pure intelli-

gence, to the twentieth century turning, baffled and confused, upon the very forces which had so recently been the hope of mankind. It will be well for Christian people and for all men of good will who hope for a spiritual renaissance to observe this trend of thought carefully.

The Christian church has unfortunately been an armed camp for some decades between those who frantically cling to religion's untenable irrationalities, and those who are so chagrined by this obscurantism that they are tempted to sacrifice everything in religion which savors of the irrational. The church is divided between those "who require a sign" and those "who seek after wisdom." One half of the church is so overcome by life's mysteries and so distressed by the difficulties which moral good will encounters in an evil world, that it is always tempted to reduce religion to magic and cut the Gordian knot of life. The other half of the church seems so blind to the mysteries of life which reason can not comprehend and so oblivious to the moral difficulties which reason can not solve, that it is inclined to reduce religion to mere culture. Against both these contending parties the peculiar emphasis on the irrational in religion, upon "the foolishness of preaching," which we find in the first two chapters of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, seems particularly timely.

The Christian religion, Paul declares in effect, is not magic but neither is it wisdom, at least not the "wisdom of this world." The Christian religion must remain to the world, to those who are lost, to super-

ficial intelligences and to complacent sophisticates, foolishness. It seeks to apprehend realities which can be found only when imagination and courage come to the aid of reason, and it unlooses energies of heart and will which reason alone can not contain. It is as foolish as love, as foolish as the cross. While we may wonder whether Paul's rabbinical training and his contact with the mystery religions of the Orient did not tempt him occasionally to read a little more magic into the cross than can be found anywhere in the sublime simplicities of the religion of Jesus, yet at his best the cross was to Paul a symbol and a revelation of a love and of a life whose potency was moral rather than magical, but also spiritual rather than rational. All the paradoxes in which Paul revels in these first chapters of the epistle to the Corinthians emphasize a truth not essentially different from that contained in Jesus' own words, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye can not enter the Kingdom of God." All the great affirmations upon which the Christian religion is based, and all the vital energies which it develops, must depend for their life upon a simplicity of heart which is not incompatible with the highest intelligence but which a superficial sophistication easily destroys.

History teaches us that a morally potent religion is to a great extent dependent upon an adequate theism. We judge ourselves and our fellow men in the light of the God whom we have discovered in the world. The religion of Jesus prompts us to find

love and personality, "the Father," at the heart of the world. A God whose righteousness convicts us of sin and whose love redeems us of sin, is a paradoxical rather than a completely rational conception. A God "in whom we live and move and have our being," who is immanent in the affairs of men but who is at the same time as high above us "as the heavens are above the earth," is again a reality which cold and calculating reason cannot comprehend. Because He is not easily comprehended, religion is perenially tempted to guarantee his reality by magical revelation. If religion is to have any power in modern life it must resolutely turn its back upon that temptation, and must disavow those forms of orthodoxy which betray that they are prompted by skepticism.

Yet, on the other hand, it is as disastrous to religion to sacrifice its faith in a transcendent and moral God as to guarantee his reality by magic. Many forms of modern religion make exactly this mistake and fall into a morally enervating pantheism. They identify the real with the ideal. Anxious to be rational, they identify God so completely with the vast impersonal and automatic processes which the natural world reveals, that they lose the moral force which inheres in the faith of the prophets and of Jesus in a moral and transcendent God. A morally adequate theism is, of course, not finally unreasonable. It is not unreasonable to believe that a universe which produces the values and the realities of personality has personality at the heart of it.

Yet at the same time there are so many obvious facts which run counter to our faith in a personal and moral God, the obvious facts of a mechanistic nature, with its blindness and cruelty, that no one will be able to validate his faith in God if he is not willing stubbornly and courageously to maintain it in defiance of immediate evidences, until it can be proved by the ultimate evidences which moral and spiritual life is able to adduce.

It is because civilization is becoming almost as impersonal and mechanistic as nature, that Spengler cannot be altogether wrong in regarding modern civilization itself as destructive of religious faith. Wherever personality is degraded and personal values outraged, whether in the world of nature or in the world of man, our faith in a good God is seriously challenged. Timid and sophisticated souls are bound to lose their faith through such a challenge. Only those are able to maintain their faith who are simple and naïve enough to live lovingly and nobly in a cruel world until their sight is clarified, and in the purity of their heart they will see God. Faith in God is a moral and mystical achievement for which all the resources of heart and will and mind are required. No one can be lifted into the presence of God by a syllogism.

The love which discovers beauty and goodness in human life is superficially as foolish as the faith which discovers goodness at the heart of the world. If we consult the obvious facts about human nature, trace the long history of man's inhumanity to man,

analyze the greed and the hatred which inform the motives of so much of our contemporary industrial and international life, and follow the psychologists in their explorations into the devious paths of the subliminal self, it is not easy to maintain confidence in human nature, to love and to trust men. It is easy both in haste and at our leizure to call all men not only liars, but potential murderers. The cynicism of both modern psychology and modern economics is the inevitable product of an intellectual and sophisticated age which has gone to much pains to trace the details of man's kinship with the brutes in both his social actions and the secrets of his private life. In the face of all this evidence it is simple and naïve indeed to believe in man as the child of God and to love men as potentially good and beautiful.

But love has always been foolish, and there is a trace of the pathetic and the tragic in its foolishness. Love may never fail, but only those can maintain their confidence in it who are able to see victory in a sublime defeat. The life of Jesus issued upon the cross, and his love was not able to conquer Judas. Yet it did remake the majority of the disciples and gave them the power to be "fishers of men." Love, like faith, creates much of the evidence which validates its assumptions. Men are not trustworthy except to those who will to trust them, and men are not lovable except to those and through those who have willed to love them. The wage motive seems all that prompts the activities of a workingman until an employer has enough imagination to assume that work-

ingmen are personalities who live by the noblest as well as by the basest and the most indifferent motives.

Nations will continue to be selfish and therefore dangerous to the peace of other nations, until some nation decides to act upon the foolish assumption that nations may be moral and therefore trustworthy. The interesting fact about life is that the "wisdom of this world," the shrewd and calculating intelligence, the practical reason of diplomats and politicians, of business men and industrialists, are always involving human beings in vicious circles of fear, mistrust and hatred, from which they have no way of escape except through the foolishness of impractical idealists who believe that men are potentially moral and therefore trustworthy and even lovable. There is always an element of unproved and therefore foolish faith in perfect love. Yet there is creative and redemptive power in that faith; for men cannot become better than they are except by the power of a love which is able to discern the good which is hidden behind and enmeshed in their evil. To "hope till hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates," must remain the task of simple souls who are foolish enough to create goodness by discovering its potential presence in seemingly evil lives.

It might be well to add that the relation of a man to himself, of a man's will to his ideals, ought to be prompted by the same simplicity for which we have been pleading in man's relationship to the world and to other men. What is more reasonable than the pride of average respectability, and what is more

foolish than the self-castigations of saints who are prompted to such abject humility and contrition by the contemplation of impossible ideals of righteousness? What is more foolish than the challenge of Jesus that we be perfect "even as our Father in heaven is perfect"? But here again "the foolish things of this world confound the wise," for the reasonable respectability of the world is always sinking into sordidness, and whatever redemptive forces are at work in the body of society are generated in the lives of men who refuse to be satisfied with the standards of common decency which they share with most men, and who see the blackness of their sins against the background of the holiness to which they aspire and which they apprehend in communion with God. The pride of respectability must finally issue in the despair which can see in man no more than a sublimated beast, while the humility of the simple will finally lift man into his heritage as a child of God.

"Faith," declares Jacks, "is reason grown courageous." Perhaps that is a more respectable way of saying what Paul tried to express by his emphasis on the "foolishness of preaching." We cannot finally run counter to our best reason and we cannot pit one part of a man, his imagination and his will, against the other, his intelligence. Yet it is well to remember that a reason which is not courageous enough to defy some immediate facts will never arrive at ultimate facts, and an intelligence which is not imaginative and spiritual enough to seem foolish to superficial minds will never know God.

THE HOUSE OF GOD

How the game of golf may teach us a parable of life concerned with religion and the making of character, is shown us in a recent book by Dr. Vander Meulen, entitled *Getting Out of the Rough;* an essay made timely by the fact that the world, as well as the Church, has of late years been far off the green in the rough ways of rancor, reaction and revolt. The spirit of the book, and its practical spiritual wisdom, make it both an inspiration and a delight; and the book is like its writer.

Dr. Vander Meulen was born in Milwaukee fifty-six years ago; educated at Hope College and Columbia University; and took his theological training at Princeton and McCormick Seminaries. Ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1896, his first charge was the Second Reformed Church of Kalamazoo. After two years of Home Mission work in Oklahoma, he taught psychology and pedagogy in Hope College; returning to the pastorate in the Hamilton Grange Reformed Church, New York City, in 1909. Since 1920 he has been President of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky.

If Dr. Vander Meulen plays golf as he preaches, we know that he drives straight down the green, with no erratic stroke. In the following sermon he makes a sure drive, if not "a hole in one," when he makes us realize the new loneliness which has overtaken men in our day, and the deep need for the fellowship of social worship in the House of God.

THE HOUSE OF GOD

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How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.
Psalm 84:1.

Thousands of years have passed since the Psalmist uttered this great, upswelling sentiment. They have been centuries of change and progress, in which the appeals to human interests have grown immensely in number and variety. But it is still true, as in the days of the Psalmist, that men love the worship of God and still, as then, are willing to make great sacrifices for it of time and energy and love. There is not much in all the world that can compare with the continuity and significance of the fact that men in this modern age can sing with the same fervor as the men of that ancient day, "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

So I want to stop and ask with you the basis for this enduring sentiment. Why are the tabernacles of God so lovely? I find three reasons for this loveliness. The first is because of their great superiority; the second is because of their high fellowships; the third is because of their supreme Presence.

I

First of all, the Psalmist sees the superiority of the tabernacles of God over the resorts of the ungodly world. His expression of that is a beautiful one: "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Now worldliness has become a much more subtle and refined thing since then. The temptations that come to men today are not so much to choose evil, as to choose that which is evil chiefly because it is the enemy of the best. One cannot well indiscriminately call golf or baseball or motion pictures on the Sabbath "wickedness." They merely prevent men from realizing their highest possibilities. As such, the havoc they have wrought is tremendous. There is many and many an otherwise fine man today who has sold his soul not to Bacchus, but to Pan. He carries about in his well-kept body and his polished mind a spiritual corpse. And a corpse, even in a polished coffin, is still an ugly thing.

The most pathetic thing about it is that he is not even himself conscious of the tragedy. But it may be diagnosed by the fact that he no longer knows what these words of the Psalmist mean, "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts." He is incapable of that note. He may still feel, How entertaining is thy acting, O ladies of Hollywood. He may be able to say with fervor, How refreshing are thy twosomes and thy foursomes, O Lords of the Golf Links. But he is dead to this sentiment of the Psalmist. The

Lord God is no longer to him "a sun and a shield." The Lord God is to him merely an electric light and a mid-iron.

Now it can scarcely be denied, even by a modern worldling, that, when the sense of worship has been sacrificed to even the very best he can get on the links or in any other place of amusement whatever, something higher in him has been sacrificed to something lower. The desire for amusement or even the concern for the body can scarcely be compared to the sense of duty or gratitude or reverence with which a man goes to the House of God. The scene of adventure or over-florid romance which is presented to him at the motion picture show or the winning of a game on the golf links can hardly be rated as an object of thought or sentiment with the Gospel. So much, I think, the average absentee from the House of Worship, if, indeed, he has not already lost all sense of values, would be willing to grant. It would seem, then, that, if he is honest, he can scarcely escape the conclusion that he is less of a man when he can no longer say with the Psalmist: "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

Why, as over against all these countless attractions and distractions of this age and in a day when all the old external compulsions, even that of respectability, are gone, do so many men and women still attend church? Why, save for the deep abiding instinct and sentiment voiced in my text? Somewhere in the upper ranges of the gamut of what makes a man lie these chords of reverence and worship and obedience

and faith that vibrate in response to the thought of God. They are not reached in places of amusement. They are not even reached in the laboratory, the art gallery or the library. The man that is conscious of them at all is conscious also that they are the finest strings in the harp of his soul. And, though these lower chords are in him, too, it is with a sense of the superiority of the others that he sings: "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

And together with that individual satisfaction goes the conviction that it is precisely this keeping alive of the thought of and the feeling for God which the world most needs. There have been ages which have been preëminently periods of theological thinking and other ages which have been characterized by mystic feeling. The religion of our age, on the other hand, has been marked by zeal for practical humanitarian service. As a wise teacher has put it: "The rapture of the mystic's transcendent 'twenty minutes of reality' and the midnight oil of the thinker have been superseded by the cup of cold water." But let us not be deluded. When worship goes, so-called practical religion and social service will not long survive. The latter cannot continue to live without the inspiration of the former. As Dr. Sperry goes on to observe: "Organized altruism has not plucked the heart out of the secret of perpetual moral motion. Here is the old dogma of salvation by works and its consequent religious misery. Modern Protestantism is thus in danger of getting back again to the slough from which Luther rescued it with his rediscovery of the

doctrine of justification by faith." The Church will not continue to go about doing good, unless, like the Master, she keeps going up into the mountain to pray. Social and altruistic service in the world, too, with all the forms of beneficence in which they find expression, will hardly remain a going concern in a godless world. The thing that must keep them from dying is the leaven of that group of men and women who have kept alive in their hearts the faith and feeling of the Psalmist, "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

But if the Psalmist felt the superiority of God's tabernacles over the resorts of the world, he felt their superiority, likewise, over the haunts of nature. His expression of that is quite unique. He says: "Yea, the sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a place where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God." It is as if he is thinking of these little creatures out there in peril of the serpent and the storm. They have come out of those ambiguous resorts; they have found a safer place to build their nests, right under the eaves and rafters of God's temple. It is a superior retreat for them. Now such a sentiment is quite out of the fashion with our modern poets. For if our times do not love the attractiveness of God's tabernacles less, they at least love the attractiveness of nature more. They spell it even with a capital N. Wealth and transportation facilities and scientific discovery and invention have combined to make nature seem both beautiful and beneficent. And so she

is. She is our storehouse, our laboratory, our picture gallery. And so some men have thought that they could find in her their sufficient temple, too.

But let us not forget, there are two crushing indictments to be made against nature. The first is her moral ambiguity. If she is something to be resorted to, she is likewise something to be fled from. If smiling fields and golden fruit and mellow sunshine and beautiful landscapes and rippling brooks and singing birds are an integral part of her, so are cyclones and earthquakes and influenza germs and cancer and hyenas and serpents and decay and death. No one has more sharply set forth this dual character of nature than the Dutch poet, De Genestet. A man is pointing out to his little boy the beauties and beneficences of nature and ends by telling him how joyously the little bird in gratitude sings its matin song after it has filled its crop with worms, and nature has thus beneficently satisfied its hunger. Then the little boy, after the manner of little boys the world over, asks one shattering question: "Do the worms sing along, too, pa?"

> To him who in the love of Nature
> Holds communion with her visible forms.

What are these "visible forms of Nature"? The highest one I know intimately is my dog. He is higher in organization and intelligence and rank than a mountain or a tree or a landscape. Suppose I were to try to commune with him in any thought or senti-

ment worthy of a man. Suppose I speak to him of my love and ideals for my children, my desires for the peace of the world, my hopes of immortality, what response do I get? Communing with nature is obviously only listening to the echo of one's own voice. Is there nothing better than that for a man? Nature holds my true response for the highest aspirations and the deepest needs of our human souls. There is no response to them unless back of nature we shall hear the voice of One, to whom we are sufficiently akin by nature to make communion more than an echo.

II

There was a second reason why the Psalmist found the tabernacles of God to be so lovely. It was because of their high fellowship. The thing that divided those ancient Israelites was space. It was a matter of physical geography. The men of different villages in the same tribe were often really farther apart than friends from different states are here in America. Life in such a primitive community, especially if it be an agricultural community, is a lonely one. But there was one thing they looked forward to all the year long. It was their annual pilgrimage to the sanctuary in Zion. What fellowships and friendships must have been formed on the way! The journey was a hard one—on foot. But the companionship took all consciousness of that away. They went on their way in social singing so that even

passing through the valley of weeping they made of it a well of joy. It was in large part, at any rate, because of these fellowships that another Psalmist could sing: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord."

Now remarkable as it may seem, the sanctuary is as much needed today for the high fellowships of men as it was in that day. The world has not only become crowded today, but also space has been annihilated. And yet men are about as lonely as they were before and more afraid of it than ever. There is today both a new loneliness and an old loneliness in the hearts of men. There is a new loneliness of specialization and strenuousness. A man's occupation has often become so specialized today that his next door neighbor understands nothing about it, cannot enter with him into it enough to talk intelligently about it. Often in the same profession, medicine for example, so far has the specialization gone, one expert often no longer knows, except in a very vague way, the problems and trials and successes of another expert.

Moreover, life has become busy and strenuous. A man's specialization, whether his labor be manual or mental, has absorbed so much of him that he no longer has a margin for the cultivation of interests more common to his fellows. Indeed, industry frowns upon any such attempt at fellowship during the working hours of the day. It does not make for the highest mechanical efficiency. It has been well said that the sign, "Do not talk to the motor-man," repre-

sents pretty well the whole spirit of our modern industrial life. The roar of machinery today drowns out the former hum of human conversation. And when the modern working man, be his labor manual or mental, comes home at night, instead of spending it with his neighbors, as he used to do, he takes himself and his family off to the "movies" and there he sits, in a crowd of men and women, to be sure, but as effectually separated from them by a wall of silence as if by the stone walls of his house and theirs.

The modern city man—let us not forget it—is, despite the fact that he lives in a crowd, a lonely fellow. What men need for this new loneliness is some common meeting-ground, some fellowship. The age is conscious of that and tries to provide for this new loneliness of specialization and strenuousness some mechanics of fellowship like the Rotary Club or the Kiwanis Club or something of the sort. And all this is good as far as it goes, but one who has observed it thoughtfully cannot help being impressed with the mechanical and superficial character of it all. What is needed is something deep enough to tunnel under or high enough to overfly these modern barriers between men. And there is no institution or invention that offers such a solution for this as the House of God. Here all men are just children before a Father who recognizes no distinction of occupation or class or even of race. Here they are all brought face to face with sin and God and the coming of His Kingdom in their hearts and society. The Sanctuary represents, as nothing else in the

world, a common humanity and the one and the same Saviour for all. It is the high fellowship of God's tabernacles.

And if this is the cure for the new loneliness, it is the cure for the old loneliness too. For beside this new loneliness of specialization and strenuousness there still lives on the old loneliness of sorrow and loss, of temptation and guilt. It matters not how far apart the paths of men's specialized interests may take them today or how fast they drive, these common tragedies overtake and "get" them all. There is one great cure for the old loneliness as for the new. It is the deep and high fellowship of God's tabernacles. For sorrow is lonely, but think how solitary a thing it would be if none other had so suffered. And guilt is lonely, but how bitter and desperate a thing it would be if no one else had ever sinned. But here is the place where a man will meet the fellow pilgrims that, like himself, have been wounded by the way. The heart-broken and the guilty are elsewhere, also, to be sure. Indeed, they are everywhere. But elsewhere it is all covered over. Only here do the sorrowing come to have their burdens lifted. Only here do the guilty come to have their sins forgiven. Only here do the tempted come to receive their strength for the battle.

So this is the second great reason for the loveliness of God's tabernacles. It is the comfort and strength of high fellowship. And even this is not quite all even in the way of fellowship. There is one thing more. I am glad that when The Apostles' Creed

says, "I believe in the communion of saints" it does not specify that this shall be communion between saints on earth or limit it to that. How they rise in memory before me, ofttimes as I stand in the pulpit or sit in the pew—these saints of former years! How shall I still maintain any continuity and fellowship with them, a continuity and fellowship that will overleap the silent and fearful chasm of death? I know of but one place of tryst high and holy enough for me to dare hope for that. It is in the tabernacles of God. Here is where they loved to come themselves for help and inspiration. And here is where they dedicated us and taught us to come. This, not in the darkened room of some medium, is still their trysting place with our spirits.

Oh, the way sometimes is low,
And the waters dark and deep,
And I stumble as I go,
But I have a tryst to keep;
It was plighted long ago
With some who lie asleep.

III

Even so, we have not thus far reached the highest note of the Psalmist's song. There is a higher reason for the loveliness of God's tabernacles than either their superiority to other haunts or their opportunity for fellowship with God's people. It is because of the supreme presence in them of God himself. They are *God's* tabernacles. They are the place where the

Omniscient One specially dwells. It is this which gives the House of God its uniqueness. No man goes customarily to any other place where men congregate, be it what it may, to meet God. This distinction belongs to the House of God on the Sabbath day.

I spoke a moment ago of the folly of seeking communion with Nature as such. It is, of course, an entirely different thing when men seek to commune with God through Nature and back of Nature. I am sure God's presence can be found in Nature. *But it will be only to those that seek him there.* God is at the end of a search. God, so His Word tells us, "is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." And that is precisely one of the reasons why He is so much oftener and more readily found in the sanctuary. What a wonderful thing it is you men and women have done here today, do each Sabbath day! It is for no mere subjective purpose you have come, to cultivate the highest there is in your nature, though incidentally you are doing that. You have come here for an objective reality. You have set out from your homes, as you do each Sabbath, on this unique and gallant pilgrimage to meet God.

Think of it! What is all the romance of Columbus sailing to America or the voyage of the Golden Fleece or the adventure of the Crusaders compared to this! No wonder it seems quixotic to a prosaic, scientific, materialistic age. Look at the stars. The vastness and sublimity of this physical universe grows greater with each new disclosure of science. The figures of

it simply stagger the mind. We cannot take it in. He made all that—God. And you, like your fathers, dare set out each Sabbath on this adventure to meet the Lord God of these Hosts in this temple which your love and sacrifice have built for Him. No scientist with any glass however powerful has yet found the seat of His presence. But you dare to believe that He is here and that you will find Him. Was there ever such a romantic adventure? If it does not seem thrilling, it is because of the limitations of our sense of wonder. Surely the Romance of the World is all with that group of men and women who make this weekly pilgrimage to their temples, supremely because He is to be found there.

What if they should be right! It is enough to make the heart leap to think of it. But if they be not right, if this be not true, if there be a God but He is not sufficiently responsive to human need and affection to meet the men and women who seek and sacrifice for Him here in the place they built for that high purpose, then there are no high and holy human values that are objectively worth anything in this universe and we might well with Huxley welcome some kindly comet that would sweep it all away. The men and women of yore who, like the Psalmist, loved His worship, your own father and mother among them, and have gone down into bitter death—do they still survive? Did God care enough about them to save them from destruction? Why should He if He did not care enough about their love and adoration to meet them in the tabernacles they had

reverently built for that purpose? Everything we hold most dear is staked on the assumption underlying the sentiment of my text. This strange but high weekly pilgrimage you make to God's tabernacles is basic for all the highest you are and hope to be. It is lovely chiefly because of the Supreme Presence there.

And for those of you who have entered most deeply and genuinely into this experience of seeking His presence, it has done several things. I would like merely in the briefest fashion to suggest three or four. It has been, first of all, a spiritual cleansing. With all sorts of lower and less worthy ideals and conventions does a man come into contact through his daily association with the world. He needs the washing that comes to him here each Sabbath from the consciousness of God's presence. In proportion to the earnestness and genuineness of his seeking, out from this presence he goes a finer man, a finer man through the years, bathed and perfumed.

A Persian fable says: One day
A wanderer found a piece of clay
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its odor scented all the room.
"What art thou?" was the quick demand,
"Art thou some gem from Samarcand?
Or spikenard rare in rich disguise?
Or other costly merchandise?"
"Nay, I am but a piece of clay!"
"Then whence this wondrous sweetness, pray?"
"Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with a rose!"

And what shall be the moral cleanness and fragrance of him who, mere mortal clay though he may be, has truly learned to dwell, even if it be but for an hour a week, "in the secret place of the Most High"? For "He will give grace and glory."

To how many a spiritual pilgrim seeking God in His sanctuary has it been like that. The man has gone there with a sorely burdened heart pursued by disappointment and sorrow and anxiety or by temptation and sin and remorse. And then something has happened there; some word has been spoken or read; some hymn has been sung; some thought has come to him unbidden and it may be not even mediated by any human lips, direct from God. And lo! it has been as the opening of a concealed door. He has gone in and been safe. For he has crept "under the shadow of the Almighty."

And if it is a place of safety for you, it is that for your children. All creatures capable of a real parenthood seek a safe place "where they may lay their young." Your children have got to meet sorrow and temptation. They are especially exposed to it because of their plasticity and inexperience. There is no possible way by which you can save them from that. The only thing you can do is to form in them the habit of going to the tabernacles of God. You can thus beat a way for them to the sheltering presence of the Lord of Hosts.

Then, for those who truly enter into the House of God it is a place of strength and inspiration for the battle of life. "They go from strength to strength." For when the Psalmist says the Lord God is a shield,

he does not mean for defense only. A shield is as much for the soldier who attacks; more, in fact, since he has no rampart behind which to hide. For every true man has battles to fight for God and the right and humanity. And what a place throughout all ages the Sanctuary of God has been to fire men on to the battle.

It was, therefore, by a true instinct that the knights of the olden time came to the church to have their arms blessed and themselves fortified for the warfare of chivalry to which they then went forth. The sanctuary is for the fighter. And so I want to send you forth, young and old, raw recruits and veterans, the enthusiast and the loyal though disillusioned, with this "Prayer of Richard the Lion-Hearted":

Once in this chapel, Lord,
Young and undaunted,
Over my virgin sword
Lightly I chaunted:
"Dawn ends my watch, I go
Shining to meet the foe.

"Swift with the dawn," I said,
"Set the lists ringing;
Soon shall the foe be fled
And all the world singing;
Bless my bright plume for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry."

The House of God

War-worn I kneel tonight,
Lord, by thine altar;
Oh! in tomorrow's fight
Let me not falter;
Bless my dark arms for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

Keep thou my broken sword
All the long night through,
While I keep watch and ward;
Then, the red fight through,
Bless the wrenched haft of me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

Keep thou my sullied mail,
Lord, that I tender
Here at the altar rail;
Then, let thy splendor
Touch it once, and I go
Stainless to meet the foe.

Bishop Hughes is a West Virginian, a son of the parsonage, born in 1866; educated at Ohio Wesleyan and Boston Universities; and ordained to the Methodist ministry in 1892. After two pastorates in New England, he became President of De Pauw University in 1903. As an educator he exercised an influence far beyond his own University, as a member of the Indiana State Board of Education, and as President of the State Teachers' Association. Five years later he was elected Bishop, and now presides over the metropolitan area of Chicago.

My first contact with Bishop Hughes was through his book, *The Teaching of Citizenship,* issued in 1909; and the years have brought me nothing better on that vital subject. Later it was a joy to read *The Bible and Life;* but the book that clings to my memory, and ought to be read as a kind of biography of the present sermon, is *A Boy's Religion*—to read which is to know a great preacher who has kept the child-heart, despite the tramp of heavy years; and why he would call us back from our cynical sophistication to the simplicities of the Gospel:

"When Jesus comes to His disciples in their most reverent mood, He sets the child in the midst of them; and when the child comes to us in our most reverent mood he sets Christ in our midst."

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST

EDWIN H. HUGHES, D.D.
BISHOP OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, CHICAGO

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them. Matthew 18:2.

For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. Matthew 18:20.

You will note that the first of these texts is the acted beginning of the discourse of Christ, while the second is the spoken ending of the same message. He starts by placing a little child "in the midst" of the disciples; He closes by promising that He himself will be "in the midst." The phrase "in the midst" is precisely the same in each case. Moreover the words of Christ, after He introduces the child, continue without interruption until they climax in the wonderful promise of his own presence.

That promise about Christ's being in the midst of two or three gathered in his name is not often discussed, though it is often quoted. We have all heard it many scores of times—from lips that have gone back to dust and from voices that have trailed off into the silences. Yet who ever heard a sermon based upon the words? They are frequently used in prayer, in exclamation, in ecstasy. But they have

not found their way often into argument or consecutive treatment. Perhaps their very vastness restrains us—much as if we should hesitate to seize a mountain with one slender hand. Yet our hesitancy will be somewhat overcome if we allow the beginning to interpret the ending and so make the discovery that the little child leads us into the presence of Christ.

Some weeks ago a study was made of the holy Gospels with a view of finding the most distinct promise of the Saviour's presence with his disciples. Many such assurances were found. Indeed they were sprinkled liberally in the blessed records. But mind and heart were finally compelled to settle upon one promise that seemed most comprehensive and definite, this word of Christ, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." One rather rejoices that it is found in Matthew's Gospel. Had it been found only in John, some scholarly hand might more readily wave it off into symbolism.

In a way it is rather an abrupt word. You wonder why it comes just there, and what relation it bears to the previous speech of Christ. When you go back to the beginning you find Christ with the child; and, as you follow the discourse through, the child appears, and reappears, and reappears again. It makes us think of the way in which our own children pass from the room, only soon to rush back eagerly—keeping up that "in and out" process that is at once so dear and so puzzling. Thus does the child come and go in this discourse of Christ.

The Child in the Midst

It all begins with the question of the greatness of the Kingdom. The answer of Christ is "a little child." Those of us who are parents must often try to imagine the scene, the child with wondering eyes, now looking on Christ, and now on the disciples, but mostly on Christ, returning for a cure of bashfulness to the face, and perhaps to the arms, of the Lord. Then that anonymous child—with all other children—finds lasting place in the proclamation of the Master. What amazing things He says!

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

"Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

"Whoso shall cause one of these little ones that believe in me to stumble, it were profitable for him that a great millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea."

"See that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my father."

"Even so it is not the will of your father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

These words are the great prelude to the promise of Christ's presence. He ends it all by saying, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." It sounds much like a description of a Sunday School class.

When we think of it in this light, we catch the vision of hundreds of thousands of faithful men and women in all the world, each sitting "in the midst" of the children. Then in each group we see "the form of the fourth"; and we feel, too, that we have the authority of the Master for giving a special interpretation to his promise.

Citizens of Boston in recent months have engaged in a debate concerning two statues of Phillips Brooks. One statue is a plain representation of the great preacher, standing alone on a vast pedestal. The other statue, designed by St. Gaudens, is located by Trinity Church in Copley Square, where it has stood for a period of years. It presents Phillips Brooks, clad in clerical robes, and standing in his pulpit. Behind him is the figure of Christ, as if indeed the Master had insisted on coming to the sacred desk with his mighty servant. Many artistic critics have preferred the later and simpler statue to the St. Gaudens' representation, and the discussion has not always been without warmth. But, whatever the final result of the debate, we may well hope that the spiritual meaning of the older statue may not be lost: *The man who teaches the truth of Christ can be at his best only in the presence of Christ.*

For, after all, in our holy faith there has ever been a strange identification of Christ with the Gospel of Christ. It is not wrong to say that *He is his own gospel.* The Mohammedan does not say, "I live, yet not I; but Mohammed liveth in me." Yet millions of Christians say that wonderful speech about their

Lord. In a poor plagiarism of our Christian hymns Buddhists have been trying to sing—

> Buddha, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly.

It is safe to say that this weak copying of our singing faith will not long feel at home with the religion of the Buddhists, while Christians will continue to chant the gospel of a present Lord.

We are warranted, likewise, in saying that his presence is promised in a peculiar way to those who teach His truth. The faith that Christ enters the teaching desk with his own delegated teachers is older than St. Gaudens' statue of Brooks; and that same faith will outlast all stone and bronze. When Jesus said on the Bethany Hill, "Go and teach all nations," He said also, "I am with you." The presence of Christ was to be with the truth of Christ. One of the poets of America has said that he never understood some of Tennyson's poems until he heard Tennyson himself read them. Then the poet laureate of England transferred the accent of his heart to the rhythm of his lines and made their meaning plain. This word is a feeble parable for our gospel. The presented faith has a present Lord.

But if this blessed article of our Christian creed has meaning for all sincere teaching of the truth of Christ, it must have special meaning when the truth of Christ is brought to its most hopeful and fertile field—that of childhood and youth. When we were

little people we often sang a hymn whose first two verses were these—

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
How, when Jesus was here among men,
He called little children like lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown about me,
That I might have seen his kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto me.

The longing of that hymn is a natural one. If, as we are older, we become more religious, we do not recover from our childhood's desire. It does not depart; it is simply changed into a more spiritual prayer. There is no need of a journey back over the centuries to Judea. We say with Whittier—

Faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

But it is significant that this longing for Christ's nearer presence brings us into the presence of childhood. Somehow the child leads us into the presence of Christ; and somehow Christ leads us into the presence of the child. The point, then, is that Christ is present in a special sense when eyes of spiritual love are turned toward the child in the midst. Nor is this merely a theory gained by a forced exegesis of the gospels. It is a theory—*and an experience.*

This is not the time to give the emphasis its wider

social application; and it is certainly not the time to make any attack upon the Supreme Court of the United States for its decision with reference to Child Labor laws. But it is a good time to say to all our parties and people that when we shut the child in mill or factory or mine, we also in some real way shut Christ out of our American life. We need not unduly amplify passion with regard to this gentle crusade. Yet let it be said with ardor unrestrained that when the United States secures fully the love and conscience of Christ, any mill-owner or any mill-manager who dares to hire little children in order that by paying them cheap wages he may secure larger dividends for greedy stockholders will be absolutely denied membership in any branch of the Christian Church in America. Speaking industrially Jesus sets the child in our midst, and his word about what happens to those who make the little ones to stumble has its economic bearing.

But the lesson is likewise an individual one. Many of us can get it from our memories. Tom Hood wrote it in his best-known poem:

I remember, I remember, the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn.

I remember, I remember, the fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky.

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Somehow when we return to the presence of our own childhood, we seem to return to the presence of Christ. Many of the soldier boys overseas confessed that in the furious danger-times they came back to the prayers of childhood; while one Lieutenant, not a church member or a professing Christian, declared that, as he went over the perilous top, he found himself repeating the hymn,

> In the hour of trial,
> Jesus, plead for me,
> Lest by base denial
> I dishonor Thee.

For many of us a journey back to the simple faith of childhood equals a return to the presence of Christ.

In wider life Christmas gives us the like lesson. Ere long the crowds will throng our stores. In our cities there will arise the annual debate as to the necessity of widening streets. Even our Jewish friends will prepare larger stocks of goods—because they well know that tiny hands will open our hearts and make us generous. The Babe of Bethlehem brings us into the presence of every child. For one day we live in a strange and fine spirit of love. It is our lesson, fixed in the customs of those people who become acquainted, even superficially, with our Lord.

Nor does the rule fail on the intellectual side. Dealing with childhood compels us to use "the simplicity that is in Christ." We are not always fair to the little people. We arrange our church services

for adults, and then complain because the children do not come! A Massachusetts clergyman began to preach a seven-minute sermon to children on each Sunday. The brief sermon led him to put away all big vocabularies and all complicated theological formulas—with the result that his older hearers made request that he preach to children all the time! When he did that, he preached to that child-like spirit that is everywhere a mark of the kingdom of Christ.

This brings the matter forward to a question of character. We have all had given to us many tests for judging people. We have been told that a squinted eye means a squint in the moral nature, and we have found that this is *not* so! We have been told that the person whose eyes wander when he speaks with you, and who does not look into your face steadily and frankly, is fickle in his loyalties; and we have found that this is *not* so. All of these superficial tests fail. But there is one test that does not fail: *When you find any man or any woman, in good and normal health, who does not love children, you will discover in due season that this man and this woman are mean, and selfish, and contemptible!* Such persons are far removed from both the spirit and the presence of Christ.

The examples of this reaction, on the good and positive side, are many. The people who have given themselves grandly to the spiritual service of childhood and youth grow beautifully like our Lord. Arnold in England, and Hopkins in America, become

as renowned for character as they do for instruction. They who meet with Christ in the presence of the child, and with the child in the presence of Christ, grow in the graces of our faith. We usually find a character like this in each of our colleges—a man who comes down from the mountain of God, not knowing that his face shines—men like Andrew Preston Peabody, at Harvard; Frederick Merrick, of Ohio Wesleyan; and Hillary Gobin, of De Pauw.

And in every town we find men and women who are canonized by all the people, because indeed such teachers, dwelling with the child, dwell also in the presence of Christ. For, after all, we must not forget that when God would redeem our world, He came not through the broken dome of the sky, but rather through the cradle of a little child. Our gospel cannot get on without a Bethlehem. One of its thrones will always be the manger wherein a Jewish mother laid her first-born as the redeeming Son of God.

Some of the more mature experiences of life recover this note for us. Our own children grow tall, and they no longer say their prayers at our knees. Then directly our grandchildren come and their lisping prayers carry us back to the childlike spirit. They end the words—"Now I lay me down to sleep," with the words of their own fresh and dewy faith. They put to shame our formalities. Soon we find ourselves more consciously in the Saviour's presence because a child's hand leads us there; and we have our advance share of the millennium of peace.

A clerical friend was on a Pullman Car a few

months ago. He found himself with men who were returning from the races. Their language was shockingly irreverent. Their conversation showed that nearly all of them had been gambling. When the time for retiring came a little boy was made ready for his berth. The tiny fellow stood in the aisle of the sleeper, clad in his wee pajamas. Sometimes we must all think that the night-clothes of the little people are more attractive than their party clothes! Ere he climbed into his bed the child looked doubtfully about, as if he were hesitating. Then he overcame his timidity, knelt at the side of the berth, folded his hands, and began to pray in a childish treble, heard all over the car, "Now I lay me down to sleep." You will all know that for a time profanity ceased; that all talk of bets won or lost died into silence! The eyes of hardened men grew moist with tears. One rough fellow pointed to the kneeling child and said, "I would like to know what that little chap has that I have lost." For a few moments those "lewd fellows of the baser sort" found themselves in the presence of Christ because they were in the presence of a child's heart

Sometimes we must all think that God gives us three chances at this wonderful interpretation of life. The first is in our own childhood when undoubting eyes are turned toward the Lord. The second is when our own children come to play about our knees, and to pray there, too; and to give us examples of their amazing faith. The third comes when perhaps life is hardening into a fixity, and we are ready to

lose the spirit of youth. In mercy God sends our grandchildren that we may hear their simple prayers and find that they are commissioned to guide us once again into the Saviour's presence.

So we come back to where we started. When Jesus comes to his disciples in their more reverent mood, He sets the child in the midst of them; and when the little child comes to us in our more reverent mood he sets Christ in our midst. It is precisely this double fact that is the hope of our world.

THE THINGS THAT REMAIN

As teacher, preacher, scholar and pastor, Dr. Calkins has had a rich and varied career. Born in Buffalo in 1869, educated at Harvard University and the Harvard Divinity School, he became Master of the Belmont School for Boys, California; after which he taught modern languages in Grinnell College, and German in Harvard. Ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1896, after two pastorates in Pittsfield and one in Portland, since 1912 he has been minister of the First Church, Cambridge.

One of the editors of *Hymns of the Church,* Dr. Calkins has not been a prolific writer; but such books as *The Christian Idea in the Modern World, The Social Message of the Book of Revelation,* and *The Church and Modern Life,* show us the qualities of the scholar and the seer. He was the Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale in 1926. The following sermon on The Things that Remain is so deep and true and timely—clear in its insight and winsome in its appeal—that it will be a welcome mentor to baffled minds.

Things that can be shaken ought to be shaken; but the time of trial which destroys the false also reveals the truth to which we may trust our souls—even the Truth that makes all other truth true.

THE THINGS THAT REMAIN

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The removing of those things that are shaken, that those things which are not shaken may remain. Hebrews 12:27.

The New Testament was written in earthquake times. Earthquakes were even more common then than now. Western Asia suffered much from earthquakes from time immemorial, and they were of not infrequent occurrence in Italy and other parts of the Roman world.

But it was not the ground only that seemed to be trembling when the New Testament was written. Everything seemed to be shaking. The old religions were breaking up, and the mythologies and idolatries were all tumbling to the ground. Governments were shaking. There was no real stability anywhere, and no one knew when or where the next sedition or rebellion would break out. The whole social order was trembling. The whole edifice of civilization seemed to be swaying and trembling so that it is no wonder that people imagined the end of the world to be near. They were indeed earthquake times in which the literature of the New Testament was written.

And yet, nothing impresses the thoughtful reader

of the New Testament more than the sense of solidity and of permanence that seems to pervade it. It is one of the first and most evident impressions which the writings that make up the New Testament leave upon the mind. They tell of being "grounded" in the faith; of being "perfected, stablished, strengthened"; of being "built upon a foundation"; of having a hope both sure and stedfast; of how the foundation of God standeth sure; or how other foundation cannot be laid than that is laid. Right in the midst, that is, of an earthquake era that seemed to be shaking the world to its very foundations, the New Testament tells of a foundation that is firm, of a hope that is sure and stedfast.

This strange and extraordinary sense of assurance, however, comes out most strikingly in the words of our text. In it, the writer refers directly to the quakes that seem to be shaking the earth. But there is no note of alarm in his voice, nor a trace of fear in his words. Just the contrary. It is true, he says, that the earth is shaking. Well, he seems to say, let it shake. All that can happen is that the things that are made, that are temporary, that are imperfect and undesirable, will be removed, in order that those things which are not shaken may remain. You cannot, that is, shake the unshakable. Neither can you move the immovable. All that shaking can do is to bring down the things that can be shaken, in order the more impressively to reveal the things that cannot be shaken.

Now we are living in earthquake times. Within

the memory of all of us the ground has shaken all over the world with terrible effect. Martinique, Messina, San Francisco, Japan, Italy—the stories of these catastrophes are in all our minds. But again it is not the ground only that has shaken. Everything has seemed to be shaking. Governments have been tumbling all around us; old things have passed away. Behold all things are becoming new. Ancient and venerable religious ideas have been shaking under the impact of modern science and knowledge. The social order is trembling. No one imagines for a moment that we are on solid foundations there. The whole question of property ownership, the whole relation of labor and wealth, the whole system of production and distribution—it is all shaking and trembling in the new world of ideas in which we live. And the civilization of a whole continent, which involves practically the civilization of our whole planet, has been shaken to its very center by terrible international collisions; and people are wondering whether there is any solid foundation upon which civilization can be rebuilt, and if so, what and where it is.

What we need then, evidently, is the recovery, if we are able to recover it, of the calm and exalted mood of the New Testament. Our most desperate need at such an hour is a sense of assurance, born of the deep spiritual persuasion that underneath all the rocking surface of things there is a foundation of God that standeth sure; that below all these swaying things there is a hope that is sure and stedfast; that there is at the bottom and center of things that are

shaken a kingdom that cannot be moved; so that we may look on at all the crashing and tumbling down of things about us, and all the shaking of the earth in the midst of which we live, and say, So the earth is shaking, is it? Well, let it shake. For what can the shaking do? All it can do is to remove the shakable things that are made by men, that those things which are not shaken may remain. That, at such a time as this, should be the confident and exalted mood of the people of God.

And now, what is the sure foundation of which the New Testament so confidently speaks? What are those things which the New Testament affirms cannot be shaken or moved no matter what else, no matter if all else falls to the earth? It is, as we all know, the foundation of the Life, Spirit, Presence, Inspiration of Jesus Christ. That, the New Testament affirms, is an unshakable and immovable reality. Heaven and earth may pass away, but it shall not pass away. Other foundations are like hay, stone, wood, stubble, gold, silver, precious stones. The day shall declare it and each man's work shall be made manifest. But other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. The one permanent fact, so teaches the book of the Hebrews, in all the changing order, is the fact of Jesus Christ who is the same yesterday, today, and forever. We are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus Himself being the chief corner stone. Other things may shake, but this remains unshaken. Other things may be re-

moved, but this is immovable. That is the hope which animates the writers of the New Testament and enables them to look out with a serene eye and an untroubled heart upon a world shaken to its center. Let it shake. The things made by men may be removed, but the things which may not be shaken will remain. "Wherefore receiving a kingdom which cannot be shaken, let us have grace whereby we may offer service well-pleasing unto God."

What we need to do, therefore, and all that we need to do, in order to recover the confident assurance of the New Testament in these earthquake times, is to lay the foundation of our faith where the New Testament laid the foundation of its faith. We need to remember that the Christian Gospel above and beyond everything else is the Gospel of a Person: that other things are the superstructure reared on that foundation, but the foundation itself is the Person of Christ. And because Christ Himself is the foundation, it is a sure foundation, a kingdom that cannot be shaken.

Here we are on firm ground, let us remember. Here we touch bottom. If we ask, for example, what is the one sure fact in the world today, in all the shifting and uncertain things that make up the kaleidoscopic panorama of existence, the answer is, personality, soul. Every one answers that. There is something on which all thinking men are agreed: that what we call "soul" is the fact that underlies all other facts. It is the soul that gives worth to science. Science concerns itself with the material order—that

is to say, with the conditions of life, but its quest would never have been begun, nor its results attained or understood if it were not for the soul. It is the soul that gives value to philosophy. To analyze knowledge, to investigate the laws of the mind, to discover the meaning of the world, is like working with a jig-saw puzzle, the value of which disappears with its accomplishment, except for what is living, permanent, and immortal—that is to say, the soul. It is the same with art. To call anything beautiful or sublime is absurd unless there is the soul, for the sense of beauty is in the soul and not in the object. The fact of facts in this world of ours is the fact of a soul. If it were not for this, the whole universe would dissolve around us like a baseless fabric of a vision. And all history bears witness to the same truth. Heaven and earth may pass away, but the souls of great men, these never pass away. A soul that has once influenced mankind leaves an impression more profound, positive, permanent, than any other fact known to men.

Now that is just where the Christian faith lays its foundation—not on a theory, a doctrine, an institution, or any other creature, but upon that fact of facts. It calls to people who are hungry, as they say, for facts; who are under the permeating influence of a universal doubt; and it says, What is offered to you here is something that you cannot ultimately doubt; it is a fact, the fact of a soul, a personality, real, imperishable. The foundation of the Christian faith rests not on "a doctrine preached

in Palestine two thousand years ago; not on a theory of God and man that sprang up in the East at certain periods of history"; not on an institution, or a creed, or anything else that passes with time and changes with the ages. It rests ultimately on the fact of a Person that time cannot alter, or the ages change, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

That is where the New Testament bases the Christian faith. That is the foundation that is laid; that is where Christ laid it Himself. His gift to the world was the gift of Himself. He offered the world not a doctrine or a plan or an organization. For the solution of its problems, for the saving of its life, He offered Himself. His first word was this, "Follow Me"; His last word was this, "I am with you alway." When one asks, What is the Christian faith according to Christ Himself, the answer is, it is Christ Himself.

And if that is where Christ laid the foundation of His faith, that is where the Apostles laid it. The faith which the New Testament offers to the world is faith in a Person. The preaching of the New Testament is the preaching of a Person. They preached Jesus: that in Him is the resurrection of the dead; that He hath given us all things pertaining to life; that His is the Name above every name. And because they were sure of the fact of His Person, they were sure that when they based their hope and their faith on that Fact, that there there was a foundation that could not be moved; there was a kingdom that could not be shaken.

Now let any one seize that truth, and let that truth take possession of his whole being, as it did the being of the New Testament writers; let it be to him not only a truth which he intellectually apprehends, but a living persuasion, a passionate and spiritual conviction that permeates his mind and kindles his emotions and arouses his will, so that it becomes the one fact of facts that he knows is sure and true, and then he is in the New Testament mood; then in an earthquake world he can look abroad and say, Well, let it shake.

I have tried to state our truth. And now let us try to apply it.

1. Here, for example, is the Church. Now to a good many people the Church seems to be trembling and even tottering. Denominational walls are not nearly as secure as they used to be. The number of people who really believe in the exclusive validity of any given form of Church organization is steadily diminishing. The walls of institutional Christianity themselves are not as secure as they used to be. The Church as a whole is coming in for a vast amount of criticism, some of which is wise and well-meant, but much of which is not wise and is not well meant. Some argue that the beliefs of the Church are outworn, that its worship is formal and dead, that it does not concern itself in the things that people are thinking about, with the actual life-and-death problems that make up contemporary living. Some ignore it altogether; some notice it only to smile at it; some consider it an interesting survival; others curse it

as an obstacle to progress. The walls of Zion appear to be crumbling. The Christianity outside the Church seems often to be more vital than that within. The religion that finds its passion in social justice, human brotherhood, the equalization of opportunity, seems to possess a vital spark that institutional Christianity often seems to lack. Such is the earthquake that seems to be shaking the walls of our visible Zion. And many people are asking themselves in alarm, What can be done? Is the Church really going to pieces? Has institutional Christianity a future? If so, what is it?

But the Christian who has caught the mood of the New Testament and knows on what foundation the Church of Jesus Christ really rests, is not in alarm at all. Is there an earthquake? Well, let it quake. Is the Church being shaken? Perhaps a shaking is what it needs. Perhaps too many man-made things that can be shaken have grown up about it. A shaking will tell what is permanent and what is not. Let the walls that can fall, fall, that the things that cannot be shaken may remain. There may be altogether too much ecclesiastical and doctrinal scaffolding about it that needs to be brought down. Let it come down. But the Church itself, that cannot be shaken. For what is it? On what does it rest? It rests upon the Person of Jesus Christ. In its essence the Church is not an organization, or a body, civic, political, or even religious. It is a company of believers united in faith and loyalty to Jesus Christ. It is the spiritual assembly of those who love Him and whom He

loves. "Where Jesus Christ is, there is Holy Church." "What is the Church but the assembly of His saints?" Its foundation is that spiritual union betwixt Him and His friends. And that foundation has not been shaken; it remains unmoved and immovable. Build a church on any other foundation, and you cannot predict its future. But you can predict the permanence of a fellowship in which men and women are bound together in common loyalty and devotion to Jesus Christ. Heaven and earth may pass away; Church systems and organizations may come and go; denominations may rise and fall; but the Church of Jesus constant shall remain. If there is one thing on earth that we may be sure the Gates of Hell will never prevail against, it is that. In these very days when the outward walls of the Church seem to be trembling, there is no diminution of that wealth of devotion which centers in the Person of Christ, nor any substitute for that Sacrificial Life which flows forth through the lives of His followers from the Heart of Christ. Look upon the Church as founded on such a Rock, and the mood of the New Testament will be yours in these earthquake times. You will look abroad upon all tempests of discussion which seem to shake the walls of institutional religion with serenity; for underneath there is the certainty of that experience of God in Christ which is the unmovable foundation on which the Church rests.

2. Or, here is the Bible. It, too, has fallen on earthquake times. Theories of Bible inspiration, of Bible authorship, of Bible authority, have been

wonderfully shaken. To many it has seemed as if they have been shaken to the ground, and all that any one can do is to explore around among the ruins and pick up here and there a valuable relic or remnant. How often you hear one say: "My Bible has been shaken to pieces." A member of a Sunday School class said loftily to her teacher some time ago in discussing a certain Old Testament chapter: "Mother says no one really believes the Old Testament any more." The remark is symptomatic of the popular feeling toward ancient theories of Old Testament inspiration. But it is not the Old Testament ideas alone which have thus been shaking in the midst of modern scholarship. It was inevitable that a reexamination of the character of Abraham and David should lead to a fresh examination of the Person of Christ, and many who found it possible to weather the newer conceptions of patriarch and prophet have stood appalled at the prospect of having the same method applied to the Gospels, the Epistles, as were applied to Genesis and Isaiah. Yet that criticism has not only begun its work, but it stands probably only on the threshold of what it shall tell concerning Christian origins. A considerable and growing literature already declares that the Epistles of St. Paul cannot in any strict sense be said to contain the historic Christian idea; that the evangel of Christ became something else when it passed through the mind of Paul; and it eliminates by a stroke of the pen those safe and sure passages from the Gospels on which we have rested our faith in His Saviourhood.

As a result, a good many people are asking in alarm, Where is this thing going to end? Is there any end to it? Is the Bible doomed? Have we then lost our faith in the Old Testament? Must we lose our faith in the New? If not, where look for our assurance? Where in these shaking times are the things that cannot be shaken? What is the Foundation that cannot be moved? Well, I know of but one. And it is the same as it always has been. I am sorry in these shaking times for any one who rests his faith in the Bible on anything except the real foundation. He is likely to see his faith shaken if he does. But let him found his faith in the Bible on that Rock, and he will share the confident and even exultant mood of the New Testament. He will look abroad on the shaking and trembling of all theories of the Bible, and he will say, Let them shake. What does it signify, but that those things may be removed, as things that are made by men, that the things that cannot be shaken may abide. Let one, that is, look upon the Bible as the story of the life of Christ, containing in the Old Testament the record of His ancestry and the religious and moral ideas that furnished the background to His life and teaching, that revelation of Himself that was needed that the work of Christ might be done and understood; let him look upon the Gospels as containing, independent of what may be called the verifiable authenticity of this or that word or deed, the indelible, ineffaceable, undeniable portrait of Christ Himself; let him look upon the Epistles as containing the record of the effect of

the contact of the Spirit of Christ upon the heart and consciences of those sensitive souls that were brought under the impression of His life and spirit; let all this together be looked upon as the complete story of the life of Christ, towering above all other stories, and standing immutable and serene as a mountain amid all the storms of debate—and as little as the spade of the geologist delving at the base of the mountain in order to discover its age or constitution disturbs its solidity, as little does the important work of the scholar involve the stability or integrity of the Bible that is founded on the Rock of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Or perhaps I may use a different illustration. I have heard of a picture of the Constitution of the United States very skillfully engraved in copper plate so that when you looked at it closely it was not anything more than a piece of writing. But when you looked at it from a distance it was the face of George Washington. The face shone out in the shading of the letters at a distance, and one could see the person, not the words or the ideas. And that is the way to look at the Scriptures and to understand the foundation on which they rest. Let men say what they will about this or that word or idea in the Bible. If you will but stand and look at it, you will see shining through it and into your heart the Face of Jesus Christ.

3. Or here is the matter of faith. The times are indeed earthquake times. Age-long conceptions of religion have been shaking and tumbling to the ground. Venerable doctrines have been tottering and

threatening to fall or have already fallen. Creeds and historic statements of faith have apparently had the solid ground undermined from beneath them. The result has been a vast questioning with regard to the things that remain. Books are being written on what remains of the old doctrines. A great popular uncertainty with regard to the fundamentals of faith has been the result. Can one believe in God the Father, in Jesus Christ His Son? If so, how? People by the thousands may be found in our churches and out of them who are saying, I do not know what I believe. I do not know if I believe anything. The period has fallen into disuse in popular theological discussion and the interrogation point has taken its place. Many people do not say any longer, I believe, but, Do I believe? Not, Things are, but, Are they? They are not willing to dismiss their beliefs, but they are not able to assert them. In the débris of the things that have shaken one does not know where to look for the things that remain. Now there is but one way to look, there is but one thing to do. First and foremost, it is to substitute a Person for a thing, a soul for an idea; to remember that a thing, a doctrine, an idea, may indeed pass away, but at the heart of things there is a soul, and at the center of the kingdom of souls, the soul of Jesus Christ. Hold to that, and certainty begins to emerge in the midst of uncertainty, and assurance in the midst of doubt. Say, Whatever else is true or false, right or wrong, the soul of Christ is true and right, else the universe is an illusion, and all reason is confusion. Found your

faith *there,* and it will begin to appear to you that you have a faith that cannot be shaken. Let that faith grow until it becomes the one overmastering conviction of one's life, and one will remain serene and confident in the possession of an unshaken and unshakable certainty. Ideas, doctrines, things about religion, may shake and tremble, but this remains solid and sure.

How often today you hear people say, "I wish I could get hold of it." Well, it is not the "it" that you want, but something better. It is Christ Himself. Plenty of people get the idea, but they do not get anything out of it. They get *it* into their head, *it* into their conscience, *it* into their will, but somehow they do not get much out of it. And because they have only that which is the outward expression and symbol of the spiritual reality, if anything happens to disturb their confidence in the expression, or their faith in the symbol, then they have nothing left to fall back upon. But found your faith on the spiritual reality itself, the undeniable fact that forth from the Eternal Soul of Christ there flows power and peace and joy that can recreate the soul of the believer, and one enters into a kingdom that cannot be shaken.

4. Or here is this turbulent world in the midst of which we live, where the very ground seems to be trembling beneath our feet, and not only states and governments but civilization itself trembles beneath our feet. No wonder people are alarmed. No wonder if they are asking what is to be the upshot of the whole human experiment. The Great War has

shaken our social complacency to its center. It has made the very idea of social progress to seem absurd. It has caused Bertrand Russell to talk about "the doom pitiless and sure" which is to overtake the human race. It has caused people to invert their Browning and to ask: "Is God in His heaven, since hell is on earth?"

What now is to keep us calm and unmoved in such an hour when the whole social fabric seems shaking and trembling? Every other social prop and sanction may fail us, but there is one "anchor of the soul both sure and stedfast." The author of the Hebrews knew well what it was. The world was tottering in his day, but he looked abroad and surveyed it with untroubled eyes. For he saw something else. "We see Jesus standing . . . But now we see not yet all things put under Him." It is only as we see Jesus the incarnation of the unconquerable moral life of God standing at the center of the life of humanity, that we can be true social optimists. For then, to use Sabatier's noble phrase, we can have "optimism without frivolity and seriousness without despair."

It is our faith in an omnipotent Christ destined ultimately to put all things under His feet that enables us in the midst of a changing order of things to remain calm and confident. It is only as we share in the faith of the New Testament that in these days we can share in its confident assurance. It is only as we understand that underneath this warring, trembling world there is the spirit of Him unceasingly at work upon the life of the world, overturning the

works of men that the work of God may appear, upsetting the things that must be removed that the unmovable kingdom of righteousness shall be revealed, that we too can look abroad upon this shaking trembling world with an untroubled and confident heart. "Wherefore, receiving a kingdom which cannot be shaken, let us have thankfulness, whereby we may offer service well-pleasing to God."

OUR DUAL PERSONALITY

The youngest man in the present volume, born at Trappe, Pa., in 1895, Mr. Kerschner was educated at Ursinus College and Central Theological Seminary, Dayton, Ohio, followed by two years of graduate work at Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University in New York. Since his graduation in 1921, he has been pastor of the First Reformed Church of Philadelphia—an old historic shrine of his Church in America —where he has recently built a new Church of an institutional type.

In addition to being the Mecca for visitors of the Reformed faith while in Philadelphia, the Old First Church is also one of the "campus Churches" of the University of Pennsylvania; and for such a ministry its pastor is superbly fitted by personality and training—wholesome, forward-looking, finely poised. Large numbers of students attend his ministry to hear such sermons as the one here to be read, clear in thought, apt in illustrations which both illumine and instruct, searching in analysis, and winsome in appeal.

Few young men among us give more promise of constructive Christian leadership, alike in thought and in practical achievement; and the development of his ministry will be followed by many outside of his own communion.

OUR DUAL PERSONALITY

H. B. KERSCHNER, M.A.
FIRST REFORMED CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

Wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Romans 7:24-25.

There is no mistaking the misery of a man who could utter the words with which our text opens. They are words bordering on despair, and show a man shaken down to his very roots. His suffering is so great that he can no longer keep it to himself. He bares his soul, so that all men may look upon it; and speaks words which every generation may read, "Wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the power of this death?"

When we realize that it is the Apostle Paul who is speaking, we think that we know at once where to look for the cause of his trouble. Being fully aware of our own ability to stand only so much, our sympathy flows naturally for one who has been called upon to endure all kinds of hardship. Poor Paul! What had he not been through? From the first, he had had to relinquish position and social standing. He soon became a wanderer upon the face of the earth, cut off from old friendships, and acquainted with every known peril on land and sea. He was

without honor in any country; and his keenness of mind was attributed to madness. And added to all this was a physical infirmity so irritating that he himself refers to it as a "thorn in the flesh." It is no wonder, we say, that a man who had suffered all this should feel wretched.

But we are wrong! It was not persecution from without which had unsteadied Paul. This he had expected from the outset and was fully prepared to meet. No one could fight a good fight better than he when the odds were not too great. The difficulty was that it was not an ordinary situation, to be met with the usual strategy, for the real seat of his trouble was from within himself. He was struggling with a divided personality. His besetting problem was to guide his frail bark in safety between the contrary winds which blow upon the ocean of his life. Try as he would he could not entirely rid himself of that indwelling sin which threatened constantly to leave him shipwrecked. The experience of planning well but ending badly was an almost daily one. To use his own words: "The good which I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. . . . Even when I would do good evil is present with me." So unprofitable seemed all his efforts to gain the mastery over himself that he at last cries out, "Wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me?" His is the well-known cry, "What shall I do to be saved?"

One who is anxious about the moral destiny of the universe cannot but feel refreshed at hearing one man speak out honestly about the nature of his life's

battle. In our day it is not common to hear sin called by its own name. People own up to having a major moral problem, but they don't call it sin. Just now they like to call it a complex. They have a stealing complex, a lying complex, a sex complex or an inferiority complex. The consequences, they will admit, are the same. There is a war within their members. There is a more or less vicious impulse which they have difficulty in mastering. Their personality is divided. With all their hearts they can say that the things which they would not they do; and many would give a good deal to be delivered from the body of this death. But there is this difference. In too many instances, acceptance of the new term seems also to have resulted in a loss of the old refuge in distress. Still wretched enough, they seem to have lost the incentive to cry, "Who shall deliver me?" Too much credit cannot be given that science which is helping us to analyze the nature and problems of sin; but we also need to guard against the peril of accepting the analysis and neglecting the remedy. Cold analysis alone has never saved any one. Happy indeed is the man who has entered into that relationship which has enabled thousands to face life with a triumphant spirit, and to say, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Every man who is honest with himself knows that the problem which left Paul in a turmoil is the same one which is ever threatening to get the best of us. We may use old names or new names to describe it, but the character of it is unchanging. It narrows

down to this, that there is in each of us a demon that is striving to gain the upper hand. Every man knows himself to be a house divided. In vain we cry, "Peace, peace, and there is no peace." The most placid saints confess the consciousness of this inward warfare, and the vast majority of them tell of a battle to the death. Nothing is more clear to the morally sensitive man than that he is joined in unholy wedlock to an uncongenial, incompatible, soul-destroying mate. Respectable though we may be, we are all of us leading a double life. An English soldier, during the war, stated the case succinctly in these words:

> Our Padre, 'e says I'm a sinner,
> And John Bull, 'e says I'm a saint;
> And they're both of 'em bound to be liars,
> For I'm neither of 'em, I ain't.
> I'm a man, and a man's a mixture,
> Right down from his very birth;
> And part of 'im comes from 'eaven,
> And part of 'im comes from earth.

Spurgeon, in his own story of his life, relates that, just before he left Cambridge to go to London, he went one day into the library of Trinity College, and noticed there a fine statue of Lord Byron. In describing the event, he wrote: "The librarian said to me, 'Stand here, sir.' I did as I was directed and as I looked at it I said, 'What a fine intellectual countenance! What a grand genius he was!' 'Come here,' said the librarian, 'and look at the other side of the statue!' I said, 'Oh! What a demon! There stands

the man who could defy the Deity!' He seemed to have such a scowl and such a dreadful leer on his face as Milton would have painted upon Satan when he said, 'Better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven.' I turned away and asked the librarian, 'Do you think the artist designed this?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'he wished to picture the two characters—the great, the grand, the almost superhuman genius that Byron possessed, and yet the enormous mass of sin that was in his soul.' " And the statue of every man which might be fashioned, if the sculptor chose to be true to all the facts, would reveal a soul, sometimes good and sometimes bad, but always two-sided.

Not a few characters in biblical history reflected in the course of their lives the fact that two natures were striving for the supremacy. Saul in his best moments loved David with a father's love. "Is this thy voice, my son, David?" "Saul would let him go no more home to his father's house." But Saul in his worst moments hated David with equal intensity and sought to slay him. The Peter who said, "Lord to whom else shall we go; thou alone hast the words of eternal life," and "Though all should deny thee, yet will not I," was one Peter. The Peter who followed afar off after his arrest, and broke down before the ridicule of bystanders, protesting, "I never knew him," was another Peter. It is evident that Paul, shipwrecked, stoned, beaten and left for dead, carrying the message of the Cross to far-off isles, is a different man from the Paul who went everywhere persecuting the Church. Even the Master had to

gird himself with all the spirit of God in order to overcome the evil which challenged his allegiance. What was the temptation to put himself at the head of the kingdoms of this world but an invitation to yield to his lower nature? What was Gethsemane but a temptation to run away from that which he knew was inevitable if he would be true to his high calling? Does it surprise you to be told that Jesus also had conflicts? It should not! It ought to be highly inspiring to recall that he was tempted in all points even as we are and yet was without sin. It is this that enables us to say, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

And now, reining in our attention and turning it upon ourselves again, who has not discovered, as he has observed himself narrowly, that he also is a full bundle of contradictions? Who has not felt at some time, when he wanted to make up his mind upon some moral issue, that he was at a general meeting? Carlyle never tired of reiterating that there was something of the hero and something of the coward in every man. And does not this fact need to be reiterated? All of us delight to imagine ourselves heroes, marching at the head of the column, but it is only the grace of God which keeps us all from being cowards, skulking in the rear. The hero within us thinks in terms of courage. The coward within us thinks in terms of safety. The hero within us urges us into the very forefront of moral danger; the coward within us urges us to retire to a more sheltered spot. The hero tells a man that he ought to speak out against

some iniquitous practice in business or civic life; the coward tells him to leave it alone. The hero suggests to the rich young man that he sell all that he hath and give it to the poor; the coward convinces him that he shouldn't do anything of the sort. And so the battle goes on. The two have very little common ground and can barely understand each other's speech. To the Greeks and Jews the heroism of the Cross is an offense. To us it is the glorious event which enables us to overcome the world and be of good cheer. It is one reason why we are able to say, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Nowhere is the truth of the thing we have been stressing more clearly shown than in the matter of our fluctuating faith and doubt. What a curious combination of faith and doubt we are at our best! One would almost think as he checked up his experiences in this field that he was dealing with different individuals. Sometimes there is no end to one's faith. On other occasions a man has nothing for his efforts but doubts. George Eliot, in her account of Savonarola, observes that a man must often speak in virtue of yesterday's faith, hoping that it will come back tomorrow. Luther confessed that at times he believed, and at times he doubted. There is an interesting letter by the sturdy Protestant, Hugh Latimer, to his fellow martyr, Nicholas Ridley, in which he writes: "Pray for me, I say. For I am sometimes so fearful, that I will creep into a mouse-hole; sometimes God doth visit me again with his comfort. So He cometh and goeth." Victor Hugo makes one of his

characters ask another: "Do you believe in God, chevalier?" And the reply comes, "Yes. No. Sometimes." Darwin, in tracing the amazing progress of the universe, confesses that "at times there came over him with irresistible force the conviction that he had seen the Father." "Then again," as he sadly acknowledges, "he lost the vision." The lives of great men are constantly reminding us that few of them have been able to traverse the way of faith with a strong and steady tread.

This experience of intermittent faith and doubt is fully acknowledged in the Bible. A common misrepresentation of the Bible is that as one turns its pages there comes tumbling out in quick succession a series of men whose faith was flowering and uninterrupted. For one who really knows his Bible no such fair promise is ever presented. Indeed the most eminent biblical characters were men of turbulent moods and doubts. Even when they wanted to believe, doubt was present with them. Thus Moses, worn out by his unsuccessful pleadings with Pharaoh, said, "Lord, wherefore hast thou dealt ill with this people? Why is it that thou hast sent me? For since I came to Pharaoh to speak in thy name, he hath dealt ill with this people; neither hast thou delivered thy people at all." Thus Gideon, perplexed by the multitude of wrongs which had been visited upon his countrymen, arraigns God, "Oh, my God, if Jehovah is with us, why then is all this befallen us? And where are all his wondrous works which our father told us of, saying, Did not Jehovah bring us up from Egypt? But

now Jehovah hath cast us off, and delivered us into the hand of Midian." Thus Job, wearied by his ineffectual entreaties, declared, "If I had called, and he had answered me; yet would I not believe that he had hearkened unto my voice." Thus John the Baptist, sick and in prison, and discouraged because the people did not follow Jesus in greater numbers, sent a messenger to him with the query, "Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?" When one calls the roll of the great men of faith, one immediately becomes aware that here he is dealing also with the world's greatest doubters.

It is always an inspiration to hear a Christian congregation sing together the words of the majestic old hymn:

> Unto the hills around do I lift up
> My longing eyes;
> O whence for me shall my salvation come
> From whence arise?
> From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
> From God the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

At first observation one might suppose that all those who sang maintained a solid and unbroken faith. But break the ranks and let each individual, apart from the strength which his fellows give him, probe himself and state the extent of his belief. Some will believe more, some less. Some will have perfect assurance. Most will have to content themseves with the petition: "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Joseph Fort Newton spoke for all his brethren when

he said: "Few people suspect how much a man of the pulpit preaches to himself, and what a struggle goes on in the lonely places of his own soul in respect to the faith that makes us faithful. Life has for most of us a precipice, down to the abysses; but on the other side our feet are on the rock, the rock of experience."

Well, when we face the dilemma at its worst, and seek deliverance, where shall we turn: There is but one place. Paul found it. "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." What did Jesus do? Why, on the cross, in the midst of all his torture, he cried, in doubt, "Why hast thou forsaken me"; but in the same breath said, in faith, "My God!" And this must be the approach of every man who would come to a living, vital faith in God. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek after him." He who comes believing will find it impossible not to believe. Just as any other truly great thing is incapable of denial when we are in its presence, so no man can draw near to God without having his faith established. No man can look upon Mt. Shasta in the moonlight without knowing that there is such a thing as a snow-capped mountain. No man can view the leap and listen to the thunderous music of Niagara without knowing that there is such a thing as a water-fall. No man can hear a great symphony without knowing that there is such a thing as music. No man can look into the face of his mother without knowing that there is such a thing as the human heart. And no man can,

in any great hour of sorrow or joy, repentance or devotion, prosperity or adversity, look into the face of his Father, without knowing that there is One who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

The consequences of our divergent personalities are also apparent when we review our attempts to measure up to our ideals. Could anything be more evident than that a deep gap stretches between a man's aspirations and his inclinations. Even when we would do good evil is present with us. Like Paul we do not boast that we have attained. Praised be if we still have the heart to press on toward the mark! The perils in the way of reaching up to our ideals are so many and so shattering. In the *Prisoner Who Sang,* we find Andreas, who all through his life had shown himself the possessor of a split personality, at one time both a pawn-broker, and a leader of the poor against those who oppressed them. During the day, he grew rich by preying upon those who were perishing with hunger, cold and lack of shelter; at night he lectured to these same people upon the evils of massed wealth. At last, he led a mob on the place of the pawn-broker, battered down the door, and extinguished the pawn-broker's existence. When tried for the murder of the pawn-broker, he acknowledged that he was responsible for his disappearance, and, after explaining the circumstances, added: "To tell the exact truth, I believe there is a bit of the pawn-broker in each of us." How true to life this is! Each

of us is dissatisfied with the limits of his moral frontier; yet each finds himself balked, in every attempt at enlargement, by some selfish "pawn-broker" from within who tangles his feet and renders him infirm.

If there is one resolve that I imagine each of us is making as he is seated here in this house of worship this morning, it is that from henceforth he will, by the grace of God, lead a more devoted and useful life. It is well that he says, by the grace of God, for alone he can do nothing. He is yet fettered by his lower self. He will find the way hard and, before he knows it, discover that he has been whipped. Is there anything this morning that seems to you meaner than a lie? You detest everything that is untruthful. And yet you will tell lies—deliberate falsehoods or only half-truths—before next Sunday, and regret it, and wish you hadn't, and swear that you will never do it again, and then do it. There is not a man here who wants to be known as a cheat. He has a sense of what is honorable and wants to abide in that way. But before many days are passed, he will find himself jostled by anger, fear, rivalry or avarice; the vision fades and winks out; he enters into a vulgar bargain with his neighbor, by which he gains and his neighbor loses—and, if the grace of God is with him, he is ashamed of it all the days of his life. Or, knowing the strain of life, a man decides that he cannot get along without prayer, and he determines from henceforth to practice it daily. He starts well; but by and by it is the time for prayer and he cannot control his thoughts. Perhaps some one knocks at the

door, a baby begins to cry, or a man plays a hand-organ under his window. How can he meditate! Everything seems against him. Outside matters conspire to disturb the spirit of the inner, and pretty soon the ideal is gone. With Paul we lament, "Wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me?"

Well, if we are as wretched about it as Paul was, we have it within us also to find the way out. If we are beset with myriads of the imps of darkness, we also know that we are children of God, and that it doth not yet appear what we may become. The great lesson of experience which we cannot ponder too long is that men have attained unto spiritual heights of which they never supposed themselves capable. How did they do it? There is but one way. Paul found it. "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." What did Jesus do? Why, he scaled the heights of character. He never lowered his ideal. He conquered sin. Until the very end, he remained "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Many a time we have looked at the ideal of Jesus and said, "It is too high; who can attain unto it?" His teachings seem so far out of our reach: "Whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath cannot be my disciple;" "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them;" "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you." To be meek, peace-loving, forbearing and forgiving he held to be the fulfillment of the law. What principles these are right from the heart of

God! How difficult and remote they seem! Our evil consort reminds us that they are impossible, too remote—that they are not for man. They are not, indeed! They are for man plus the God within. That is why Jesus could live up to them; and why we can say, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Well has George Tyrrell written: "Again and again I have been tempted to give up the struggle, but always the figure of that strange man hanging on the Cross sends me back to my task again."

And what people say about the teachings of Jesus, they also say about the Ten Commandments of Moses. We are assured that it is impossible to take them literally or to keep them today. The idealist who holds out for them as they are is always being reminded that human nature has its limits. Who, men ask, in such a world, can keep from dishonoring God? Who can keep from envying, from stealing, or from lying? All that man can possibly do, we are told, is to keep the commandments before us as the ideal of heaven, and to strive, as best we can, to measure up to them. In this way do we ever dilute the ideal, and make the commands of God of none effect. But such a disposition of the case is not inevitable. It is not impossible to keep the commandments. Jesus kept them. No evil could be found in him. When reviled he reviled not again. He went about doing good. The commandments not made for man? Of course not! They are made for man plus the God within. Jesus was able to keep them because he never forgot the ancient words with which

they were introduced: "I am the Lord, thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." And it is not too much to imagine him saying to us today, "Wherefore, seeing that ye have a God who can do that, thou canst also, by his grace, keep the commandments."

Brethren, a house divided against itself cannot stand. No man can serve two natures. It is our urgent business, therefore, to mend the fracture in our characters. You have tried and failed! Well, keep on trying! Ordinarily, success holds out its hands only to those who take the long way 'round. The uninitiate cannot at first call forth sweet harmonies from the piano, but he keeps on trying. The young medical graduate is not acclaimed a specialist over night, but he keeps on trying. Men did not at their first attempt build bridges, fly aeroplanes, or tunnel rivers, but they kept on trying. Occasionally there is found a young genius who can write sonatas at an early age, and occasionally there is found a spiritual genius who seems to be goodness itself all at once, but as a general thing only those prevail who do not weary in well-doing. The crown of life is reserved for those who fight a good fight and keep the faith. Difficult as he knew it to be, Browning glorified the struggle in these words:

> No, when the fight begins within himself
> A man's worth something: God stoops o'er his head;
> Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
> He's left himself, i' the middle; the soul
> Wakes and grows. Prolong that battle through life.

Thus the heroic man struggles on. He knows that if sin abounds, grace does much more abound. He perceives that all things are possible to him that believeth. When Calvin was a student at Paris, and was just beginning to break with the traditional Roman interpretation of Christianity, he discovered, much to his annoyance, that his fellow students and other inquiring folk were turning to him for guidance. And there is a tradition that this shy and hesitant scholar, apprehensive of the conflict, and scarcely knowing whither his thoughts were taking him, used to conclude all his early addresses on religious themes with these words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" This is the Christian's program. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

No wonder Dean Brown has so rich a ministry; he is a teacher of preachers as much by example as by precept. In a style simple, direct, clear-cut, he deals with the matter in hand, and one forgets the fine art of his homiletics. While never falling into slang, he speaks the familiar language of everyday, with now a glint of humor, and now a flash of insight into the lonely places of the soul. Like Dolly Winthrop in the George Eliot story, one goes away "all set up" for the week after hearing him preach; and that is what preaching is for.

Born in West Virginia in 1862, Dean Brown was educated at the University of Iowa and Boston University. For fifteen years he was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, California, and since 1911 has been Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University. To name his books would be to recite a long list, the latest being *The Art of Preaching, These Twelve, What Is Your Name, Ten Short Stories from the Bible;* in which both the art and insight of the preacher are revealed.

No man among us knows better how to deal with the moral problems and spiritual needs of folk in all walks of life. The young man or woman in business, the financier in the depths of failure or on the crest of success, the man broken in health, the woman unhappily married, all who are suffering or handicapped find help and healing in his ministry; and as a preacher to students there is no one like him—no one near him.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

CHARLES R. BROWN, D.D.
DEAN, YALE DIVINITY SCHOOL

Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom. Genesis 13:12.
Abraham went out not knowing whither. Hebrews 11:8.

I shall preach to you on a very familiar phrase—"Where do we go from here?" I shall use two texts. They stand far apart in the Scriptures—one of them from the first book in the Bible, the other from almost the last—yet they have to do with two men who lived next door. There was a time when the two men touched elbows daily. "Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom." "Abraham went out not knowing whither."

Now the key words in those texts are the two words "toward" and "whither." They indicate the general direction each life was taking. They deal not with achievement but with tendency—and that is the most significant fact about any life. Here is a man moving along a certain line—you can judge as to the outcome by the direction he takes! "Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom." "He was not there yet but he was headed that way."

Sodom was one of the cities of the plain there in the Jordan Valley. It was a prosperous town. Business was good. Bank clearings showed up well. The

price of real estate on Main Street was going up. "Watch Sodom grow," the Rotary Club of that day was saying through its publicity man.

Lot sensed the situation—he saw the big buildings going up, and he wanted a share of the fat prosperity they housed. He stood ready to overlook the fact that it was a vile place—its morals were unspeakable and the very name of Sodom had already become a byword and a hissing. "No matter," he said, "I can make money there! Sodom is good enough for me and it shall be my home town." He therefore took his wife and daughters and pitched his tent toward Sodom.

Abraham, on the other hand, turned his back on Sodom. He would not bring up his family in any such place. He did not want the men of Sodom to be slapping him on the back and calling him by his first name. He wanted something higher, finer, vaster, than anything offered in those cities of the plain. He was looking for a city that had foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

He did not know just where it was nor how long it would take him to reach it, nor just how he would gain a footing there. "He went out not knowing whither"—it was a venture of faith. He set his face toward God and righteousness and a life of service—and in his influence all the nations of the earth have been blessed. The two men stood side by side that day when they made their choice, but the tendencies they showed had already set them as far apart as the North Pole and the South Pole.

"I am the way," the Master said, indicating the right road! No man cometh to his best but by Him. The Christian religion in the first century was commonly called "The Way." "I persecuted this way unto the death," Paul said, looking back with remorse upon a certain period in his own career. "After the way they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers," he said later. This is "the way"—walk in it! Every one who is in that way or faced that way, becomes a Christian even though his present spiritual achievements may be meager.

"What is Christianity?" Willard Sperry asks in his little book. "It is a way of life." General Grant telling General Lee at Appomattox that the Southern cavalrymen had better keep their horses because they would need them for the Spring plowing! John Hay returning the Boxer indemnity money to China to create a fund for the education of Chinese young men! David Livingstone letting his light shine in the Dark Continent that Africa might see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ! William Booth, head of the Salvation Army, standing supreme in his generation as the friend of publicans and sinners! Wilfred Grenfell devoting his unusual intellectual ability, his professional skill as a physician, the charm and force of his personality as a man, to the service of a lot of unfortunate, neglected, forgotten fishermen on the coasts of Labrador! Edith Cavell facing death in Belgium and saying, "Patriotism is not enough—we must have no hatred in our hearts toward anybody." She is still saying it while the tu-

mult and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart, and the "Hymn of Hate" fades out.

All that is Christianity, for Christianity is a way of life. It is *the* way of life and when it dominates a man's career he is a Christian.

Go back to Lot again—he pitched his tent toward Sodom! Lot's first name was "Babbitt"—it does not appear in the Authorized Version but you may find it in some of these modern translations of the Bible. He was out for the goods and he wanted them in the large. He wanted a fortune with all the power, the privilege and the pleasure which fortune is supposed to bring. "He lifted up his eyes," the record says, "and saw the plain of Jordan that it was well watered." There was no better pasture anywhere in Palestine. Lot coveted that pasture for his flocks and the money it would mean when he marketed them.

The love of money lies at the root of all manner of evil. The offer of all the kingdoms of this world in exchange for moral aspiration is one of the best cards Satan has in his pack. He wins many a trick with it. He sees many a life go down in defeat when he leads from that long suit.

Sodom is not just a place on the map of that ancient, half-forgotten world. Sodom is a state of mind, a way of looking at things, a mode of life. And Sodom is still doing business although that city of the plain was burned up three thousand years ago. Sodom is listed on the Stock Exchange. It is entered up in Society's Blue Book. It shows its ugly

head in clubs where men do congregate. I am afraid that we might find what the chemist would call "traces" of Sodom in some of our educational institutions and even in some of our churches.

Sodom is that mode of life which sets its heart mainly upon things which perish with the using. It insists upon an abundance of good things to eat and drink—the latter especially, law or no law! It wants a lot of nice things to wear and a wealth of expensive furniture and an endless series of thrills from a round and round of amusement and self-indulgence. Faith, hope, love, moral aspiration and Christian devotion —all these it pooh-poohs. "Let's get down to brass tacks!" it says in cynical fashion! All that is Sodom!

This man Lot lived in a world of things which could be bought and sold. Now that stream of commodities flowed this way, now it flowed that way, but always in such a way as to turn the wheels of his mill and grind him out a grist of profits. He lived in that stream as a trout lives in the brook. He ate in it, slept in it, worked in it, thought in it, seven days in the week. He was never out of it for an hour from Monday morning to Sunday night. There was no holy day on his calendar. If you had talked with him on any other topic than that of trade you would have found him as dull as a pine stump. He believed that a man's life does consist in the abundance of the things that he can buy. All that too is Sodom.

When Abraham and Lot came together that day the older man offered the younger man a generous option. "Let there be no strife between thee and

me! The whole plain is before thee—take thy choice."

The young man rather plumed himself on the fact that he had the "inside dope" on that situation and that he was getting the best of an old man now a bit shaky on his legs and a bit sentimental in his business judgment. Lot made a shrewd, selfish choice based entirely on his desire for gain. He was bound to break into Sodom, even though the moral tone of the place was low and mean.

That choice indicated the general trend of the man's life and it spelled ruin. The fire and brimstone which rained from heaven upon Sodom are vivid symbols of the fate which in one form or another always overtakes that mode of life.

The rest of the story follows naturally and inevitably. Lot filled his purse—"he was rich," the record says, "in flocks and herds and tents, in silver and in gold." But he lived to see his home life become as bitter as a pillar of salt. He lived to see his daughters become shameless and profligate. Disaster came and swept away all his property. He lost everything and wandered as a homeless outcast among the caves of Zoar.

Last of all, he lost himself. What shall it profit a man though he gains all the outward advantages which can be named and then loses out himself! When Lot looked in the glass, he did not see anything—there was nobody there. This is the tragic outcome of every life which pitches its tent toward Sodom.

Look now at the other man! Abraham turned his back on Sodom and went out not knowing whither—it was a venture of faith. He was betting his life, as Donald Hankey said, that there is a God and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. He was staking his whole future on obedience to the highest impulse he had ever felt. And that way honor lies, and victory, and a destiny which will outlast and outshine the stars.

"Get thee out," a voice said—and it was a divine voice—"get thee out unto a land that I will show thee." He did not know just where it was nor how far away. He had no friends there as yet. He carried no letter of credit drawn upon the resources of that unknown country. He was a moral pioneer breaking the path for all who might follow in his train. He was a discoverer charting the course for all who might sail the high seas of spiritual adventure under sealed orders. "He went out," he went west, all unaware of the full significance of his action.

In the same spirit, Paul went out when his hour struck. He too went west, crossing the Ægean Sea from Troas in Asia to Macedonia in Europe, that he might plant the gospel of Christ in that newer continent where it found its highest development in the centuries which followed.

In the same spirit, Christian missionaries in the time of Augustine went out—they went west from Italy to England when the latter country was still pagan. In that same spirit, the Pilgrims of England and Holland went out—they went west from

Europe to America to lay here the foundations of a great republic in faith and righteousness. They went out not knowing whither, all unaware of the mighty development which would follow upon their action. It is a long, honorable procession of spiritual adventure. And it too is to be judged, not by the meager achievements of those earlier years, but by its general tendency and direction.

It is not what you are nor where you are at this moment which determines your rating on the books the Lord keeps. It is what you want to be and where you desire to go—and by the grace of God mean to go before you are through with it—that tells the story.

It is the way you are faced! You may not be in Sodom—God forbid—but if you are headed that way then the best that life holds for you is imperiled. You may not be walking with sure, firm tread on the higher levels of spiritual achievement—very few of us are—but if you are faced that way and are moving, then you can afford to sing a Te Deum. It is only a question of time, for you are going on and up.

Take long views of life! You cannot bring the growth, the advance, the destiny of a human soul within the limits of some movie film which is soon reeled off. How brief this whole earthly life is at best! "The days of our years are threescore and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet it is soon cut off and we fly away." It is only a clock-tick in the eyes of Him with whom a thousand years are as one day.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom! Satisfy us early with thy mercy! Establish thou the work of our hands and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us!" It is a prayer which every thoughtful person feels moved to make even before his sun has passed the meridian.

It is tomorrow even more than yesterday which makes today what it is—and that is saying a great deal. All the yesterdays have their part in determining our present status but all the tomorrows as well have been casting the spell of their influence upon us. If there be an endless series of tomorrows awaiting us, then how mighty becomes their appeal!

Look ahead—a long, straight look ahead, facing the highest that life can hold—and then move toward it in that same mood of high resolve shown by this man of old! Look for that social order which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

Once more, you notice that this man of faith was unselfish! He had never been bitten by that fad which is forever talking about "being left free to live its own life." He was not yielding to every chance impulse nor seeking constantly for his own self-realization, whether or no. His robust nature would have made short work of that sort of fol-de-rol. Self-realization with him was only a means to an end. He had no desire to become a stagnant pool, forever receiving but never giving, and therefore destined to be covered with a thick, green, useless scum. He would

make his life a river of water, moving on and with an abundant outlet.

His main function in life became a transmissive function. "I will bless thee," the voice said, "and thou shalt be a blessing. I will make of thee a great nation and in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

His mark of distinction lay not in possession but in transmission. As Francis Peabody of Harvard says, "There is really nothing glorious in mere possession. It may be mean and inglorious—as mean when the possession is brains or power as when it is bonds or wheat." The worth of any life is to be found in its transmissive capacity. "I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing."

How splendidly those Pilgrims here on our own Atlantic coast embodied that principle! They sailed out from the old world bound for the new, not knowing whither they went. They made it a spiritual as well as a physical venture of faith. They bravely committed themselves to "the ways of God made known and to be made known," as they put it. They boldly announced their belief that "more light was yet to break from God's word." They did not know it all—they left that to the Sophomores who are found in a great many other places besides the second year in college. They were eager to know more and they went ahead believing that "more light would break." And because they too had the Messianic spirit, all the nations of the world have been blessed in what they did. "I will bless thee, and thou shalt

be a blessing." The only man who ever finds his life is the one who stands ready to lose it in unselfish service.

Come back then to the place where we started—"Where do we go from here?" It all depends! The significant fact about any life is not its present position and achievements but its tendency and direction. If you are pitching your tent of aspiration toward a world of things, then you will go as Lot went. If, on the other hand, you fare forth on a spiritual quest intent upon the best that life holds, it is already yours.

You may be standing this very day at the parting of the ways. You can go forward or backward, to the right hand or to the left, up or down! You can go toward Sodom or toward the city of God! How much is involved—think hard before you make your choice!

Here is the line which the greatest of the Apostles would have every one of us take! "We all with open face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord are changed!" Not in a moment, nor in a month, nor in a lifetime, but through all the unending years! "We are changed into the same image" until at last "we awake in His likeness."

RELIGION AS EXPERIENCE

More than twenty years ago some of us found a little paper called *A College Town Pulpit,* devoted to the sermons of Dr. Sunderland, at that time minister of the Unitarian Church in Ann Arbor. Since then we have followed all his work with profit and fruitful joy, whereof it is an honor to bear testimony. Through all the years he has been a teacher of wise and good and beautiful truth, the far-reaching influence of which he can never measure.

Dr. Sunderland is a Yorkshire man, born in 1842, educated at the Chicago University and the Baptist Union Seminary. Two years after his ordination to the Baptist ministry, he became a Unitarian, and has held many strong pulpits, both in Canada and the United States; traveling the while in many parts of the world, a writer, an editor, an interpreter of man and his faith. He was President of the All-India Theistic Conference in 1913-14. Among his many books perhaps the best known are *The Origin and Growth of the Bible, Life in Palestine, The Spark and the Clod, James Martineau, Channing,* and *Because Men Are Not Stones.*

Out of the quiet of his retirement he writes the following sermon—gracious, serene, rich in faith—in which one feels the mellowness of old experience and the tranquillity of a great hope. Who can better tell of Religion as Experience than one who has tested it amid the trials and triumphs of many days and years.

RELIGION AS EXPERIENCE

J. T. SUNDERLAND, D.D.
UNITARIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Psalm 46:1.
A Father of the fatherless. Psalm 68:5.
A refuge for the oppressed. Psalm 9:9.
Our dwelling place in all generations. Psalm 90: 1.

Religion presents itself to man under four aspects: as something to be gone through with, or performed; as something to be believed; as something to be studied, analyzed, or speculated about; and as something to be experienced. In other words, it presents itself as a Ceremonial; as a Creed; as a Philosophy; and as a Life.

What are we to say of these differing conceptions of religion? Doubtless we should say that all are legitimate; all are useful; but no one taken alone is complete—each needs the others to round it out to wholeness. Especially is this true of the first three, but they need the fourth. Experience or life is the end toward which each of the others ought to lead—the only result which gives them justification for being. Without religion as a personal experience, ceremonials, creeds and philosophies are a body without a soul.

I

Experience of religion! I know there is a prejudice in many minds against the thought. To some persons, such experience seems only superstition, or cant, or pretense; to others, an empty dream of the imagination. Persons with habits of unfettered thinking, or who care much for science and reason, are perhaps particularly liable to be among those who look upon religious experience with incredulity and disfavor. But why should this be so? Can any one give a good reason?

No one denies the validity of experience in matters outside of religion. Indeed the scientist and the man of independent thought are the very ones who, in other things, are likely to appeal to experience most. They do not want speculation, they tell you; they want to know. They want the testimony of somebody who has seen, heard, felt, experimented. They of all men, then, should show not least but most respect for experience in matters of religion.

If I believed that religion rested upon a foundation of mere hypotheses and speculations I certainly should not be a religious teacher. Indeed, if I did not believe that the main, central truths of religion are as evident, certain, verifiable as anything known to man—as the facts of science, or as the demonstration and axioms of mathematics—I certainly should never stand in a Christian pulpit. I do believe that nothing in man's knowledge rests upon a more secure foundation—upon one more absolutely incapable of

being disturbed, than religion. Why? Because it rests upon the soul's deepest experiences. Below these it is impossible to go. If here is not reality, then indeed.

> The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble.

For even the validity of our knowledge of the outward world depends upon the truthfulness of the world within.

II

You say agriculture you know about, for that has to do with tangible things; and a science like geology you can be sure of, for that deals with hard facts. But do you really think that a stone is any more a solid fact than is love or hope? Are you any more sure that the stone is out there, than you are that you love your child or your friend? Are you any more certain, when you plant your seed in the spring, that you will get a harvest in the fall; or when you go to bed at night tired from your toil, to rest for the next day, are you any more sure that there will be any next day than you are that justice is better than injustice, and truth than falsehood? I think not.

As regards any object of external nature, a flower or a tree—are you any more sure that it really exists, as to your senses it seems to, than you are that over the tree and over all else you see, and over your own

life, there is a Power higher than yourself, from which, somehow, the tree and yourself came—a Power and Wisdom that can be trusted—which you have learned by all the experience of your life can be trusted? I think not. Men talk strangely, sometimes, about the physical world—the world of external nature—being certain, and the internal world of the mind and the spirit being uncertain—as if the distant could be more certain than the near—as if knowledge of the soul's foreign lands could be more reliable than knowledge of the soul's home lands. Do we not know that the things of external nature—trees, grass, houses, hills, other persons, animals, skies —*are* really our soul's *foreign* lands, the lands which the mind reaches by journeying away to a distance. The own country of us all, the land in which we habitually dwell, is the internal world of our own thoughts, our own feelings, our own desires, aspirations, hopes, fears, memories, longings, loves, imaginations, emotions. Shall we say that our knowledge of this near, familiar land is uncertain, untrustworthy? and that to get knowledge which we can rely on we must travel away from home, sailing out from port of eye and ear, over oceans of air and mysterious spaces we do not understand, to the foreign land of objective things—physical, external nature—stone, tree, river, sky?

No, there is nothing so near us as ourselves. There is nothing we so immediately and certainly know as ourselves. Our deepest knowledge is experience, and not even that experience, either, that comes to us

from without, indirectly and roundabout by way of the senses, but that deepest of all possible experience which is immediate, which is internal, which is of the mind, the heart, the conscience, the moral and spiritual nature, upon which true religion ever builds. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." Why is the religion of experience so sure? Because God has builded it into man's moral and spiritual nature. By all of man's long experience on the earth it has grown to be a part of his deepest self. The creator of his soul has engraved it on his soul: nay, has planted it in his soul, a plant of the eternities. It is the divine in him. It is God in him. Therefore he can depend upon it as certainly as he can depend upon the universe or upon God himself.

III

One of the striking things about the preaching of Jesus when he was on the earth was his constant talk about what he called "the Kingdom of God," or "the Kingdom of Heaven." He represented his constant desire, his great aim, as being to establish that kingdom, to build it up among men. He taught his disciples to pray, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name . . . thy kingdom come." He pronounced blessing upon the humble and lowly in spirit, and those who were persecuted for righteousness' sake, saying, "Yours is the kingdom of heaven." When men desired to know what that kingdom was,

he represented it as the reign of truth and love, of peace and good will, on the earth. And when asked further about it, he said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

Now, what did ordinary hearers of Jesus, those who saw only superficially, think about this talk? Undoubtedly they thought it nonsense. The "kingdom of heaven" to them was probably nothing but a fancy, a hallucination of the brain of the Nazarene. As for them, they preferred solid, enduring things, not dreams and moonshine. A kingdom! Herod had a kingdom that was real; for could they not see the swords and spears that supported it? Kings in other nations round about had kingdoms that were substantial; for were they not guarded by powerful armies? Especially was the empire of world-commanding Rome solid. But this kingdom that this religious enthusiast declaimed about, which consisted simply of ideas, principles, truths, sentiments, and that was declared to be within the mind and heart—let him go and preach it to silly women! Were they not men with too much shrewdness and judgment to be caught with such chaff?

And yet, now that nigh two thousand years have gone, how stands the case? Which do we see to have been right, the prophet of religion, who proclaimed a kingdom of the soul, or they who could see nothing strong or enduring, or worthy of regard, but that which appealed to the eye, and ear, and the physical senses of man? Alas! in a few brief years every vestige of Herod's kingdom was gone. Rome stood

longer, but in spite of her unparalleled strength she too fell. And all these nineteen centuries, since the prophet's voice was heard, have been full of the noise of toppling thrones and the wreck of kingdoms, empires, dynasties. But how about that kingdom of the spirit of which Jesus spoke? Has it faded or failed? Not so! Steadily has it strengthened; century by century has its dominion widened; never was it so powerful, and never were its foundations so firm as today. Amidst a world of change it has proved the one enduring reality.

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal Kingdom stands.

Truly, indeed, the things that are seen are temporal; the things that are not seen are eternal. Verily, the solid things are not those which we hear and see and taste and handle. The solid things are those of the soul. Religion builds upon what cannot be shaken because she builds upon what is deepest in the nature of man.

IV

And this, too, is why religion can supply man's deep and permanent needs as nothing else can. What are the deepest and most permanent needs of man as he journeys through the land of earth? Of course,

he must have food to eat and water to drink by the way, and clothing and shelter to protect him from the cold. These are essential, for without these he dies. But these alone, and everything else on the plane with these, satisfy the wants of only the brute beast in him. Is he only a brute beast? Has he no wants other than the ox or the tiger? Ah, there is a higher side of his nature which has its needs as deep and imperative as those of his body. He was made to think, and feel, and hope, and love, and pray; to cherish truth, to obey reason, to champion right; to care for his fellow men, to help every good cause; to abhor evil, to spurn wrong; to aspire after that which is above him, to walk joyfully and holily through the world, to keep his heart full of patience and trust to the end, and when the evening of his life's day comes,

> Approach his grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
> And lies down to pleasant dreams.

Where is he to get help to do all this? Yet this need is quite as great as his need for food or drink or shelter for his body. For what could compensate if he should feed the animal in him and let the angel starve? To be sure, in this world of so sore poverty and physical suffering, it is a great problem how to supply adequately the bodily needs of the poor. The importance of this should not be overlooked. And yet the larger, deeper, graver problem is how to sup-

ply the spiritual wants of both poor and rich. For, oh, how much ignorance, fear, sorrow, disappointment, pain, heartbreak, despair, sin, lust, greed, cruelty, hate, misery and evil in ten thousand forms is to be seen all up and down the world, among rich and poor alike! And where is this spiritual want and misery to find relief?

When man is hungry with that hunger which is of the soul, and which physical bread only mocks; when he thirsts with a thirst which the things of sense cannot quench or touch; when he is tired, so that no bed can rest him, weary in mind and heart, tired of life itself; when hope fails; when strength is gone; when courage departs; when the currents of human friendship and love seem to freeze; when sorrow and disappointment fall upon him and break his heart; when bereavement and death stand coldly, bitterly, in his path and must be met; and saddest and most terrible of all, when temptations to evil roll over him like billows and sweep him under; and when sin, like a body of death, fastens itself on him, dragging him down, with resolves broken, desire baffled, will enfeebled, down, down—then where is help to be found? In what direction, in such deep needs as these, may we look for light or hope?

There is no direction but one; in all the world's ten thousand years of search for help in her experiences of mightiest need, no at all adequate resource but one has ever been discovered. What is that? I need tell no one of you who has observed, no one of you who has read history, no one of you who has a

human heart—that resource is religion—the personal experience of religion in the soul—the conscious, purposeful, earnest opening of the soul's doors to the incoming spirit of God, the power of God, the peace of God, the love of God, the life of God. The tides of life from above once set flowing through a man, then, but only then, there is hope for any human soul. And that is the reason why religion, particularly the Christian religion, of God's Fatherhood and unfailing Love to all his children, has been able to reach, quicken, ennoble, sanctify, transform, save men in every condition of life, as nothing else has ever done.

v

Let no one misunderstand me. There are other influences in this world besides religion that have elevating, ennobling, saving power. I would not undervalue or make light of these. Among the more important of such influences are doubtless education, homes, association with the good—and in their way, science, philosophy, laws, physical environment. All these should be employed and made the most of, and some of them are exceedingly important. And yet it is no disparagement to any of these to say that, as an agency for bringing hope to the despairing, comfort to the sad, courage to the faltering, succor to the tempted, strength to the weak, patience in trial, light in bereavement, calmness in the presence of death, and above all moral and spiritual regeneration to men

dead in indifference and sin, none of them have a tithe of the power of Religion. As a practical reformatory influence in society, as a begetter of moral power, as an inspiration to men to live for the highest things, religion has been, at least through all Christian history, is now, and probably always will be, without a rival, without the possibility of a rival—something alone, unique, incomparable, truly divine—divine because through it man consciously lays hold of a Strength higher than his own.

I trust that this makes clear what I mean by Religion as an Experience. Nor is Religion as an Experience something confined to any one class of persons, or to any age or time. It has come in the past, and is coming still, to untold millions, of all classes—to kings, to beggars; to the wise, to the simple; to the greatest minds of the race, like Jesus, Paul, Augustine, Milton, Cromwell, Gladstone, Lincoln; but none the less it comes to the lowly woman in her garret; to the sailor on the sea; to the prodigal son squandering his substance in riotous living in a far country; to the old man tottering above his grave; to the little child in its sorrow. And it waits to reveal itself to you and me, whenever our need is great, and human help fails.

VI

We none of us know much about our future. God kindly hangs a veil before our eyes. But this much we most surely know, the future of each of us will

be full of deep heart-needs, which must be supplied from some source higher than ourselves. We shall all our lives have work to do that will not be easy—that will tend ever to sink into mere drudgery and slavery. What can prevent it? What can give us songs in our toil? Nothing so certainly—this is the testimony of the ages—nothing so certainly as the acceptance of our tasks as from God, to be done for Him, not only as a part of his plan of things, but under his eye, and in the light of his smile if done well.

We shall all, a thousand times over in the years that are coming, be pressed hard by temptation—temptation to hold lightly to our integrity; to stoop somewhat below high honor; to suppress the truth when we ought bravely to speak it out; to vary from the line of strict honesty in business; to be selfish when we ought to be generous; to ask what is easy, or popular, or expedient, when we ought to think only of what is right; to yield weak and slavish obedience to our appetites or passions instead of keeping our lower natures in subjection to our higher. What can help us in these crisis times of life? What can give us strength to stand on our feet and be men—yielding obedience ever to conscience as our king? There is no such help as Religion. The soul that has once definitely committed itself to the religious life, that has opened itself to religion as an experience, that as learned to identify the voice of conscience with the voice of God, is armed against temptation in all its forms as no other can possibly be. Consci-

ously in alliance with a Power higher than his own, by a subtle law that Higher Power flows into his life.

So, too, as we travel on across the years we must all expect to meet disappointments, discouragements, failures of plans, dashing to pieces cherished expectations; such is the human lot. How are we going to be able to bear up under these? The danger is that as a result of them we may lose hope, courage, incentive, interest in life. What can save us? Nothing can so effectually save us as a noble Religious Faith, which looks beyond seemings to realities, beyond temporal things to eternal, and sees that in the soul itself lies all enduring good; so that even if riches take to themselves wings and fly away, and earthly prospects fail, and disappointments in matters of worldly interest or ambition come, the real ends of our existence are not affected; still, the soul, strong in the life of God and confident of an immortal destiny, rises serene above all these temporary clouds of earth, its hope undimmed, its courage undaunted.

Nor is anything less to be said as to the practical value of Religion in the sorrows and anxieties connected with that deepest mystery, death. It does not take a long experience in this world to teach us all that we are in a land whose green soil on every side breaks with startling ease into graves. The sunniest faces of today, tomorrow are wet with tears of sorrow for loved ones gone to return no more. And the end for ourselves, we know, is only just a little way on down the road.

What can help us in all this? Man in his experi-

ence on the earth has found no such help as the calm, strong faith in the soul that Wisdom and Goodness are at the heart of this universe—that we and all our loved ones for life and for death are in the hands of One who cannot do wrong and will not be unkind.

Thus it is that Religion as an Experience comes to us, not like so many others of earth's helpers, to offer us its aid in hours of sunshine, and when all goes well. Rather does it come to proffer its help most urgently and generously when other resources fail. Indeed, there is no time of deepest, sorest need in life, when it is not at hand for us if we will have it.

From the cradle to the grave,
It comes to save!
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations,
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish,
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,
It comes to save.

From doubt where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong,
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,

Where faiths seem built on dust,
Where love seems half mistrust,
Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea,
It comes to set us free.

Oh! where its voice doth come,
There all doubts are dumb,
There all words are mild,
All strifes are reconciled,
All pains beguiled.
There light doth bring no blindness,
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave
It comes to save.[1]

How does it save? How, in these deep needs of life, does Religion as Experience come to set us free? In the only way possible. By teaching us, like little children in the darkness, to reach up and touch God's right hand in the darkness, and so be lifted up and strengthened. By letting us feel in all our times of deepest human need—in joy and sorrow, in sunshine and storm, in life and in death—that round about us and all whom we hold dear, are the everlasting Arms of Love and Care. By digging deeper, and filling more full, the Fountains of Life within our souls. By opening up anew the connection between our lives and the Infinite Life of God.

[1] Matthew Arnold (slightly altered).

THE GREAT TEMPTATION

Dean Sperry was born in 1882 at Peabody, Mass., whence his parents moved to Michigan, where he began his education in Olivet College, finishing it as Rhodes Scholar at Oxford and in Yale University. Ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1908, he became first assistant and then pastor of the First Church of Fall River in 1913; and the following year he entered upon a notable ministry in the Central Church of Boston.

Since 1922 Dr. Sperry has been Dean of the Theological School in Harvard University, and Bartlet professor of Sacred Rhetoric on the Andover Foundation. Some of us are deeply in debt to his volume of essays, *The Disciplines of Liberty*—one of the most rewarding books of recent times; and our obligation is further increased by his recent searching study of *Reality in Worship*. If only he had added a chapter on architecture, it would have been well-nigh complete; but on that subject, if he has made up his mind, he keeps it to himself.

The study of the Great Temptation, in which all other temptations are summed up, finding its secret not in cynicism, but in the moral peril of yielding to the lure of magic to obtain Divine power to use for our own ends, instead of yielding ourselves to God to be used for His ends, must be reckoned a searching, impressive and timely sermon.

THE GREAT TEMPTATION

WILLARD L. SPERRY, D.D.
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Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Luke 4:12.

One of the moderns who professes to be in search of a religion says that Christianity does not attract him. He has the usual difficulty with churches and creeds, but his real trouble goes back of all that to the gospel picture of Jesus. Our Lord, he says, is too flawless, too perfect, a little too good to be true. He must have some one to follow, whether god or man, who is nearer to our human frailties.

This criticism may be leveled fairly against certain highly speculative accounts of the nature of the second person of the Godhead. It may not be leveled against Jesus of Nazareth, whose story is told in the synoptic gospels, since it ignores certain significant passages in those gospels which bring their hero very near to our common humanity. The prayer in Gethsemane and the cry of dereliction from the Cross are evidence in point. But in particular there is this story of the temptation in the wilderness. This is not the kind of story which the early church would have invented, and plainly the narrative must have had its origin with Jesus himself. Unless we are to

dismiss the whole incident as an empty pose and a hollow play-acting, it seems quite clear that at the beginning of his work Jesus put through a time of uncertainty in which the religiousness of his mission was gravely imperiled. He was not sustained in that hour by any certainty of native immunity to evil, and he was faced by the somber prospect that he might prove traitor to his cause.

There have been various interpretations of the probable precise nature of this inner emergency. Tolstoi thought that the temptation was a final wholesale assault of the flesh upon the spirit. In this reading Tolstoi seems to have been consulting his own stormy history, not the text before him. A clear-sighted American historian, reading the record in the light of the insight furnished by the fortunes of the great prophets and saints, thinks that this time of moral proving concerned the method of Jesus' ministry. Religious leaders, he says, at the outset of their mission are always tempted to make the popular appeal in an effort to gain direct control of the course of events. This direct control always fails. The spiritually great have stooped to conquer, they have gone the long way round. Our historian thinks that Jesus, facing his task, felt the seduction of the moral short cut, resisted it, and left the wilderness having delivered himself from a possible bad moral bargain with himself and his world.

A third interpretation seems to come still nearer the probable fact. The temptation had been preceded by the baptism. What the baptism meant to Jesus we

do not know. But with that event he seems to have known himself, in some new way, God's Son. The wonder of this self-knowledge is followed at once by a doubt as to its truth. The voice of the tempter assails him as a skeptical, conditional clause, "*If thou be* the Son of God." The temptation, so construed, becomes part of our common human doubt as to the validity and worth of our own best moments. Are these moments pledges of our part in reality, or are they the tissue of illusion and self-deception? Are we to doubt, to deny, and to repudiate the best that life gives us, or are we to trust it, to heed it, and to live by it? Jesus seems to have been no stranger to this deeply human concern, and he issued from his ordeal ready to pledge away his life to the reality of the baptism conviction that he was the Son of God.

There follows, logically, one other interpretation of the temptation. With his baptism Jesus must have become conscious of a new access of power. Whenever the delegated powers of a vocation, a tradition, a society are vested in an individual he is a stronger man than he was before. Once he is formally inducted into his office or profession he has at his command certain energizing considerations and contacts which previously have been withheld. And with this consciousness of added power comes instantly the moral problem of the uses to which he may turn that power. Is he to use that power for his own ends, or be used by it for ends which lie beyond the limits of his life and work?

The pictorial account of the struggle in the wilder-

ness through which Jesus passed seems to suggest some such momentous option. Here were these stones. The temptation was to use his new power to turn them into bread to break his fast. There were the kingdoms of this world. The temptation was to glorify himself upon an imperial throne. There was the temple to which he was carried in imagination. He might throw himself down from one of its pinnacles and force his God to save him by a miracle. And in the moment when this seduction to self-aggrandizement was hardest upon him there reverberated through his whole being the stern grave words of that ancient prohibition of the Deuteronomy, "Thou shall not tempt the Lord thy God."

These words may be a platitude. But they are neither obscure nor unintelligible, and they become for us, as we discern the ultimate spiritual issues of life, the storm center and the resolution of all temptation. For each man of us there are two realities, the self which we call our own at any moment of time, and all that is other and more than that self. Religion, in Newman's noble phrase, is "the thought of two and two only absolute luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator." As soon as this consciousness of the self and its universe, the soul and its God begins to be translated into conduct, the first and last of all moral problems appears. What is to be the reference and relation of these two? Which of these selves, the private self bent upon its own desire, or the larger self manifest in nature, in society, in God, is to be given ascendancy?

The native uncorrected tendency of the natural man is to assert the individual self, and to make trial of all that is apart from that self to see whether its powers can be broken and tamed as the servants of his self-will. To put your universe to this drastic test, to seek to make it serve your private ends, that is the meaning of the classic phrase, "to tempt the Lord thy God." And that, if we are to trust the issue of Jesus' struggle in the wilderness, is what we may not do, since that is not religion, that is magic. For magic is the coercive determination to get God to do your will, while religion is the humble and unselfish desire to do the will of God. This age-old, age-long contest between the magician and the religionist in every one of us, is the true moral issue at stake in all temptation.

Back in the Book of Samuel there is a story of a man who yielded to this temptation. It is to be found in the grim record of Saul's visit to the cave of the witch of Endor. In other and happier years Samuel had called Saul to be king, and Saul's strength had been fortified by the prophet's friendship. But as the love of power grew upon the king the two had drawn apart. Now Samuel is dead and Saul is in extremity. Saul determines to make one last bold effort to regain the help of the prophet, and in the cave of the witch woman Samuel is conjured up from the dead. The dark figure of the prophet moves reluctant and uncommunicative across the scene, protesting that it should be thus disquieted. Any one can feel what is wrong in that situation. Even a

child can get it. The two protagonists are not in their true moral relation. The values are reversed. Samuel dead and gone has, if he lives again, other concerns than those which in self-will Saul has mismanaged. Saul has no moral right to make trial of Samuel, and as the story plainly hints, has no power over him. He finds that the world of the spirits evades and escapes him.

We have here a clew as to religion's reluctance to have too much to do with modern necromacy. Religion does not challenge the findings of psychical research, it questions the initial attitude. For psychical research the reference is from other worlds to this world. For religion the reference as between the living and the dead, is from this world to the unseen world. Psychical research hopes and believes that our dead may return to us, in response to our seance. Religion says of the spirits of just men made perfect, "They shall not return to us, but we shall go to them."

So it is with the final reference of life, its reference to God. There are those who hold quite soberly, both in theory and in practice, that we human beings have or may acquire a coercive power over the Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe, and that we can compel this spirit to do what we personally desire. This is an attitude which appears in all primitive attempts to define the relationship of man to God, and which persists in highly refined forms even in the most mature thought. It bears in the history and literature of this subject the name of magic. All who

practice its arts, whether white or black, are magicians. Magic is an unbounded and egoistic confidence in our power to make the universe serve our wills.

The record of magic in history is reasonably plain. When the gods do not obey, we say they are asleep or on a journey. Finally, failing of our magical intention, we say, There is no God. Magical religion is, thus, a story of defeat, disillusionment, and ultimately of atheism. For our universe seems not to be constructed after this pattern. No man ever brought it to heel or succeeded in making it stand and deliver. There is something in the universe which finally escapes even the most relentless self-will in man. But it takes the race a long time to discover this truth, and it takes the average individual half a life time to discover and then to cast out the primitive magician in himself.

We are living at a time when it is absolutely essential to make a clean cut distinction between the magical attitude and the religious attitude in life. We have today as men never dreamed of having in other days, coercive control over tremendous forces in the natural world. We make daily trial of these forces, we "tempt" them, and they obey. We press the button, and throw the switch, and spin the dial, and step on the accelerator and the gods of all mythology touch their caps in deferential obedience to our slightest whim. The applied sciences of the twentieth century do make magicians of us all.

It should be said at once that the pure scientist stands absolutely free of the charge of practicing

magic. The affinities of pure science are with religion, in that its reference is not from the universe to man's uses, but from man to the realities of his universe. But the pure scientist is as rare a creature in our world as the pure saint. The vulgar modern heresy that society is made up of a large number of very pure scientists and an equally large number of very impure Christians is simply grotesque. Once in a while this world sees men like Saint Francis, John Woolman, Charles Darwin, and Michael Faraday; once in a great while. But the pure scientist is as much an exception in a university laboratory as the pure saint is an exception in a sectarian meeting house. For the most part we have at hand a society of persons practicing variously in the names of religion and science a self-willed, uncritical, and arrogant attempt to make the ultimate forces give them what they severally desire. And this temptation of the Lord their God is neither science nor religion in the noblest meaning of those words.

It is, you see, the attitude that is wrong. Sir Gilbert Murray tells us that even while the religion of Greece was in its pastoral infancy, men dimly felt the moral peril of the magical reference. Each newborn year was thought to wax great in spring, to commit in high summer the unpardonable sin of "hubris," of insolence, and then to be sentenced to autumnal and wintry death. So with the life of man. Through the great Greek tragedies there runs the menace of guilt for the sin of insolence, of arrogant egoism, and the revenge which a fate stronger than

all the gods metes out to presumptuous and self-willed man. Even the early Greeks saw what was wrong with magic. It was essentially irreligious in its attitude and reference.

This perpetual struggle between the magician and the religionist goes on in the mind and heart and will of every man of us. It goes on until it is rightly resolved, until man reborn into a mature religion ceases to try to coerce his God, and says humbly with Dante, "In thy will is our peace." Religion, then, is not a matter of turning God to account in the realization of our own desires. Religion is trying to discover what God is about and then offering oneself to the Eternal Goodness, "as a man's hand is to a man." "It is not in man," says a modern thinker, "to make religion what he will have her be, but only to become what religion is making him."

Perhaps, then, it is to save a man from the defeat and disillusionment of childish magic that there stands in our Bible that old story of the temptation of Jesus. Its ramifications and restatements are legion. Thou shalt not use thy God to get thy way. Thou shalt not coerce the Infinite to further the headstrong passing whim of the finite. Thou shalt not break the laws of health and then cajole thy God into working thee a miracle of healing. Thou shalt not let thy mind rot in idleness and then look for a sudden inspiration given by reality. Thou shalt not spend thine all upon the world that passes away and ask thy God at thy latter end to give thee the sudden boon of a credible immortality. Thou shalt not take

this attitude at all, using the Most High as an amplifier and emergency device for realizing thy solitary and selfish will. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

We are being told on all sides that religion is now breaking down, that its beliefs are an outworn delusion, and that all thoughtful men are being liberated into a perfect skepticism. That is not what is happening. What is happening is this, men are discovering again what they have discovered often before and then have forgotten, that magic will not work. But religion as a final attitude and reference of the finite human spirit towards its infinite universe remains and always must remain. It is the disposition of those disciplined natures of whom we say that they are pure in mind and heart and will.

The true alternative to the outworn magic of primitive peoples is not the modern magic of persons disciplined in the applied sciences or the "new thought." It is no solution of the ultimate moral and intellectual problem to trade self-will from the left hand of primitive magic to the right hand of applied science. What matters is a changed disposition and reference in this whole final commerce of man with his universe. Call it pure religion or pure science, the name does not matter. The one thing needful is that temper and disposition towards the will of God which we find in Jesus, Bernard, Pascal and Lister alike.

The men who returned from the third attempt to climb Mount Everest, made in the summer of 1924,

have told us that from now on the character of the endeavor is clearly defined in advance. One of them has recently said that the higher altitudes, from 22,000 to 28,000 feet, reached by the last party, were attained not by sportsmen and scientists breaking the mountain to their intention, but by men who had come to feel towards the mountain an almost mystical relationship. He said that the mountain itself, with its tremendous appeal, must take men to the top, and that only a spirit, which for the want of any other accurate word must be called religion, would ever carry men the last exacting two thousand feet.

What he seems to mean is that, in the presence of that imperious and majestic reality, the cheap coercive attempt to conquer the world must always break down, and that only something like the spirit of worship can draw and lift men at the last. The climbing of Mount Everest has ceased to be purely a geographical, political, and physiological problem. It has passed, as every great human endeavor must finally pass, into the realm of religion. And only the man whose peace is found in the imperious will of that terrific reality will ever stand upon its summit.

After he had dragged the blankets out of the empty tent at Camp VI, high up on the shoulder of Everest, and had laid them in a "T" on the snow to tell the watchers below that there was no trace of Mallory and Irvine, Odell closed the flap of the tent and began the third retreat to India. "I glanced up," he says, "at the mighty summit above me, which

ever and anon deigned to reveal its cloud-wreathed features. It seemed to look down with cold indifference on me, mere puny man, and to howl derision in wind gusts at my petition to yield up its secret—the mystery of my friends. What right had we to venture thus far into the holy presence of the Supreme Goddess, or much more to sling at her our blasphemous challenges. If it were indeed the sacred ground of Chomo Lungma—the Goddess Mother of the Mountain Snows—had we violated it, was I now violating it? Had we approached her with due reverence and singleness of heart and purpose?"

That, in modern parable, is the crux of the temptation in the wilderness. Magic in us dies and religion is born with that question which, if rightly answered, prefaces the true reference of the soul to God. What right have I to make trial of my God? Have I violated his holy being with my self-will? Have I approached him with due reverence and singleness of mind and heart?

THE GARDEN AND THE WILDERNESS

Dr. Powell is one of the great preachers of the South, to whom some of us are deeply indebted. For thirty-nine years he has been pastor of the First Christian Church of Louisville, Kentucky, and his place of influence and command, both in city and State, is unique in the annals of the pulpit. An extraordinary personality, he is an amazing pastor, a fearless prophet, and a great citizen.

A Virginian, born in 1860, Dr. Powell was educated at the Christian University, and ordained to the ministry in 1881. After pastorates at Charlottesville, Norfolk, and Lynchburg in his native State, he went to Kentucky where, in 1887, he became minister of the First Church in Louisville. He has published three books, *Savonarola,* a series of addresses on civic righteousness; *The Victory of Faith,* a book of sermons, and *Prophet's Vision and President's Dream,* a forecast of the League of Nations.

In the Sermon here to be read he is dealing in a forthright fashion with deep issues of life and faith—the mystery of suffering, the shadow of sin, and the deep pathos of death—finding an explanation in "the proven experience of the goodness of God." Logic fails, but faith wins.

THE GARDEN AND THE WILDERNESS

E. L. POWELL

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Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he came.

So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life. Genesis 3: 23-24.

When we think of the story of Eden there comes before the mind a vision of radiant beauty. Birds of wondrous plumage sing for us. We walk along embowered pathways. Dominant in the picture is the ideal love of the first man and first woman. The environment of this ideal love is the garden of Eden. Milton has made it impossible for the imagination to do more than fold its wings and rest.

What is the meaning of this story? There are great spiritual truths enshrined in this "parable of Eden," as Phillips Brooks terms it. It is a curious fact that about the garden with its freshness and beauty and the cross with its tender pathos, have been waged our greatest theological battles. Seemingly theology would have no work to do in dealing with these beautiful themes. None the less, great problems, with which we can only deal incidentally in this sermon, confront us immediately. Why should

God have created man capable of sinning? Why should not the Edenic state have been permanent? Why the entrance of the serpent and temptation? Why not every step joy, every sound music, and all the ages one long jubilee? Why create man a free moral agent? These questions involve the goodness of God. Theologians must deal with them. Christian faith, based upon the proven experience of the goodness of God, can alone banish our doubts and fears. Logic fails, but faith wins.

Eden is the seed-bed of the soul, holding potentially genius, leadership, saintliness, heroism, and all the manifold and multiform experiences and manifestations of character and life. Eden is a shut casket of unimagined possibilities. Eden is the baby soul waiting the touch of temptation, struggle, noble adventure—in order to attain self-realization. Eden is the soul with which each of us starts, without memory, without consciousness of sin, without knowledge, without imagination, without aspiration or hope or fear, without joy or peace, not having known their opposites in pain—waiting the hour of revelation and liberation, which comes only through the shock and surprises of life's experiences.

The entrance of the serpent into the fair garden of innocence, the temptation, the fall, the stinging sense of shame, the awakening of conscience—out of it all issuing character as the meaning of life. Only such interpretation can give any signficance to the presence of man on the earth, or the ministry and meaning of evil. As a parable, each of us knows the

meaning of Eden in his own experience; knows the significance of the serpent and the fiery sword which guards forever man's return to innocence and babyhood. To think of Eden as a permanent state is to believe that God created man with no ministry or mission as concerns the development of character. The Edenic state could be affirmed of the babe who is born today—without knowledge of evil and incapable of knowing that evil is evil until conscience has been awakened—until there comes the awareness, through temptation and the fall, of both good and evil.

There is the startling statement in our text that God drove man out of his blissful Eden. We discover in the story nothing cruel or arbitrary, nothing that is not strictly in accord with the constitution and nature of the man whom God created. We do not stop to consider why God failed to create some other being than man, or a being differently constituted; but in the presence of man upon the earth there came into existence a free moral agent. The conditions of choice were placed before him. He was confronted with prohibition and the penalty of disobedience. He could choose, under the challenge of temptation, either obedience or disobedience. He comes to a knowledge of good and evil through disobedience and the punishment which follows the disobedience is self-banishment. To the transgressor Eden could nevermore be Eden.

The scene was changed. Man stood looking out upon a new world. The garden had been wiped out

of existence; the flowers had faded; the glory had departed. The man was self-banished and yet God-banished, since God created him with the power of choice and the spiritual penalty involved in that choice. It is God working through spiritual law who drives the traitor from the companionship of free men. It is God who through spiritual law places upon the brow of Cain the stamp of the murderer. Man has been constituted in his creation with the certain and inexorable working out of these spiritual laws. These laws are not engraven upon the rocks but upon the human soul. They are in the nature and constitution of man. One does not go to the Bible to find out that sin is followed by suffering. Ever since man came upon the earth it has been true that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." These spiritual laws are not made true by being printed in the Bible, but because they are true in the very nature and constitution of man, they are put in the Bible. Every man confirms in his own experience—saint or sinner—the working out of these laws. The wilderness makes us. Man's banishment was his enthronement. Not until the flowers of the garden have been exchanged for the sword and the shield does man become conscious of his power. Banishment from Eden is man's salvation and liberation. No sainthood is possible without temptation to be resisted and sin to be overcome. There can be no glowing brain without problems to be solved; there can be no sympathy or loving self-sacrifice for others if there be no pain in the world; there can be no thrill

of tightening muscles in lifting the heavy load unless there be something heavy to lift; no joy of awakened power unless there be difficulties to overcome; no dream of a brighter tomorrow, for innocence lives only in the present.

Think of what it would mean to go back into the Edenic state and eternal monotony! Such a heaven would be spurned by any soul which has known the shame of sin and the joy of forgiveness. Think you the mariner who has wrestled with wind and wave—who has known shipwreck and the harbor's safety—who has felt the keen thrill of high peril and the equal thrill of deliverance and victory—think you the mariner could be tempted to a yachting expedition in some land-locked bay? It is life.

> Better fifty years of Europe
> Than a cycle of Cathay.

If we shall know the joy of living when "the pulse throbs with the fulness of the spring" we can only find it in the wilderness with its perils and its challenges. Nothing else is life, nor can life be found otherwhere than in the opportunity offered for some high adventure of soul and body. Vegetation otherwise.

The school of the wilderness holds all the ministries adapted to the training, toughening, polishing and purifying of the soul. Not in some luxurious boudoir but on the battlefield do we come into regnant life. We must meet the dragons in the wilderness and slay them. Only so can we come into the

consciousness of power to dare and to achieve. Not otherwise is there entrance for us into the realm of the "I can" men, which is another word for "king." The whole story of life is that of the pioneers conquering the wilderness, subduing nature, blazing trails through pathless forests, mad with thirst, exposed to all dangers and hardships of the explorer—fighting wild beasts—the mirage turning into burning sand—on and on through weary days and restless nights until "the wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad and the desert has been made to blossom as the rose." The men of blood and iron who conquered the wilderness have been those who have accepted the challenge of the Almighty—"Give me men to match my mountains."

Our text reminds us that when God drove man from the garden "he placed at the east of the garden cherubim and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." We cannot again enter our Eden. We cannot recover the lost chance. "Water that is spilled upon the ground cannot be gathered again." "The mill will never grind again with the water that is past." Each stage in life has its own lessons to learn and if we fail to learn them we cannot go back to school in that department again. "When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child." Youth must learn its lessons, for age cannot go back to youth. The cherubim guard the way. No man has ever had the same experience with precisely the same shade of sentiment and feeling the second time.

That emotion which came to you as you stood on some mountain peak and viewed the splendid landscape will never return.

> The tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to you.

You call that home your Eden where love is the presiding Deity. Death enters. The scene is changed. There can be no return.

> Then comes the mist and the weeping rain
> And life is never the same again.

Out of the struggle comes victory with its thrill and its joy. Innocency is the happiness of ignorance—ignorance of danger and power which comes from conquest; ignorance of nature and the thrill of discovering its laws so that man, knowing the laws, can make the whole universe to be his servitor. From the standpoint of modern man Eden is insipid; from the standpoint of history and all the developments of the race, Eden is impossible. Humanity has ever gone forward through stress and strain and struggle, through tears and groans and battles. Whatever progress has been made has come through coöperation with the laws which God has ordained. Let us understand that not innocence but blessedness is the end of our existence. Blessedness is woven of fiery experiences. Its aureole is a fiery crown. It is victory through struggle. It is peace through pain. It is the song in the prison.

There can be no development, no progress apart from the experiences of the wilderness. The garden does not make men. It is in the wilderness with its thorns and briers where men grow. The world's sufferers are the world's leaders. Blessing and bleeding go together. It is only blood that heals.

Is this a hard price to pay for progress? It is a pain-racked world. The stars, however, do not come out until it is night. The soul can never have the great and blessed experience of forgiveness without the torment of conscience and the pain of repentance. God made us as we are and the world as it is.

There are only three things that can be said: One is that fate or a blind unconscious governs the world. If so it be, we can only accept the philosophy of Omar Khayyám. We must submit for there is nothing else to be done. A mechanical universe takes no account of either man or mountain. Or we may believe that a devil governs the world. If that be so, we can only look upon the mighty power in whose grip we find ourselves as some tremendous invisible Frankenstein who is crushing out the hearts and lives of men, women and children without aim or end. Or, finally, there is the revelation of God in Christ, or as Van Dyke expresses it "the human life of God," who Himself is love and therefore one who cannot go contrary to His nature.

Every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

I can read upon the pages of history that pain has been the redemptive power in the universe; that all progress has been made by way of Gethsemanes and Calvaries. Self-sacrifice is at the root of all that is fairest and best among the sons of men. It alone has given to us an undying literature. If the Hebrew race had not pierced its heart with the terrible griefs of life, the Psalms would not have been written. If Dante had not walked the solitary path of exile and climbed the lonely stairs, there would have been no Divine Comedy. Tasso polished his cantos in prison. Paul wrote his mighty epistles from his jail. John Bunyan saw the heavens opened when he wrote his immortal Pilgrim's Progress in his Bedford prison.

God is love. Therefore in all that He says and does he is but expressing his nature. Pain is not an accident. If the program is big enough—and it is—then we may not cry out against a God of love for requiring from us our small part of pain involved in the great redemptive ministry of suffering. If the individual alone were involved there could be no explanation, no harmony of law and love. But if the individual is related to society and the world, if the Divine program contemplates the redemption of the human race, then we can accept without moan whatever agony may be our portion. It is all just and all love. That is the meaning of the cross. It means to say that God could not redeem man save through agony. Your tears and my tears are somehow "filling up that which is behind the sufferings of Christ." It is a God of love who banishes us from our Eden.

Pay your price like a man. Make your contribution without a moan. Accept the cross which may be laid upon you, if only so be it is love which places it there. The old hymn tells the story:

By the thorn-road and none other,
Is the Mount of Vision won.
Tread it without shrinking, brother,
Jesus trod it, press thou on.

There is no glory without the gloom; no harmony without discord, no peace without struggle, no joy without pain.

I know that somewhere beyond the stars
Is a love that is better than Fate.
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him—and I will wait.

THE LAW OF GOD

Canon Prichard adds an English note to our pulpit symphony, not alone because of his British background and training, but also by virtue of his delicate clarity of insight and understanding, and the finished form in which it clothes itself. There is a quality in his sermon—more easily felt than defined—which is not often enough manifest in our American preaching; and it is for that reason all the more welcome.

Born in Bristol in 1882, Canon Prichard was educated at Clifton College and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he won honors in the Classics, as well as in Philosophy and History—graduating in 1907. In America he continued his studies in Greek at Johns Hopkins University, then engaged in teaching for two years, and after a few months at the General Theological Seminary, New York, he was ordained Deacon in 1912; advancing to the priesthood in 1913. Since 1914 he has been Rector of St. Mark's Church, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., serving the while as Acting Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine 1924-25, during the illness of Dean Robbins.

Besides various miscellaneous articles and reviews, Canon Prichard has written two little books; *The Sower*, a modern application of the parable, and *Three Essays in Restatement*—to which ought to be added a sympathetic discussion of Spiritualism, and a number of Missionary booklets.

THE LAW OF GOD

H. ADYE PRICHARD, D.D.
ST. MARK'S CHURCH, MT. KISCO, N. Y.

If there had been a law given which could have given life, verily, righteousness should have been by the law. Galatians 3:21.

Among all the books upon my shelves, many of which I value very highly, there is none, I think, that gives me greater pleasure and satisfaction than a slim volume of verse presented to me by the great English poet, John Masefield, when I visited him at his home near Oxford last summer. It is called *The Daffodil Fields;* and there are two lines in it which stand out with ever-increasing significance the more I think about them:

> Life is the daily thing man never heeds.
> It is ablaze with sign and countersign.

Life is the daily thing man never heeds: and the reason why he does not heed it is because he is so close to it that he misses its vast and magnificent potentialities. Just as a master loses his heroic qualities in the eyes of the valet who knows him too well, so life loses its mystery and meaning to the drudge who is occupied in the business of living. And yet if we could but look at it from the outside, how subtle

and delicate and altogether enthralling a drama it is! Why should man ever be bored or defeated? And, if he is bored and defeated, why should he look for the fault in circumstance, accident, Providence—anywhere except within? If we peer so intimately in the face of life that we cannot see its majestic sweep; if our attention is so absorbed in the texture that we fail to take note of the tapestried picture; whose is the loss—and whose is the blame? Surely it cannot be counted against Him whose gift it is. Rather we were endowed by the Almighty with vision that we might trace its glory to the end of the evening sky, and then go on to the spiritual infinities promised of God. That may be for some, you say. But not for many. Life is the daily thing most men never heed.

It is ablaze with sign and countersign. The greatness of a man's place in the honor of the world has been largely due to how lofty and universal an interpretation he has given to his generation of the signs and countersigns of life. Among the ranks of those interpreters have been executives and statesmen and philosophers and prophets—all intent upon reading for their fellow men the meaning of life. And some of the sublimest poetry in the world has sprung from the effort of genius to fit to that interpretation measured words. Browning, for instance, to whom the riddle was a recurring theme, finds life to consist not in accomplishment so much as in aspiration. It is the visions of life that have danced before a man's eyes more than the deeds of life that have occupied a man's hands that make up its real value.

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straight way to its mind, could value in a trice:

but, since the real life of man is hidden, we must find it elsewhere, in

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

It is good to know that, where I tried and failed, some broken fragments still of value may remain. And at the opposite extreme we have Walt Whitman, the prophet of accomplishment and mastery, urging us on to the doing that will satisfy every craving and instinct, each ambition and desire. He reads the signs into a different meaning, and sets before us a harvest of consummation—the fruits of which are sometimes inexpedient, but always free.

It is that—freedom—that marks the life of men out as something different from any other life. To man alone has been given the power really to be free. He alone of all created things can rise above law—not all law, because his body is subject still to gravitation and decay and the confines of space and time,

but potentially he is free because his spirit can be cabined by nothing. We live in a dead universe—stones, meteors, plants, animals, stars and elements—all dead, because all are under law. They exist, some of them, but they cannot live because they cannot break away and be free. We can, to a large degree, study the laws of their bondage, as we can read the sentence imposed upon a prisoner in his cell. If you would learn the laws that govern the stars, the astronomer will tell you; or the laws of inorganic things, the chemist has his formulæ. If you would be told the laws that rule over the growth of vegetable and plant, the botanist will heed your question; and should you be interested in the laws that control what we call life, the biologist will supply the information—but he cannot tell you what life is. He does not know. Life only comes when freedom enters in—when a baby begins to cry for the moon, or a hero goes out on a forlorn hope, or a mystic finds the end of a spiritual rainbow—everything superbly Quixotic and insanely chivalrous—every illogical faith and irrational impulse—the glory of colors we cannot see and the melody of chords we cannot hear—those things are the beginning of living. They are the product of that divine discontent which brings salvation. Did not Jesus Himself say that He brought, not peace, but a sword? Was that not because He was so vitally aware that peace too often means stagnation, and stagnation means the end? "Human life is the restless striving of a spiritual energy, doing the good only to see the better; and

seeing the better only to attempt it; for he who ceases to become better ceases to be good. So build we up the being that we are."

"If there had been a law given which could have given life, verily, righteousness should have been by the law." We know that such a law could never be—and yet we look around us and see the mark of law on every side—overwhelmingly potent, not indeed to make life or righteousness, but to bring stultification and death. Our living as we know it is a meekly ordered thing, constrained by convention, fettered by fashion, weak and meaningless, legislated out of import. In Church and state, in society and business, we are circumscribed by dictates, often inarticulate, seldom written—the cold menace of public opinion, the idols of the clan or the profession or the denomination, the wan ghosts of shriveled traditions, the dead fetishes of forgotten civilizations. How many things we would, but dare not do! How many things—forbidden things—it were better if we did! How little is even the spirit free for the unbounded service of Him whose service is perfect freedom!

But, you say, we must have law, or living would be chaos. This, you cry, is no place or time to preach a gospel of individualism, to voice a challenge of anarchy. No—it is never the place or time to do those things. We must have law, but it must be law, universal and infinite, that stretches out the horizon of life to its fullest sweep; not law, cramping and belittling, that contracts what is already too small. And the only law there could ever be to do so great

a thing as that would be God's law. And God's law is not a law but an impulse. It comes from within, not from without. It is a part of man, not a part of that which surrounds man, save insofar as that which is divine in man is a part of the all-embracing divinity which overshadows man. There is no need for the man in whose heart and soul there is honor for the law of God to maintain obedience to fashion and convention; for the law of God assumes all that is good in the customs of men, and indefinitely extends its application. That is why Jesus was the great revolutionist of history. What was unprofitable in human law—"woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith: woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess"—what was unprofitable in human law He discounted with the boldness that crucified Him: what was valuable and in agreement with His Father's will He retained and gloriously enlarged. "Think not that I am come to destroy but to fulfill."

It is a vital matter—this working of the law of God. It is a vital matter because, if it were rightly understood, the emphasis of many lives would be changed for the better. It will help us, perhaps, to take specific instances. There was Peter. Peter was poor, ignorant, uncouth. He spent his time mending his nets and fishing. It was the law of necessity.

He had to ply his trade because he had to provide bread and butter for himself and his family. It was an iron need. And Jesus came. "Throw away your lines and nets, Peter: I will make you a fisher of men." Immediately the bonds of his necessity were loosed. He was liberated to seek the wealth of gold in the hearts of his fellow men. He was free to go out on the great adventure. It did not matter now to Peter whether he went hungry or not. He and his would not starve—for the laborers were worthy of their hire. The earning of his daily bread was no longer his first and constant care. There were other joyous things to do—a different bread to win. Again, Peter saw his Master in danger. That Master had been insulted already, perhaps He would be outraged and slain. Peter seized his sword, and struck off the offender's ear. It was the law of vengeance—that echo of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" sounding through the laws of Peter's tradition. And Jesus turned—"Put up your sword, Peter; God says that vengeance and repayment belong to Him." Instantly a new understanding flooded over him. The insult, the outrage, was taken out of the sphere of human discipline and became part of God's schooling for the world. No longer was it required of man to bear the burden of retaliation. God held the balance, and His mercy and justice could be trusted to give the proper weight. It was the same evening that Peter stood warming himself; and a little servant maid upbraided him for consorting with Jesus, the criminal. And Peter, stammering with

fear, protested "I know not the man." It was the law of self-preservation—the instinctive desire to save his own skin. "And immediately the cock crew. And Jesus turned and looked at Peter." No words were needed. The shame smote Peter to the heart. "Here am I," the Master seemed to say, "laying down My life in love for you and all the world because love is the law of God: and here are you, loving Me so little that you are afraid of the pin prick of a servant woman's tongue." No wonder, when he saw the dazzling brightness of that new love of God, and the dark places of his own being, he went outside and wept bitterly.

But the danger is more deep-seated than the case even of Peter might suggest. The laws that enveloped him were at least natural laws—rigorous upon him because he shared the substance of humanity. The revelation of God's law is more important still when we think of those limitations that men like ourselves, without even the excuse of nature's interference, have imposed. Society demands the social lie, the libelous suggestion, the false silence: the voice of Jesus bids us speak the truth. Business demands an exact recompense for measured labor, the denial of sentiment, the crown of success for the strongest. Jesus tells us to go two thankless miles where one would do, and makes a child our guide to the Kingdom of Heaven. Governments proceed by diplomacies that are often dishonest, and go to war under the spur of specious patriotism. Jesus would have us provide things honorable in the sight of all

men and guard against those who come as wolves in the guise of sheep. Even churches at times deny their aid to those by chance uninitiated, and hide the presence of God by ceremonial decree and petty discipline. Jesus asks us merely to love Him. The knowledge of that love alone is sufficient for the sorrowful, sinful soul. Man is not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man.

It was always so with Jesus. He was, above all others, the man who was able to pass beyond. His friends saw in Him the love that could pass beyond the little local love of family and neighborhood, and hold in its embrace the hearts of all mankind. John saw in Him the eternal preëxisting Word of God that could pass beyond the aloofness of divinity into the texture of man's being. His disciples saw in Him the risen power of God which could pass beyond the confines of space and time to be effectual in dimensions they could not understand. And so, amid the scruples of daily life, He showed them how they might pass beyond the conventions that human deceit and prudery have set, into the fuller life of love and service, the compelling laws of which were the only laws to claim the tribute of His obedience. And to that end He sat and reasoned with the woman of Samaria; He ate and drank, in the sight of His enemies, with publicans and sinners; He did His healing work upon the Sabbath day; and preached the Gospel of the direct salvation of God for the individual soul, unhampered by Church or Creed save the simple Creed that belief in Him was belief

in God the Father, and knowledge of Him was the door to eternal life. If, as some said, He was a law unto Himself, it was because He was the Son of God.

For you and me to follow Him is a difficult matter —for we are not equally the sons of God. And yet, knowing His example and with His guidance, we need not despair. It all depends on what we consider our human earthly life to be—whether a wearying succession of more or less isolated events, each complete and lawbound, or a great free experiment in continuity. As a matter of fact life does not consist in its happenings, but in our attitude towards them. And our attitude depends on our personality, the constant thread that holds those happenings all altogether. I have never been in an aeroplane, but they tell me that one of the most striking sensations that the novice experiences is the sense of the earth's flatness. The mountains that seem so high when we stand at their foot, the valleys that are so deep as we gaze from the edge of the precipice—those inequalities melt away as we rise above them, and there is left nothing but the even tranquillity of a plain. It is so with the changing vicissitudes of life—mountain and valley, rock and quicksand—success, disappointment, poverty, and sin. If we can rise far enough above them with Jesus as friend and pilot, they stretch out unbroken in the serenity of the peace that passes all understanding. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid: ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

"If there had been a law given which could have

given life, verily, righteousness should have been by the law." I desperately want to live—and I know that only the good in me is everlasting. Therefore I would be righteous. Let me comb the laws of men—and pluck from them all that has the seed of everlasting life. Let me treasure that and foster that as being seed that grows into the tree of heaven. But when the wishes or the words or the dictates or the fashions or the conventions or the opinions or the laws of men restrict for an instant the free exercise of the law of God—which is love—let me cast them from me as one would cast a cloak that muffles and hampers; and spring forward to do battle for the eternal principles of life. I may make mistakes—but at least I am adventuring for my faith: and God will be good to one whose only desire it was to be free that he might render more tremendous service.

TRANSFIGURED MOMENTS

Mr. Johns is the first colored preacher to appear in *Best Sermons,* and it is both an honor and a joy to bid him welcome, alike for his race and his genius. Born in Virginia in 1892, educated at Union University, Oberlin College, and Virginia Seminary, with later studies in the University of Chicago, he was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1918. After teaching homiletics and New Testament interpretation in the Virginia Theological Seminary for one year, in 1920 he became pastor of the Court Street Church of Lynchburg—one of the old colored Churches of the South, organized many years before the Civil War.

Aside from his labor as minister of a great church, Mr. Johns finds time to preach and lecture in many colleges and at various religious and educational conferences. The following sermon, as rich in thought as it is noble in form, makes one look forward to his forthcoming book, entitled *Human Possibilities.* The sermon lifts us into a higher air, above the fogs of passion and prejudice, where the ages answer, antiphonally, telling us of the brotherhood of man in the life of God in Christ.

An Ohioan by birth, educated at the University of Wooster and the Baptist Seminary of Chicago, Dr. Shutter was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1881. Five years later he changed his views and became a Universalist, serving first as assistant and then as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, in Minneapolis, where he has labored for forty years—a conservative in politics, a liberal in theology, and one of the great citizens of his city.

Twice president of the National Convention of his Church, Dr. Shutter has been a sagacious leader in social, civic, and humane enterprises. Yet he has found time to write many books, among them the *Wit and Wisdom of the Bible, Justice and Mercy, Applied Evolution*—which attracted the attention of John Fiske—and the *Life of James Harvey Tuttle,* his predecessor. When a preacher serves one Church for forty years, and his anniversary is celebrated by the whole city, it bespeaks extraordinary qualities of personality and leadership.

In the sermon here following we find the basis of his faith, founded in the nature of God and the order of the universe—rational, righteous, beneficent—moving to spiritual ends and the final victory of a Love that hath in its keeping the secret of unknown redemptions.

THE INCREASING PURPOSE

MARION D. SHUTTER, D.D.
CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, MINNEAPOLIS

Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Matthew 6:10.

Henry Adams belonged to the great Massachusetts family of that name, and his book entitled *The Education of Henry Adams* is the record of the travels and reflections of a life-time. His brilliant mind seems to have arrived at no settled convictions concerning life or its meaning, nor did he find any meaning in history. In Rome, more than once, he sat at sunset upon the steps of the church where Gibbon had mused on the fall of Empire—sat and reflected, and concluded nothing. Rome, to him, "was a bewildering complex of ideas, experiments, ambitions, energies. Without her, the Western world was pointless and fragmentary; she gave heart and unity to it all; yet Gibbon might have gone on for the whole century sitting among the ruins of the Capitol, and no one would have passed capable of telling him what it meant. Perhaps it meant nothing." Has not the same doubt often arisen in our own minds concerning the history of our planet? Often have we despairingly asked in these recent years, "What does it all mean?"

I do not wonder that men despair, that their hearts

fail them, feeling that in the highest things the world is totally bankrupt. Brooks Adams, another member of that distinguished family, in his preface to the new edition of *The Emancipation of Massachusetts,* says: "Each day I live I am less able to withstand the suspicion that the universe, far from being an expression of law originating in a single primary cause, is a chaos which admits of reaching no equilibrium, and with which man is doomed eternally and hopelessly to contend." What can you make of it? What can one say? Only this: History is a dark and horrible puzzle, without the thought of intelligence and purpose, without the thought of God and His universal Fatherhood. Put that into it, and we may sometime find our way to solid footing. Two friends were recently conversing about the great tragedy. "I do not see how I can go on living," said one; "it seems as if I had lost God out of the world!" "Strange," answered the other, "it seems to me as if I had just found Him."

This is the time to hold fast our faith in the Eternal Goodness and the Eternal Justice. Is truth

> . . . forever on the scaffold,
> Wrong forever on the throne?

Remember, in the long last, by a sure outworking of laws and events, as faith and fact alike attest:

> That scaffold rules the future,
> And behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above His own.

This is the thought I am bringing you today. We are passing through a wild and stormy period, which threatens the foundations of our faith in all that is best. It will make a great difference to all of us, whether we are driven to the assumption that everything sprang from chance and ends in chaos, or whether we go forward with the belief that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, we are living in a sane and reasonable universe and one that is capable of justification at last.

After all, there is something that holds society together and keeps it moving on, and mainly in the right direction. Beneath the surface, three tendencies may be discerned in history which ought to reinforce this faith; retribution, righteousness, and love. These tendencies can only be explained by the existence behind them of a Power that is just and wise and good; and that has planned the universe for the triumph of justice and wisdom and goodness.

1. *Retribution.* The first of these is the tendency to retribution. The laws of retribution are woven into the processes of nature and into the texture of society. Let us see how they work. Evil often defeats itself; like Macbeth's vaulting ambition, "it o'erleaps itself and comes down on the other side." One of the most notable examples in our own country was the attempt in the days before the Civil War to fasten a slave constitution upon Kansas, to impose an institution of darkness upon a free territory. The up-piled iniquities fell, at last, by their own awful weight upon the inventors and crushed them. The

architect of every house of lies proves in the end to have been a fool—in spite of all his perverted ingenuity. His timbers are rotten and his ruin is sure. The late Andrew D. White once said of his great teacher, Benjamin Stillman: "He had faith in truth as truth; faith that there is a power in the universe good enough to make truth-telling effective." Falsehood and intrigue defeat themselves, and "frightfulness" itself is a two-edged sword, that cuts equally him who wields it with him against whom it is lifted.

By a series of crimes and atrocities, till then unparalleled, the Spaniard sought to crush political and religious freedom in the Netherlands. Massacre succeeded massacre; in the smoldering embers of one conflagration fresh torches were kindled against the gates of Leyden. The cruelties of Spain reacted at last to the overthrow of her power in the Netherlands and to the erection on her throne of the first great bulwark of constitutional freedom!

The sinking of the *Lusitania*, by bringing America into the conflict, decided the World War, and drove its chief projector into exile. One element of the safety of society lies in the final insanity of its enemies—that madness which the gods have marked for destruction. The good has but one enemy, the evil; while evil has two enemies, the good and itself. Evil is often overruled in such a way as to minister to the good. The wrath, the folly, the littleness, the meanness, of men is often made to praise God and to work for human welfare. Lincoln defined statesmanship as using individual meanness for the public good. Satan

himself is often harnessed to the chariots of Jehovah!

It is related that one of the dearest wishes of Dom Pedro, once Emperor of Brazil, was a great hospital at Rio; but the people who had the means to build it could not be induced to subscribe. An idea came to him one day that solved his problem. He granted life-peerages to all who would make large contributions to his hospital. These patents were not hereditary, and if the children wished to inherit their father's title, they had to pay for it again. Brazil became peopled with nobles, and the hospital was erected on the grandest scale. When it was completed, the Emperor placed this inscription over the gates: "Human Vanity to Human Misery."

Let us go farther back. We have just been celebrating "Columbus Day." What made Columbus? The closing of the last route between Europe and the East by the fall of Constantinople. The Turk drove Columbus to find a western route to India. The Turk could not foresee that, under the overruling of that inscrutable power which makes the blunders of fools and the wrath of men and the fury of fanatics all to praise Him, the problem his sword had marked out for Europe would be gloriously solved. He could not see that, as a result of his cruel ignorance, intelligence would become universal; that, as a result of his stupid oppressions, freedom would some day fill the world! Where evil cannot be made the drudge and slave of good, it is—in the long run—utterly overthrown. The track of time is strewn with dead

iniquities, with slaveries, inquisitions, tyrannies. Lowell sings of the destinies:

Patient are they as the insects that build islands in the deep;
They hurl not the bolted thunder, but their silent way they keep;
Where they have been, that we know; where empires towered that were not just,
Lo! the skulking wild-fox scratches in a little heap of dust!

The cities of the past that sit today in weeds of mourning and ashes of desolation tell us through the owls that hoot in their priestless temples, the wild beasts that bound in their deserted palaces, or the waves that roll over their buried splendor: "This is the result of world-ambitions we tried to realize by trampling on the rights and liberties of men!" The most tragic figure in the world today is the ruler who tried to grasp the scepter of the world and lost the one he had—now despised, rejected, and abhorred!

2. *Righteousness.* The second of these tendencies is the tendency to righteousness. I know the cruelties, the martyrdoms, the outrages, the crucifixions and worse; but, in spite of all, there is an upward trend in all human history. In all that is good and true and just, there are signs of increasing life and power. If this were not true, if there were not these counteracting forces, ages ago the world would have rotted out.

The tendency to righteousness is shown by the constant elevation of moral standards. A Greek or Roman of the early Christian centuries would not

know himself were he to come into this modern world, even with its hundred smoldering battlefields. He would not understand the revolutionized conditions. He would find a new sense of the sanctity of human life—a sense not destroyed, but rather enhanced, by these years of bloodshed. He would discover that the universal slavery which he knew had vanished before the sentiment of universal brotherhood. He would find that the position of woman had changed. He would find that crimes and vices condoned and tolerated two thousand years ago, are today condemned and reprobated. Atrocities and outrages which then would have been accepted as mere incidents of war, today fill the world with horror and loathing. He would find that neither genius nor wealth nor power, but character and service, determine position in the modern world. Thus have moral standards risen.

The extent to which these standards have risen can hardly be realized, and is obscured by the discussions going on about "profit" and "service." No legitimate business can exist today except by the service it renders; and no business would be undertaken if it did not yield some degree of profit. The profit may be too great and the service too small; but that is a matter for adjustment and does not affect the principle. No enterprise would be started, if it did not promise to pay; but no enterprise can exist, after it has ceased to serve. The standard is service.

The tendency to righteousness is also illustrated in the history of legislation. From the very beginnings

of human society, the rights of men have been increasingly safeguarded by laws. Those who have, at times, been beyond the pale of law—the slave, the common laborer, woman—have been included. Their interests have not been committed to chance nor left to the whim of a ruler; they have been embodied in written statutes. More laws have been passed in behalf of labor in recent years than for any other object. The courts are open. Citizens have rights as against the state itself. This fact stands clearly out. Within our own time, slaves have been made citizens and women have been enfranchised. And not only is the broadening and security of rights apparent, but these have developed those agencies of education and religion which train and fit men and women, not only for the enjoyment of rights, but also for the performance of duties. Every one has the right of free speech; but he must accept the responsibility that goes with it. When one wants to know how the world has progressed from the crudities and barbarities of old customs, let him study the history of legislation. There is an important sense in which the increase of crime is itself an evidence of advancing civilization. Offenses which once were deemed personal are seen to have a social significance and are sooner or later prohibited by law. They thus become crimes or misdemeanors. The Prohibition amendment was an important step in human progress; but for the time it fills the courts with a new set of misdemeanors and crimes. Its moral value is measured by the resistance it encounters.

And this leads to the other illustration of our point. The tendency to righteousness is shown in the extension of liberty. Gradually and in spite of all defeats, the tendency of the ages has been towards greater freedom for all men. Political bondage, from time to time, is overthrown; free institutions advance. The most tremendous impulse that history knows, has just been given to the cause of human liberty. Let us not think alone of the waste and the slaughter, not alone of the burdens of taxation under which we groan—most of which were piled up by blundering and dishonest civilians and not by the army—but let us ask whether it is not worth something to pay taxes to our own government rather than tribute to a conqueror. That was our choice; and we kept faith with freedom! We are still paying pensions and the interest on bonds for the Civil War. Would you be rid of these taxes and see slavery reëstablished? The Spanish War added other burdens. Would you throw them off and plant again the power of Spain in Cuba? Think of this side of the question. This is no time to lose confidence in the eternal purpose. Let us thank God that we are alive and that we have been permitted to witness the falling of thrones and the gathering of new forces. The law of sacrifice for the promotion of righteousness runs through all human history. It was said of the Great Master that he should see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied—not here, but hereafter. Through every tragedy runs the law of sacrifice that links it to

Calvary; and we may well believe of our sons who fell that, gathered with their great Exemplar, they see that liberty lives and are satisfied. And we who survive will inscribe their names on the walls of our new cathedral where they will live in immortality and glory—while the names of those who "gave aid and comfort to the enemy," who tried to obstruct and hinder the government in the prosecution of its high purpose, who prolonged the carnage and multiplied its victims, will rot in infamy and be lost in oblivion!

There is, therefore, a fixed principle that works for righteousness. True faith is belief in its ultimate triumph. Real infidelity means settling down to the conviction that evil is going to prevail, that it is stronger than good. That is atheism. To believe in God, is to believe in good. Have faith that righteousness is dear to God and that, in spite of all seeming contradictions, it will eternally win! But it must have your coöperation and mine. It cannot win without.

Tho' the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis
  Truth alone is strong;
And, albeit she wander outcast now,
  I see around her throng,
Troops of beautiful, strong angels,
  To enshield her from all wrong.

But we must be found among those guardian angels, defenders of truth, the vanguard of her chariot's progress!

3. *Love.* The third of these tendencies in history is the tendency of love. If there is a tendency to retribution and to righteousness, there is also a tendency to humanity and gentleness and kindness. There is a power that makes for benevolence as well as for goodness. At the time when this late war broke out, the humanities had gained larger practical recognition than ever before. The evils in society were being investigated and remedied—the condition of the poor, the claims of the working population, the discipline and sanitation of prisons, the disabilities of women, the pressure upon children, and a thousand things which manifested a broader and deeper spirit of humanity.

For example, there has been going on for years a movement of which no critic of society ever utters a word—a movement, inaugurated by employers themselves, in behalf of better wages, conditions, treatment of labor, and even for a measure of participation in the management. This had been going on before the war, and will not be retarded by its close. Read the book by Ida Tarbell, *New Ideals in Business;* follow the course of events since, and see how hundreds and thousands of enterprises have built new workshops, equipped them with safety devices, and let in the sun and the air that health might prevail; how they have provided homes for their workmen; established benefits and pensions; introduced education for those who had been denied it; and are making stockholders of labor.

Thousands of men are striving, with their best

light, to introduce Christianity into their business, and you and I are not helping them by shouting "greed" into their ears. The present industrial order is not bankrupt. Some of the schemes proposed as improvements are bankrupt. Russia appeals to what she has contemptuously termed the "capitalist" nations, to save her from the ruin and misery of the "dictatorship of the proletariat"—her experiment in applied Marxian Socialism. The present industrial order is not bankrupt; it is adapting itself to changing conditions, and this is the very essence of life. Civilization and Christianity are not bankrupt. They are all purging themselves and developing new power. Individualism is not lost and ought not to be lost; but the new watch-words are coöperation and harmony. Nor will this movement and others be retarded; rather will they be quickened. Some one says in the September *North American:* "We radicals always seem to aim for the rocks; the way to end a voyage profitably, we think, is to sink the boat. . . . So with this society of ours. . . . Somehow it goes; and we must spend more time sailing it instead of damning it." Nor is our representative government bankrupt. We are Americans who believe in our founders, our constitution, our courts, and our destiny. If our constitution needs changing, we can amend it. We shall never tear it to pieces and scatter it to the winds.

Often of late we have heard it charged that America is responsible for present world-conditions, because after the war she said: "I'll have nothing to

do with you!" America never said that. America refused to merge her nationality into a vague internationalism; but she has never repudiated her international duties. She has always met her responsibilities to the world and always will; and all the better by refusing foreign entanglements. She took a mighty step in the call of her President for a conference on limitation of armaments in the hope of removing the fears and misunderstandings upon which armaments are based. Remove the causes of future wars, and armaments will disappear. Otherwise the weight of armaments will only grow heavier upon the shoulders of mankind! We are likely to go farther, if we take the journey step by step. Slavery was not abolished by the Abolitionists. They did something to create public sentiment, but they were willing to wreck the Union. Slavery was abolished by a party that set out to "limit" it. Armaments may at last be abolished in the same way.

So things will go on. Mr. Wells, in his *Outline of History,* notes the growth of good-will among men from the beginning. We can see today how the outrages and brutalities of war have stimulated anew the heart-beats of sympathy. Over every battlefield blazes the Red Cross of mercy; the hand of help reaches across the sea. Some one has said: "Man made the war, but God put the Red Cross nurse into it." Not only shall righteousness triumph, it shall be crowned with a diadem of love. "This world is God's world after all!" That is what

I want you to see and to believe. There never was a time when that faith was needed more than now, as the processes of rebuilding the world go on.

We ask and ask again, "What does it all mean? Is there any outcome? Is there any gain to mankind?" I want you to feel that there is such gain, that history confirms it. We have witnessed a breaking up among the nations such as never has occurred since the old Roman empire went to pieces. That crash seemed, at the time, the end of all things. But out of the chaos came modern Europe. Chaos never lasts—it is the furnace in which a new order is fashioned. Rarely does any destructive or disintegrating process reach its logical conclusion. It is always met by counteracting forces. There is no Merrimac without its Monitor.

I want you to feel that the background against which our lives are cast is one of hope and progress. I want you to feel that the principles of our Church are one with the processes of evolution, the laws of society, and the development of history. Over all is the Universal Fatherhood of God, working through nature up to man; then taking the first crude semblance of man, and through countless centuries reducing the jaw and rounding the dome of the brain, and paralleling the struggle for existence with the struggle for the existence of others. I want you to see that our principle of "just retribution" is woven into the texture of society, and demonstrated in the events of history. I want you to see how righteousness and love are working towards the final harmony with God.

Let us work, then, as never before. The Church is not bankrupt. We are coöperating with the beneficent forces that have shaped the course of events from the beginning until now, and we must work with them in all the years to come. With this background and with these forces, we shall be able to accept any challenge that the age or the universe may fling before our feet! Our faith rests upon

> Truths which wake
> To perish never:
> And neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
> Nor man nor boy,
> Nor aught that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy.

"YE SHALL LIVE"

Bishop Stires is a Virginian, born in Norfolk in 1866; educated at the University of Virginia and in the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia. Ordained to the priesthood in 1892, he began his ministry at West Point in his native State. After a short ministry in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Augusta, Georgia, he was called to Grace Church in Chicago; and thence to St. Thomas's Church, New York City, in 1901.

After twenty-five years of fruitful and constructive labor, Dr. Stires was consecrated to the Episcopate in 1925, leaving as a monument of his ministry a stately and noble edifice; the old Church having been burned and the new one built during his rectorship. A tireless worker in many interests, civic, educational and philanthropic, as well as ecclesiastical, Dr. Stires made for himself a unique place in New York City, alike by his personal charm and his leadership of faith.

The sermon following was preached on Easter—a day not for arguments, but for anthems—and it states in a brief and vivid manner the basis of faith in the future life; finding the foundation of that august assurance in the nature of God and the personality of man.

"YE SHALL LIVE"

ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.
EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND

Because I live, ye shall live also. John 14:19.

There is a certain kind of Easter joy which all the world feels but which is largely confined to this one day and is of no permanent value because it is not rooted in understanding. The day is of little significance unless it celebrates an event which brightens all the future, and gives to mankind a convincing and inspiring explanation of the whole purpose of human life.

If our joy is to be intelligent, let us give reasons for believing in the immortality of the human soul. There is but one way to begin, and that is with God. The evidence of a supreme power and intelligence is compelling. The proof of His goodness we find in ourselves, in that high faculty which we call conscience, and in the results which follow obedience to that voice. But beyond power and wisdom and goodness we must ascribe to God personality. Not a limited personality like ours, but unlimited and infinite—yet personality. And the reasoning is simple; human personality is the most wonderful thing known to us in all the universe; it alone in-

spires our love, our admiration, our imitation, and sometimes the sacrifice of our life. It is a creative force, using the earth as so much raw material to be fashioned into myriad forms of service and beauty. It emerges from the darkness of animalism, a thing of light and loveliness, woven of invisible forces, a revelation and a prophecy. Can man fail to see in human personality the creative power of the Creator? Has the Creator produced something more wonderful than Himself? If not, then God possesses personality—though in infinite degree. Nay, it is from the personal God, Father of all, that the personality of man is derived—since the source of morality must be moral and the light of the mind must be an Eternal Mind.

Whatever theory of evolution you may find more convincing, most men will agree upon this—that the human being is the highest attainment of creation; that since man's arrival upon this planet nearly all development has been in the quality of his personality. A Father has been training and encouraging His children, not merely "to make the desert blossom as the rose," and not merely that they may produce better children and attempt nobler tasks, but all the while He has planted in them the belief, the instinct, that this life is not the end. Indeed, as the intelligence of His children has increased, as they have been able better to understand Him, they have come to realize that no other conclusion is worthy of their faith in God, that there is no other solution of the problems of human life.

We are the Creator's children, endowed with something of His creative power; under His care we have become personalities with great possibilities here, and greater, by far, elsewhere. No one can measure the meaning of the human soul, deathless as God its Father is deathless. *We have something of His nature, and we cannot be destroyed.* It is not essential that we know the details of our future life, it will be worthy of Him and therefore more wonderful than man can think. This foundation for our faith could in a little while be made tenfold stronger by continuing our study of God's messages in nature's book.

Now turn to God's messages in another book. If we considered in those great writings of the Old Testament only the prophets, what should we discover? That their mighty declarations were not only the expression of the highest wisdom for the guidance of men and nations in their times, but they were like men speaking more wisely than they knew, setting forth principles eternally true, and applying them to conditions ever-recurring as history repeats itself. And we find something else in these prophets —the promise of a "fullness of time" in which there would be a more intimate revelation of God to His children. It is not strange that they could not fully understand what the nature and the rule of this anointed one, the Messiah, would be, for it was to be unique in human experience. But to increase their expectation, to kindle their interest, and to guard against their failure to know Him when He

came, the prophets were enabled to foretell all the essential facts of His life and His work, and to add details which however small they may at first have seemed were afterward found to be profoundly significant. A king once asked his wisest counselor what he considered the most convincing proof of the deity of Christ and the statesman replied, "The Hebrew prophets, your majesty." The life of our Lord as set forth in the Gospels not only fulfilled the Old Testament prophecies but added a new depth and dimension to their vision.

Human history is the story of the development of human personality; the only new element in that development is Christ. He was new, and yet His personality attracted men as though they had long waited for Him. His teaching if not new in the letter was completely new in spirit and practice, and yet men accepted it as the only answer for their innate beliefs and hopes. It was as though human personality had been developed to the point of intelligent need of Him, and as though His coming was God's answer to that need—a Divine Amen to human aspiration and a prophecy of its fulfillment in personalities created and consecrated by Him.

We are hearing on all sides today, and in quarters where we never heard it before, that the teaching and example of Christ is the world's most precious possession, the only hope for quieting and uniting mankind into a true human brotherhood. *But that teaching and example would be unknown today but for Christ's victory over death.* Or, if known at all,

it would be reckoned the most pitiful and forlorn defeat known among men. What was His influence on the first Good Friday night? When His body was taken down and placed in the tomb, the world was quick to write "failure" upon His cross. *Christianity rose with Christ.* It is Christ, and lives because He lives in it.

On that first Easter morning there took place an historic event of such power that it changed cowards into heroes, set aside a divinely appointed holy day for a new one, discontinued an ancient sacrament and substituted another in memory of the sacrifice and victory of Christ and in certainty of personal communion with the living Lord. Old things had passed away; all things had become new. This is suggested whenever we date a document. We are living in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred twenty-six; but we should not be starting this era with the birth of Christ as if He had not risen from the dead. We keep an Easter which goes back without a break to the first Easter. We celebrate a sacrament which would never have had a second celebration but for that mighty event which gave it power—making it not a memorial of a dead Christ, but a festival of His living Presence.

If our reasoning has been just and convincing, we should now be prepared for our Lord's declaration, "Because I live, ye shall live also." God took man's mortality upon Him to fit man for immortality; He took man's weakness for a while to teach man to be strong eternally. That is the one new fact in the

development of human personality. Has it been effective? Seek the answer if you please from the most cautious and critical historians; you will find them confessing that the influence of the teaching and example of Christ has done more to control human passions, to inspire human sympathy, to develop the highest type of character, and to increase the sum of human happiness, than the combined efforts of all the statesmen and all the philosophers. The ideals of civilization are the ideals of Christ. However they may be neglected at times, the principles of Christ are and will remain the standards of human conduct and the fair goal toward which the noblest efforts of mankind will be forever directed. The new element of Christ in the development of human personality is the hope of the world.

But the question as to whether it is effective has not been fully answered. If the victories of Christianity could be recounted here they would amaze, overwhelm and convince the last honest doubter. But many are more disposed to point out the failure and weakness of the Church, declaring that its members practice a religion which is conventional and selfish, whereas the religion of Christ is reality and sacrifice and enthusiasm. They assert that the power of materialism today is the result of the failure of Christians to follow the teachings and the example of Christ at this critical hour in human history when high leadership is so desperately needed, and so sadly lacking. What shall we reply? That

the Church is to blame for the general and excessive worldliness may be reasonably denied, but that we are guilty of not showing the spirit of our Lord in our religious life and in our secular contacts ought to be promptly admitted. While making this admission let an important limitation of the statement be made: there are in the Christian church today as true saints—men and women—as ever served Christ with sincerity, devotion and utter sacrifice, and their number is not so small as some are disposed to think.

But when that has been said, and we look out upon the vast potential strength of the Church—its members, its wealth and influence—and reflect upon the victories gained by consecrated little groups in the early days, we are ashamed, and not the less ashamed because we know the secret of our failure. *We are following a cult instead of a Person, a philosophy instead of a fellowship.* There is no permanent vitality in Christianity apart from the living Christ. He gave the warning, "I am the vine, ye are the branches; apart from Me ye can do nothing." When they who believe in Christianity are ready to pledge their personal allegiance to a personal and present Christ, in that moment they pass from death unto life; they begin at once their true immortality; for them human life shines in the radiance of the light eternal; there is an immediate change of emphasis and value—the former luxurious necessity is forgotten, the former unnoticed detail becomes all-important; people become more interesting, more lovable, and the heart is full of faith

in them and the desire to serve them. Our daily life is "Christed," to use the great phrase of Bushnell, and foretells its own immortal future.

Living people can be raised from the dead—that is the continuing and confirming miracle of Christian history. That is how the Christian church became a vital force in the world, and that is how the Church can once again advance like a mighty, victorious army. But only under a personal, living Leader. When the human person accepts gratefully the eternal relationship with the divine Person all high achievements are possible. In that conscious and loyal bond are developed strength, wisdom, courage and noble desire. In that new loyalty mankind will become brothers; parents will love their children with a wisdom which wins respect; women—to whom God has given personality which can never entirely conceal its unique beauty and power—will lift themselves from the dust of common things and once again lead men in every noble path; men will atttain to a new measure of manhood—"fine, eternal fellows"; and boys and girls will see a light and love in human faces answering the hope of every child's heart.

Why not today? Oh, for the courage to win the eternal victory now; to rise from the deadly, clinging things of the jungle into the clear light of God; to see the far eternal hills of the greater world; to hear the "well-done" of dear ones and heroic souls; and to turn at last to our God-given tasks of earth with the true ambition of an immortal soul!

THE DEPARTED

As this is the Jubilee year of the Society for Ethical Culture, a stately, grave, and noble address by its Founder will be read with double interest, as much for its author as for its subject. For more than fifty years Felix Adler has been a seeker after "the secret of the good life," alike in philosophy and in practice; and the result is a fine ethical mysticism, worth more to his country than many battleships.

Born in Germany seventy-five years ago, educated at Columbia University, with studies at Berlin and Heidelberg, Dr. Adler became professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature at Cornell in 1874. Two years later he founded the Society for Ethical Culture in New York, and has since been its leader and teacher. His philosophy is set forth in a noble book, *An Ethical Philosophy of Life,* aglow with a passion for righteousness, rich in spiritual gleanings, surveying the whole field of human relations.

In 1923 Dr. Adler was Hibbert Lecturer at Oxford, and his lectures, *The Reconstruction of the Moral Ideal,* must be accounted one of the pioneer books of our time in its quest for a group-morality. It is a teacher austerely chaste and clear-seeing, both in thought and style, who speaks to us in the following address, the full title of which was "An Ethical Attitude toward the Departed."

THE DEPARTED

FELIX ADLER

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY

The frequent inadequacy of language to express meanings is forcibly brought home to one in seeking a word to designate the friends no longer with us. Shall we say "the dead"? But dead means utterly gone. "Utterness" is its characteristic in its widest as well as its narrowest use. Shall we say "the defunct," that is, those who have ceased to function? Shall we say "the deceased," the departed? The German language has an advantage in the word *selig* (blessed). A German can speak of his father as my *blessed* father. The French also have the word *feu,* which, by the way, has no connection with fire, but with the Latin *fatum,* meaning those who have accomplished their fate, their destiny. Montesquieu says "feu ma mère." In English, perhaps the word "departed" is the least objectionable.

Looking back on human history there are two striking phenomena that stand out preëminent. One is the instinctive unwillingness of men to admit annihilation, the tenacious affirmation of the persistence in some form of those who have disappeared from the scene. Curiously, even the materialist pays homage to this notion of persistence by asserting, with apparent satisfaction, that the elements of

which the body is composed, as atoms at least, remain indestructible. The other phenomenon alluded to is the fervid desire of the survivors to do something for the departed to show them love—love ever exhibiting itself in the desire to benefit the beloved object. It is this trait that explains the labor and expense lavished on the tombs of the ancient Egyptian kings, one of which, that of Tutankhamen, has recently been opened after over three thousand years. The treasure it contains, the costly furnishings, are evidence of the desire to minister to the comfort and to mark the lofty station of the king, who in some sense was supposed still to inhabit the dark chamber.

The funeral rites described in the Iliad, designed as they were to speed the journey of the departed hero to the land of shades, bear similar testimony. Likewise in every Roman Catholic Church the masses said for the repose of the souls are evidence in point, as also the mourners' prayer—Kaddish—repeated by the Jew for an entire year, and thereafter on every anniversary of a parent's death.

There is a third phenomenon in connection with this subject that should not be overlooked, namely, the almost inconceivable tendency to keep up illusions about graves, and about those who are supposed to sleep in them, illusions that fly straight in the face of facts. The very notion of the loved one as resting in the grave is a preposterous trick of fancy. That which lies in the grave is plainly not the beloved person, is no person at all, but a decay-

ing organism, on the actual condition of which the mind may not dwell. Why then speak of the friend as "sleeping" in the grave? Why keep up this false notion? Is it merely a caprice of the poetic imagination? Even as such it would not be entirely harmless. But there is plenty of evidence that poetic metaphor is too often taken literally. Sentimental people seem to feel that they are nearer to the one they have lost at the particular spot where what is perishable in him is in process of perishing, than they would be elsewhere; and so a kind of cultus of the grave arises which is really shocking in its consequences. I remember the case of a woman who, after she had lost her only daughter, visited the grave day after day, neglecting her home duties, making a hideous travesty of grief, haunting the cemetery, clinging to the turf. This, of course, is an extreme example, but it illustrates sentimentality usurping the place of genuine sentiment. It brings out the wrong turn of feeling, of which we have also many milder instances. What matters is precisely to turn the feelings in the opposite direction—from that which is perishable and which is bound to perish, to that which is, if there be any such thing, as we hope to find there is, imperishable.

Of course, the average human mind is incapable of conceiving that anything exists which cannot be touched or seen, and so the average individual finds himself in the following dilemma. His instinct leads him to believe that his friend cannot be wholly gone. But the friend being invisible, the mind fastens, con-

trary to the plain facts, on the body of the friend, as if it were somehow living, only asleep. Or when attention is diverted from the grave as the abode of the friend, there still remains the incapacity to think of him otherwise than bodily, and so in imagination he is invested with an attenuated body, a body which is as little body as possible but still a body. He becomes what is called a spirit, but what is really a ghost, a thing floating somewhere in upper air, no one knows where.

In any case it is best, as soon as possible after death of that which dies, to think of that which lives. And for this reason the practice of cremation is commendable, since it hastens the process of dissolution by the pure ministry of flame, and at once and entirely causes to disappear that which can be no longer visible or palpable.

At the present day, however, one cannot help noticing a radical change in the world in regard to people's attitude toward the departed. The too close clinging to the visible self of the friend is becoming the exception. The instinctive belief, if it be, as I think, instinctive, in the persistence of something imperishable in the friend is, at least temporarily, becoming weakened, and instead the waters of oblivion are allowed to close over the departed and the memory of the departed. *The quick forgetting*—"out of sight, out of mind"—seems to be becoming more general.

The reasons for this change of attitude are not far to seek. One is the insane speed of modern life.

We have not the time to remember those who have gone. We have hardly the time for self-recollection. The pace is too dizzy. We cannot stand still. Formerly, when a funeral passed through the streets, with measured step to solemn music, the passers-by stopped, bared the head in token of respect. Nowadays one hardly notices a funeral—there are so many that rush by; and since the auto hearse has come into use, the dead themselves seem, as it were, to be caught in the general whirl of movement, impatient to hurry on.

Again, the feeling largely prevails that a man has only this one life to live, that he too will presently be carried off the scene, and therefore that it is the part of wisdom to make the most of this brief existence while one has it, and not to cloud the present sunshine with the shadows of sad remembrance. Or again, in some cases, there is a sort of depreciation of the older generation by the younger, a sort of irreverence for the past that tends to sweep out of mind the memory of older persons who have passed away first, who belong to the past. They were regarded as backward while they still lived; why should one care to remember them particularly when they are no longer present? The recent stupendous progress in science and invention has contributed to this feeling. The science of today is far in advance of the science even of yesterday. Text-books of ten years ago are already obsolete, and modern inventiveness is registering achievements beyond the dreams even of our recent predecessors.

But the same is not true of character and human worth. The man in the street today, the average American, for instance, just as a man, does not compare with the noble, rounded characters of antiquity —the great Greeks and Romans, the great figures of Hebrew prophecy, the fine types of the Renaissance, and at least certain ones among the fathers of our Republic. And so, even among the unscientific and humbler parents of the present generation, there may be examples of human excellence which it is not well to ignore, nor to commit to the dust-bin of the past.

These are general considerations. There are also more specific motives that conduce to the present change of attitude—the wish to forget, the invocation of oblivion. Sometimes the loss is so keenly felt by the survivors that they shrink from mentioning the name in conversation. The wound is still too sensitive, the grief too poignant, the vacancy in the home circle too recent. Now in this way the habit of silence with regard to the departed is formed, and the months pass, and the years pass, *and the silence continues,* until inevitably the image of the departed becomes dim.

Or again, a man exceptionally devoted to his wife cannot bear to think of the loss of her, and forcibly to distract himself, plunges into work, deliberately lets himself be absorbed in work. And so, again in time, a habit is formed, the feelings become less painful indeed, but also the thought of the lost one grows more faint.

In many families among the best people I have

noticed that the remembrance of fathers and grandfathers, still vivid in my own recollection, to all appearances at least has been blotted out. Also I am a member of a club of scholars, very limited in number, in close relations for many years. One of our members, whom we very greatly respected, died a few years ago. I do not think that I have heard his name mentioned amongst us a single time since then. Why this silence, if it does not mean "Let the dead bury their dead"?

But there is another situation of which we must have the courage to speak. The silence may be due to the fact that the person who has gone was objectionable, that one does not wish to speak of him, that one has not so much grief as a grievance, which has not been purged out of one's bosom. And therefore, in order not to rake up the embers of old hatreds, old misunderstandings, it is thought best to let the recollection of the one who has gone go with him, deliberately to forget.

But it is time to end this review, and to consider the ethical attitude towards the departed. What should it be ideally? How shall it be defined? It is to be defined in relation to the task of mankind on this earth—the task of mankind as a whole, and hence also of every human being. That task is progress toward the more perfect society, the ethically perfect society, toward the incarnation of the spiritual principle in human society, the principle which bids us live in promoting life, instead of living as the beasts do, at the expense of other life.

To ethicize human relationships is the task. Just as we hallow marriage by thinking of the relation in which the life of the past streams through the married couple into the life of the future, to be purified and enhanced as it passes, so we hallow our relation to the departed by the like orientation towards the future goal of mankind. The way we are to think of the departed one is as of one whose duty and destiny it was to aid in this great human business of ethical progress. What did he accomplish, what valuable qualities had he which deserve to be transmitted, to be perpetuated by ourselves, the survivors? What seeds of good were in him which require to be further developed? What light did his failure as well as his aspirations shed upon the spiritual possibilities of man?

Bearing this in mind, we must at the same time strictly determine to deal with actualities, for instance not to pretend that the departed have always been good or that they may not have been commonplace from the world's point of view, nonentities, or that they have not left stings behind which one finds it hard to extract from one's consciousness. The question is, how can one apply the ethical attitude in the three situations just mentioned? There are bad lives. Some of the departed have lived bad lives. Not indeed absolutely bad—no human being is absolutely bad. But it may happen that a son is unfortunate enough to inherit a name which his father has disgraced. What is his duty? To atone for his father, to expiate the offense—not merely

from a sense of pride—to clean the family escutcheon, not merely in order that he may hold his head erect, despite his bearing the once dishonored but now by him honored name. The deeper thought is: Humanity retrograded in your father; it is for you, the son, to recover the ground lost by humanity. That this is not a fanciful notion, but an effectual motive, not a few notable examples prove.

There are commonplace lives. On the occasion of the funeral obsequies, the officiating speaker, asking for particulars about the departed, is not infrequently met with the embarrassed remark that there is nothing particular to be said. There were no events of special interest that marked his life, there are no outstanding qualities to be pointed to. To me at least, I am bound to say, it is just such a life that is most appealing—the life in which the possibilities existed, but were never unfolded. It is not the so-called important events, it is not what a man has done as a citizen, or as a philanthropist, that really impress me. They do not impress me so much because they are surface manifestations, because it is at least possible that a man may have been distinguished in that way, and yet have been unspiritual, unfine to the core. I do not, of course, mean to imply that public spirit and manifest virtue are inconsistent with a high type of spirituality. I insist that the one does not necessarily imply the other.

And further, in regard to these commonplace lives, there is always something that demands expression, especially the basic human relationships of father,

mother, brother and the like. These afford a text to dwell upon. These challenge comment and eulogy. The relationships themselves should be eulogized. The beauty that is implicit in them should be conjured up, even if the departed person did not fulfill the rôle of the ideal father, or the husband, or the brother, or what not. Who ever does live up to the ideal? Yet he suggested that ideal. The very relation in which he stood to the survivor evokes the ideal from its hidden depth. At the funeral the object should be to lead those present to take in the whole of the life that has here ended. We see one another by fits and starts, we get glimpses of each other's personality. We rarely see even those with whom we are constantly associated, in their totality. The moment when they go from us is the time to fix their memory, to draw a mental portrait of them as it were, and to hang it in the gallery of memory. But especially the basic human relationships and their sacred meaning is the topic on which one should dwell. I have said that there are bad lives which should be expiated, and that there are also commonplace lives, in which, however, the human relationships stand out prominent; and that which is implicit in these relations should be made explicit. Expiation and explication are the two first points significant of the ethical attitude.

In the next place there are cases in which the remembrance of the departed is difficult for the survivor because of friction, of misunderstanding. For instance—there are two brothers, one is scien-

tifically minded, the other religiously minded. The one makes almost a fetish of scientific exactness, and has little respect for those intellectual and moral activities in which the mind is constrained to grope for certainty without attaining more than approximation—the difference involved being that between the sphere in which the relation of cause and effect predominates and the sphere in which the relation of means to ends predominates. The consequence of the disparity in temperament and intellectual outlook between the two brothers is felt throughout their lives. Natural affection remains the bond, holds them together. But in a way the very closeness of the tie which is never relaxed only accentuates the painfulness of the intellectual uncongeniality. The one brother dies. What shall be the ethical attitude of the other? I have said above that on the occurrence of death, the survivor should paint the mental portrait of the departed as he was. I now go very much further and say, the survivor should paint the spiritual image as the departed would have been if his nature had been ideally completed—in the instance mentioned, as he would have been if, beyond his honorable scientific conscientiousness he had also embraced the ideal of perfection as it is seized by the religious mind. The spiritual image thus completed will then react upon the survivor, will have the effect upon him of supplementing his nature on the scientific side, where it needs to be supplemented.

We have thus three leadings that mark the ethical

attitude—expiation, explication, supplementation. I mentioned in the beginning the instinctive unwillingness of mankind to admit annihilation, the instinctive impulse to affirm continuity of some sort, and also to wish to do something for the benefit of the beloved who are no longer with us. Continuity, in my account of the ethical attitude, is now defined in terms of influence. The continuity of the life that is no longer visibly present, is in its influence on the survivors. This presupposes the sovereign conception of the task of humanity, that is, of progress toward the ethically perfect society. If this goal be ruled out, then the influence is a transient phenomenon, a wave that rises and subsides, and to speak of persistence in connection with it is illegitimate. And the relation is not unilateral, as some think, the remembrance benefiting us, while we cannot benefit the departed. We benefit them by completing their spiritual image. That is, by idealizing them. Idealizing, however, must be strictly distinguished from idolizing. Idolizing is to represent the departed as if they were perfect, which no human beings are. Idealizing is the sublime work of the imagination, to represent them as they would be with their deficiencies supplied.

The ethically perfect society is the goal, but this goal, you will remind me, is never attained. True, but the increasing vision of the perfect spiritual society is attained and in that vision the reality of what man is in essence, now and in all eternity, is given. This being so, a final word is required on the

subject of immortality. I have repeatedly made my confession of faith as to this point. It comprises two statements. There is in man an essence, an infinitesimal of the infinite, as such imperishable. The characteristic attribute of this essence is that it is a life, not a thing, not static, but dynamic; and that its life consists in acting upon the enhancing other life, quickening and being quickened. Hence the spiritual tie, the tie that binds spiritual beings, is inseparable in all eternity.

In connection with this, however, two difficulties must be confronted. Of what avail is it to say that my departed beloved one exists, if I can have no notion of the manner of his or her existence—since pure being, existence, unclothed with the grace of form, the sweet expression of the eye, the tender touch of the hand, is distant and utterly blank? As well nonexistence some ardent lover might say. My answer is the same as that of the theist. All the profound theistic thinkers have declared their belief that God, the one individual God, is unknowable, that man can form no notion of what he is in himself, or how he lives, that he can be known only through his effects, which are supposed to be in his case, the creation and government of the world. Similarly we can know the spiritual essence of the departed, which is a part of the eternal life, of the infinite perfection of being, only through its effects. And these effects we must experience. The chief effect is reverence for man, for all men, for oneself, because of this very divine essence that inhabits men. And the other effect, no

less uplifting, is the sense of indestructible and insunderable connection with our fellow spirits, which is a positive thing, and does not leave us merely in the ether of pure being, undetermined being.

But here the last objection arises. For suppose a husband married to a woman whom he cannot let go, the light of his life, and who by death is taken from him. Is there not a difficulty in the fact that the spiritual, inseparable connection beyond death, irrespective of death, is a connection with an infinite number of spiritual beings, and not just with this one beloved? And is not love exclusive? Does not love repel the idea of a similar intimacy with any except the one, the counterpart, the excellent friend of the soul, the comrade, the more than comrade, the blessed one? True, but why is there in our earthly life this exclusiveness? Because closeness is repugnant where there is not intimate congeniality, and because this intimate congeniality, the subtle understanding, the subtle adaptation, the harmonious flow of life in the world in which we live, is impossible except between two—nay, if the point be pressed, is never absolutely perfect even between two. But, on the other hand, the very notion of the ideal, eternal community is of a community in which we find infinite congeniality, in which the infinite possible sides of our being seek and find infinite complementation, in which there is no screen hiding us from any of our fellow spirits, in which we know all and are known of all as we essentially are, in which there is a perfect flow of life in life between all.

The Gospel says that in heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage. What I here say of marriage is that it is the earthly symbol of the infinite and universal union of spirits. And what I furthermore say is that the highest good which a man can receive from the woman he loves is that she shall enlighten his eyes to see the infinite relations of being, that she shall be to him the revealer of the eternal world, that she shall appear to him not only as the particular star of his life, but disclose to him the infinite galaxy that envelops her, that she shall hold as it were a flambeau in the present darkness, shedding a light on the eternal scene.

THE END

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